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LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

Agnes Berry
from a miniature by Mrs. Mee.

Walker & Cockerell Ph. Sc.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. XV: 1791—1797

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MCMV

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
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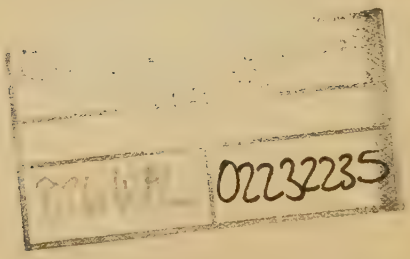
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† Now printed for the first time.

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† Now printed for the first time.

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2874	Nov. 2, 1792 . .	Rev. William Beloe.	
2875†	Nov. 14, 1792 . .	Rev. Robert Nares.	
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† Now printed for the first time.

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2910	Oct. 29, 1793. . .	Miss Mary Berry.	
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2948	Oct. 7, 1794 . . .	Miss Mary Berry . . .	2625

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1795.

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2971	Aug. 23, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
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2977	Sept. 10, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2978†	Sept. 13, 1795	Rev. Daniel Lysons.	
2979	Sept. 15, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2980	Sept. 18, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2981	Oct. 6, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2982†	Oct. 29, 1795	Rev. Daniel Lysons.	
2983	Nov. 4, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2984	Nov. 22, '95	Miss Mary Berry.	
2985	Nov. 23, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2986	Nov. 24, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	
2987	[Nov. 27, 1795]	Miss Agnes Berry.	
2988	Dec. 1, 1795	Miss Mary Berry.	

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
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2991	Dec. 11, 1795 . .	Countess of Upper Ossory .	2635
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3003	July 26, '96 . . .	Miss Mary Berry.	
3004	July 29, 1796 . .	Miss Mary Berry.	
3005	Aug. 5, 1796 . .	Miss Mary Berry.	
3006†	Aug. 7, 1796 . . .	Rev. Daniel Lysons.	
3007	Aug. 9, 1796 . .	Miss Mary Berry.	
3008	Aug. 16, 1796 . .	Miss Mary Berry . . .	2641
3009	Aug. 24, 1796 . .	Miss Mary Berry . . .	2642
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3012	Sept. 17, 1796 . .	Countess of Upper Ossory .	2645
3013	Sept. 30, 1796 . .	Countess of Upper Ossory .	2646
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3020	Jan. 4, 1797 . . .	Countess of Upper Ossory .	2652
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† Now printed for the first time.

APPENDIX.

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3030†	'I returned yesterday' . .	Lady Browne.	
3031	'Your Ladyship is exceedingly'	Lady Browne . . .	1780
3032	'As the Pococks'. . . .	Lady Browne.	
3033†	'Lord Orford is very sorry' .	Dr. Burney.	
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3041	'I am now with Lady Di' .	George Hardinge.	
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3044	'Mr. Walpole is afraid' . .	William Parsons.	
3045	'Mr. Walpole sends his best'	Dr. Percy.	
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3047	'As I have more gout' . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
3048†	'Do send me'	George Augustus Selwyn.	
3049	'Lady Caroline Howard'. .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
3050	'I send you the key'. . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
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3052	Tuesday night. 'I was excessively'	Countess of Upper Ossory . .	Part of 1692
3053	'If it is possible'. . . .	Countess of Upper Ossory . .	Part of 1692

† Now printed for the first time.

T		C
3054	'Lord Orford did receive' .	Joseph Cooper Walker.
3055†	'I return you Mr. Hall's verses'	
3056	'The Earl of—, not presuming'	Commissioners of the Great Seal.
3057	'Dr. King has brought me' .	George Augustus Selwyn.
3058	'Rigby tells me you have' .	George Augustus Selwyn.
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3060	Oct. 7, 1773	Dr. William Hunter.
3061	Arlington Street, between 5 and 6. 'As I am going out'	Henry Fox.

ERRATUM

P. 84, l. 19, *for* Oct. , 114 *read* Oct. 4, 11.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

2802. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1791.

I pity you! what a dozen or fifteen unentertaining letters are you going to receive! for here I am, unlikely to have anything to tell you worth reading. You had better come back incontinently—but pray do not prophesy any more; you have been the death of our summer, and we are in close mourning for it in coals and ashes. It froze hard last night: I went out for a moment to look at my haymakers, and was starved. The contents of an English June are hay and ice, orange-flowers and rheumatisms! I am now cowering over the fire. Mrs. Hobart had announced a rural breakfast at Sans-Souci last Saturday; nothing being so pastoral as a fat grandmother in a row of houses on Ham Common. It rained early in the morning: she dispatched post-boys, for want of cupids and zephyrs, to stop the nymphs and shepherds who tend their flocks in Pall Mall and St. James's Street; but half of them missed the couriers and arrived. Mrs. Montagu was more splendid yesterday morning, and breakfasted seven hundred persons on opening her great room, and the room with the hangings of feathers. The King and Queen had been with her last week. I should like to have heard the orations she had prepared on the occasion. I was neither city-mouse nor country-mouse.

I did dine at Fulham on Saturday with the Bishop of London. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Hannah More were there; and Dr. Beattie, whom I had never seen. He is quiet, simple, and cheerful, and pleased me. There ends my tale, this instant Tuesday! How shall I fill a couple of pages more by Friday morning! Oh, ye ladies on the Common, and ye uncommon ladies in London, have pity on a poor gazetteer, and supply me with eclogues or royal panegyrics! Moreover—or rather more under—I have had no letter from you these ten days, though the east wind has been as constant as Lord Derby[1]. I say not this in reproach, as you are so kindly punctual; but as it stints me from having a single paragraph to answer. I do not admire specific responses to every article; but they are great resources on a dearth.

Madame de Boufflers is ill of a fever, and the Duchesse de Biron goes next week to Switzerland;—*mais qu'est-ce que cela vous fait?* I must eke out this with a few passages that I think will divert you from the heaviest of all books, Mr. Malone's Shakespeare, in ten thick octavos, with notes, that are an extract of all the opium that is spread through the works of all the bad playwrights of that age:—mercy on the poor gentleman's patience! Amongst his other indefatigable researches, he has discovered some lists of effects in the custody of the property-man to the Lord Admiral's company of players, in 1598. Of those effects he has given eight pages—you shall be off for a few items; viz. 'My Lord Caffe's (Caiaphas) gerchen (jerkin) and his hoose (hose); one rocke, one tombe, one Hellemought (Hell-mouth), two stepelles and one chyme of belles, one chaine of dragons, two coffenes, one bulle's head, one vylter, one goste's crown, and one frame for the heading in black Jone; one payer of stayers for Fayeton, and bowght a robe

Letter 2802.—[1] To Miss Farren.

for to goo invisabell.' The pair of stairs for Phaeton reminds one of Hogarth's strollers dressing in a barn, where Cupid on a ladder is reaching Apollo's stockings, that are hanging to dry on the clouds; as the steeples do of a story in *L'Histoire du Théâtre François*: Jodelet, who not only wrote plays, but invented the decorations, was to exhibit of both before Henry the Third. One scene was to represent a view of the sea, and Jodelet had bespoken two *rochers*; but not having time to rehearse, what did he behold enter on either side of the stage, instead of two *rochers*, but two *clochers*! Who knows but my Lord Admiral bought *them*?

Thursday, 16th, Berkeley Square.

I am come to town for one night, having promised to be at Mrs. Buller's this evening with Mrs. Damer, and I believe your friend Mrs. Cholmeley, whom I have seen two or three times lately and like much. Three persons have called on me since I came, but have not contributed a tittle of news to my journal. If I hear nothing to-night, this must depart, empty as it is, to-morrow morning, as I shall to Strawberry; I hope without finding a new mortification, as I did last time. Two companies had been to see my house last week; and one of the parties, as vulgar people always see with the ends of their fingers, had broken off the end of my invaluable eagle's bill, and to conceal their mischief, had pocketed the piece. It is true it had been restored at Rome, and my comfort is that Mrs. Damer can repair the damage—but did the fools know that? It almost provokes me to shut up one's house, when obliging begets injury!

Friday noon.

We supped at Mrs. Buller's with only the four Edgecumbs and Jerningham, and this moment I receive your 35th, to which I have nothing to answer, but that I believe

Fox and Burke are not very cordial; though I do not know whether there has been any formal reconciliation or not. The Parliament is prorogued; and we shall hear no more of them, I suppose, for some months; nor have I learnt anything new, and am returning to Strawberry, and must finish.

2803. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1791.

Woe is me! I have not an atom of news to send you, but that the second edition of Mother Hubbard's Tale was again spoiled on Saturday last by the rain; yet she had an ample assemblage of company from London and the neighbourhood. The late Queen of France, Madame du Barry, was there; and the late Queen of England, Madame d'Albany, was not. The former, they say, is as much altered as her kingdom, and does not retain a trace of her former powers. I saw her on her throne in the chapel of Versailles; and, though then pleasing in face and person, I thought her *un peu passée.*

What shall I tell you more? that Lord Hawkesbury is added to the Cabinet Council—*que vous importe?* and that Dr. Robertson has published a *Disquisition into the Trade of the Ancients with India*; a sensible work—but that will be no news to you till you return. It was a piddling trade in those days. They now and then picked up an elephant's tooth, or a nutmeg, or one pearl, that served Venus for a pair of pendants, when Antony had toasted Cleopatra in a bumper of its fellow; which shows that a couple was imported: but, alack! the Romans were so ignorant, that waiters[1] from the Tres Tabernæ, in St. Apollo's Street, did not carry home sacks of diamonds enough to pave the

Letter 2803.—[1] An allusion to Rumbold and Sykes, formerly, according to Walpole, waiters in London taverns.

Capitol—I hate exaggerations, and therefore I do not say, to pave the Appian Way. One author, I think, does say, that the wife of Fabius Pictor [2], whom he sold to a Proconsul, did present Livia [3] with an ivory bed, inlaid with Indian gold; but, as Dr. Robertson does not mention it, to be sure he does not believe the fact well authenticated.

It is an anxious moment with the poor French here: a strong notion is spread, that the Prince of Condé will soon make some attempt; and the National Assembly, by their pompous blustering, seem to dread it. Perhaps the moment is yet too early, till anarchy is got to a greater head; but as to the duration of the present revolution, I no more expect it than I do the millennium before Christmas. Had the revolutionists had the sense and moderation of our ancestors, or of the present Poles, they might have delivered and blessed their country; but violence, injustice, and savage cruelty, tutored by inexperienced pedantry, produce offspring exactly resembling their parents, or turn their enemies into similar demons. Barbarity will be copied by revenge.

Lord Fitzwilliam has *flown* to Dublin and back. He returned to Richmond on the fourteenth day from his departure, and the next morning set out for France: no courier can do more.

In my last, the description of June, for *orange-flowers*, pray read *roses*: the east winds have starved all the former; but the latter, having been settled here before the wars of York and Lancaster, are naturalized to the climate, and reck not whether June arrives in summer or winter. They blow by their own old-style almanacs. Madame d'Albany might have found plenty of white ones on her own tenth

[2] Horace Walpole refers to Baron von Imhoff, the first husband of Mrs. Hastings.

[3] Mrs. Hastings was supposed to have presented an ivory bed inlaid with gold to Queen Charlotte.

of June; but, on that very day, she chose to go to see the King in the House of Lords, with the crown on his head, proroguing the Parliament. What an odd rencontre! Was it philosophy or insensibility? I believe it is certain that her husband was in Westminster Hall at the coronation.

The patriarchess of the Methodists, Lady Huntingdon, is dead. Now she and Whitfield and Wesley are gone, the sect will probably decline: a second crop of apostles seldom acquire the influence of the founders.

To-day's paper declares upon its say-so, that Mr. Fawkener is at hand, with Catherine Slay-Czar's acquiescence to our terms[4]; but I have not entire faith in a precursor on such an occasion, and from Holland too. It looks more like a courier to the stocks; and yet I am in little expectation of a war, as I believe we are boldly determined to remain at peace. As this must take its passage by the stage-coach early to-morrow morning to be ready for the foreign post, I shall perhaps not know the ultimation, but you probably will before you receive this.—And now my pen is quite dry —and you are sure not from laziness, but from the season of the year, which is very anti-correspondent. Adieu!

[4] 'True to the character of haughty independence, which she had maintained through the whole of this war, the Empress in the very last scene of it seemed desirous to mortify rather than conciliate the allied powers: such at least was her behaviour to the British court. Mr. Fawkener had been sent as an envoy extraordinary, to assist in the negotiation of the peace; and about the same time a gentleman * connected both by friendship and blood with the illustrious leader of the opposition party in the House of Commons, arrived at the court of St. Petersburg. . . . Neither of these envoys . . . seems to have influenced the treaty of Galatz one way or the other; since the articles were in substance what had been offered by Prince Potemkin at Jassy before the opening of the campaign in 1790. Russia retained Oczakow and the country between the Bog and the Dnieper, with the free navigation of the latter river: the rest of her conquests she restored.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1791, pp. 202–3.)

* Robert Adair, afterwards K.C.B.

2804. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1791, after dinner.

Our post, Madam, which only comes in, turns on its heel, and goes out again, made it impossible for me to answer your Ladyship's letter before dinner, especially as I write with difficulty and very slowly, having such a rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm, that I cannot lift it, scarcely upon the table: I have had a little of it the whole year; and, it being the way in this country to proclaim summer the moment the winter dies (though, perhaps, only dozing), people open their windows and keep them so till ten o'clock at night, pretending to be hot, and, it being my fate to meet with two such refreshing grottoes on Saturday night, I have not been able to move my arm since.

The escape of the King and Queen of France came merely time enough to double the shock of their being retaken[1]. An ocean of pity cannot suffice to lament their miserable condition, of which I yet know no particulars, nor more of their evasion than that it was by a subterraneous passage. Almost all the circumstances, both of their flight and capture, which I heard from the French at Richmond, and they from their ambassador[2], I now hear, are disbelieved in London, particularly of Monsieur de Bouillé's[3] two battalions having laid down their arms, which, indeed, would be a shocking example! How the tragedy is to end, or begin, it is impossible to guess. The only *data* yet are, that the French are as insolent and cruel when possessed of force, as servile and crouching, and fawning, when slaves.

Letter 2804.—[1] They were retaken at Varennes on June 21; the King re-entered Paris on June 25.

[2] The Comte de la Luzerne.

[3] The Marquis de Bouillé was in command of a division of the army. He was prepared to assist the King in his flight. On hearing of the capture and return of the royal family, he crossed the frontier, and emigrated.

Lord Frederick Cavendish two days ago was reading Barillon's Letters from England: he tells somebody that he had been in the city *incog.* to see the Pope burnt on 5th of November; and adds, 'not a drop of blood was shed. That would not have been the case at Paris.'

One cannot think without horror of what the King and Queen must have felt, from the moment of their being stopped till their re-entry into their prison, if they are suffered to arrive there; perhaps to see the last of one another, and of their children! They may have to feel, too, for the faithful assistants of their flight; all who did assist will certainly suffer, and many others, too, for all the real liberty given to France is that anybody may hang anybody.

I have been very much with the wretched fugitives at Richmond! To them it is perfect despair; besides trembling for their friends at Paris!

To conjecture what will happen, or how, would be foolish; but these new events do not make me believe at all more in the duration of chaos, though they may protract it. I see nothing like system, and full as little anything like a great man. The very impulse given by the flight and recapture of the King must add vast fermentation to twenty millions of heads already turned; and much good may it do anybody who attempts to sober them! They can only be governed yet by indulging their exaltation. When the million are glutted with trampling on, murdering, and insulting their former superiors, they will grow tired of their present leaders, and hundreds will think they can govern as ably: in short, can such a convulsion and so total a change subside into a calm? The more all are intoxicated with a total change, the more any deviation from totality will offend. The King, unhappily for him, has precipitated his own ruin, and probably his family's; but I am far from

clear that he has mended the situation of the National Assembly. They will think he has, and will be assuming, and the more power they assume the less they will care to part with it; though at the moment when others were expecting a new Assembly, and hoping to be of it. Pray, Madam, have you hitherto seen any grounds for believing that wisdom is the ruling character of the National Assembly?

I have dipped into speculations, though I protested against them, and I have fatigued my arm before I could stop; but I must now bid you good night, not being able to write a line more.

2805. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1791.

I am glad you recovered my strayed letter, because one lost leaves a gap in a correspondence that one thinks might contain something material, which I do not believe was the case. You was right in concluding I should disapprove of your visiting hospitals. One ought to surmount disgust where it is one's duty, or one can do any good, or perform an act of friendship; but it is a rule with me to avoid any disagreeable object or idea, where I have not the smallest power of redress or remedy. I would not read any of the accounts of the earthquakes in Sicily and Calabria; and when I catch a glimpse of a report of condemned malefactors to the Council, I clap my finger on the paragraph, that I may not know when they are to suffer, and have it run in my head. It is worse to go into hospitals—there is contagion into the bargain. I have heard of a French princess, who had a taste for such sights, and once said, 'Il faut avouer, que j'ai vu aujourd'hui une agonie magnifique.' Your tender nature is not made for such spectacles; and why attrist it,

Letter 2805.—Not in C.

without doing any service? One needs not recur to the index of the book of creation to hunt for miserable sufferers. What would I give not to have heard the calamities fallen on the heads of the King and Queen of France! I know no more yet than of their being betrayed and stopped at Clermont[1], and ordered back to Paris, with *their children*! What superabundance of woe! To expect insult, ignominy, a prison, perhaps separation or death, without a ray of comfortable hope for their infants. That their imprisonment and danger should have been grievous, I do not wonder—but to await dissension amongst their tyrants and anarchy, was the best chance the King and Queen had in store; but though both will still happen in time, I still believe, what advantage either or both will produce to those victims may be very doubtful. That their flight was ill-advised is plain, from that wofully false step of leaving his recantation[2] behind him, before he was safely out of the country. It was strange that his intention being divulged, he should not have learnt the preparations made to prevent it, and desisted! It is equally strange that he should have escaped, though so watched and guarded!

Wednesday, 29th.

I received your No. 36 on Monday, to which I have partly been replying; and to-day I have been so happy as to get No. 37 too, to which I will now answer, as I have heard nothing more yet of the poor French Royalties, who must already have felt a thousand times worse than ever, after

[1] Clermont-en-Argonne. The King was not stopped there, but at Varennes, close to it.

[2] The King left behind him a memoir relative to his own conduct and to that of the government. He protested against the manner in which his authority had been undermined by the National Assembly, and dwelt upon the sufferings that he had undergone since the beginning of the Revolution. He pointed out the inability of the government to preserve order. The address ended with an appeal to all his subjects, and to Paris in particular, to return to more moderate measures, and to their allegiance to their King.

a glimpse of safety, and then expecting everything that brutal barbarity can inflict, and which nobody but French and Dr. Price could be so shameless as to enjoy.

I am glad you escaped from the hospital without infection; and I will trust to your sweet feelings for your never going again unnecessarily to view 800 persons in pain and misery.

I have told you, and can only repeat, that I did admire Mrs. Cholmeley much, as I did formerly. It is a very clear, sound, well-informed understanding, as far as I saw; but that was but four or five times at most, and chiefly in company, where there were not many of quite her calibre. She seemed to me rather modestly proper and reserved, but not out of spirits.

I am assured, as you justly guessed, that the pamphlet which Monsieur de Lally showed to you is by no means Mr. Burke's genuine second pamphlet, but a spurious one fabricated at Paris, and spread about there, to hurt his credit. This I heard last Friday, five days before I received your letter; so if M. de Lally answers it, he will be the dupe of his own enemies. Mr. B. has advertised a new letter to-day to the Whigs, but I have not yet seen it.

Your Italian paper is thin, but perfectly good. Cliveden will look beautiful with your narcissuses. I wish you were all there to-day, for we are again soused into Florentine weather, and have scarce had a teacup of rain, which makes us not look so green as the Cascines, though generally we have fifty thousand acres of such verdure—thus I have answered your chief articles.

Late at night.

I have been at Richmond, where I have seen a letter from good authority. The King and Queen were brought to Paris amidst numerous thousands, and without much insult; but they have been separated, and the Queen has been confined at the Val-de-Grâce, where she was to be examined two days

ago; and they talk of bringing her to trial for carrying away the child of the state, whom the Assembly wish to crown under a regent, while the Jacobins are for a republic. I soon after saw a gentleman from town, on whose intelligence I do not always depend. He says the King lost six unnecessary hours on the road in eating and drinking; and that Messieurs de Choiseul[3] and Damas[4], who, I suppose, attended the King, are brought, not only in chains to Paris, but with each a grenadier sitting in his lap the whole way—such unnecessary torture, that it must be the taste of the nation to inflict it, if true.

All this, and fifty times more, true and false, you will hear long before you receive this; but of what can one talk else? Kate Macaulay was so unlucky as to die few days ago; but she will gossip over it with Dr. Price.

Frank North, though abroad, has a musical comedy acting at the Little Haymarket, and coldly received. His friends say the music was ill-chosen or the singers unequal to it. I had had great expectations, for he certainly has much humour and wit. I have seen excellent verses of his in that style. His brother Frederic[5] was stopped from going to Constantinople by the plague, and is supposed on his road home.

Mrs. Damer is to come to me on Friday for a few days; and Madame d'Albany, at her own desire, is to breakfast here on Saturday; and, at her desire, Alfieri too. Whatever

[3] Claude Antoine Gabriel (1760–1838), Duc de Choiseul, Colonel of the regiment of 'Royal-Dragons.' Choiseul had provided relays at Varennes for the royal carriages, and was not far from the village when the King was stopped. In consequence of the active part he had played on this occasion Choiseul was imprisoned for some months. He emigrated in 1792.

[4] Joseph François Louis Charles (1758–1829), Comte, afterwards Duc, de Damas. He was in command of a portion of the troops stationed on the road by which the King was to pass. He joined the King in Varennes, and was made a prisoner.

[5] Francis and Frederick North were the second and third sons of second Earl of Guilford (better known as Lord North), and were successively fourth and fifth Earls of Guilford.

her feelings are *here*, she must rejoice at having been only titular Queen of France!

Nine months are gone and over. I trust there are but four to come ere we meet. Do not set a foot amongst the Basilissophagi! Monsieur and Madame have done right in retiring; none of the family should stay in Paris, but a paltry Duke of Orléans with his affected trull, Madame de Sillery—and I should not be sorry if they were pelted out of it with contempt.

Lady Clackmannan was here this morning; puss jumped into her lap. I said, 'Madam, do you dislike cats?' 'Oh, no! I like all dumb creatures.' Ay, thought I, and so do I, but I am not the better.

France, it seems, will supply my letters with matter, and I shall not be reduced to village chat—yet I had rather have no letters to write. Adieu!

2806. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, July 4, 1791.

Mrs. Damer has been here on Friday and Saturday, and returned to town yesterday. She has already repaired the eagle's beak with wax, so that he can again receive company; but as that has not force enough to execute the commands of Jove, nor to crush the fingers of those who presume to touch his sacred person, he will soon have another of marble. Madame d'Albany and her *cicisbeo* breakfasted with us on Saturday, and seemed really delighted—consequently, 'c'est la plus grande reine du monde.' I really found she has more sense than I had thought the first time I saw her; but she had like to have undone all, for when I showed her the 'Death of Wolsey,' with which Mrs. D. is anew enchanted, and told her it was painted by her acquaintance, Miss Agnes

Letter 2806.—Not in C.

Berry, she recollected neither of you—but at last it came out that she had called you Miss Barrys. I cannot say that white-washed her much in my eyes: how anything approaching to the sound would strike me at any distance of time—which, I trust, will never, while I exist, exceed four months. Apropos, t'other night I visited at the foot of Richmond Bridge[1], and found a whole circle of old and young gossips. Miss assured me you are to be back in October, which I do not repeat as if violating my promise of contenting myself with the very commencement of November, but to give an opportunity of saying that Cliveden will be quite ready to receive you in October; and, as I conclude the lease of your house in town will not be out then, your best way will be not to stop a moment in London, but to drive directly hither, and stay all three, &c., with me till you can settle yourselves in Cliveden. This will not only be the most convenient to yourselves, but you are sure the most agreeable to me; and thus you will have time to unpack and arrange yourselves, without being broken in upon for some days by visits, nor expected to make them. With all my warmth for those I love, I have a rebuffing coldness, that does not glue people to a chair in my house.

Miss Au-près-du-pont told me Miss A. had written to her of my misery about your nose. I was sorry, as that family is in daily and hourly commerce of tattle with all the world, and all the grimalkins in the parish will conclude I am in love with your nose, which I vow I am not; but if I love you both most affectionately, as I do, can either of you wound her nose by a dreadful fall, and I not feel for it? Miss Dupont soon quitted the subject to put such a volume of interrogatories to me about Lord Strafford's will, that at last I was forced to say, 'Madam, indeed I cannot answer all those questions'; on which she did close her incessant

[1] At Mr. Cambridge's.

lips, and the ball was resumed by the Signora Madre. Oh, those righteous scorpions, that will not touch a card, but meddle with everybody's affairs with which they have nothing to do, and never ask themselves whether what they hear is true or false, but repeat both as conscientiously as the postman delivers letters without knowing what they contain! Thus every falsehood is propagated, like seeds that birds drop out of their bills. For truth—I believe she died a maid, and left no issue.

Thence I will not talk on France, for one is overwhelmed with reports contradicting one another, according to the propensities of the senders and receivers. Of one thing I am certain, of pitying the Queen; which was so generally felt here as soon as the reverse of her escape was known, that I was told that, if money could serve her, an hundred thousand pounds would have been subscribed in a quarter of an hour at Loyd's coffee-house. There is a wretch, a quondam Prince du Sang, who has snapped at this moment for making himself more ridiculously contemptible than ever, by protesting he does not wish for the regency, which, I suppose, would as soon be offered to me. I remember an old French refugee here, a Marquise de Montandre (the Mademoiselle Spanheim of the *Spectator*), who, on the strength of her pinchbeck marquisate, pretended to precede our sterling countesses; but being sure of its not being allowed, she thus entered her claim. When at a visit, tea was brought in; before the groom of the chambers could offer it to anybody, she called out, 'I would not have any tea'; and then, when she had thus saved her dignity, she said to him, after others had been served, 'I have betought myself; I tink I will have one cup.'

Berkeley Square, Thursday evening, 7th.

I might as well write of French affairs, as have nothing else to write. Apropos, we have had such violent west

winds, that I have no letter from you this week. A disagreeable affair, with which I will not tire you long, brought me to town on Tuesday. My disordered ward, whom I mentioned to you, was to come to me on Tuesday from Chichester; I was to bring her to town yesterday, and send her with Kirgate and his daughter to-day into Kent, where I had found a private lodging for her with excellent people, who had a poor gentleman, in the same way, with them, and had treated him with the utmost tenderness. She had consented and promised to come, with a worthy lawyer, employed by the Duke of Richmond and his daughter, who had submitted to attend her; but on Monday night she changed her mind and would not stir. I sat till eleven at night expecting her every minute, and starting up at the rattle of every chaise that passed. The same next morning till the post came in, when a letter from the lawyer acquainted me she was so disordered, that he had called in the apothecary, who declared compulsion must be used. To that I have positively refused my consent, unless to prevent her from destroying herself; and have ordered all the gentlest methods to be used as long as possible, and to offer her to settle herself wherever she likes best—for she is not constantly out of her mind. It is a most unfortunate history, and I find will give me great trouble. I was forced to come to consult Mr. Churchill, joint trustee with me.

Last night I supped at Mrs. Damer's (who goes to Park Place to-morrow for three weeks) with Madame d'Albany, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the men Mount-Edgcumbes, Mrs. Buller, and the *charming man*, and to-morrow return to Strawberry.

The Gunnings are not only resettled in St. James's Street as boldly as ever, but constantly with old Bedford, who exults in having regained them; but their place in the town-talk is occupied by Lady Mary Duncan, who, on re-

ceiving tickets for his benefit from Badini, at the Pantheon, where Pacchierotti does *not* sing, she returned them with a most abusive letter, calling him impudent monster and wretched poet. This has given somebody an opportunity of returning an answer (in his name) ten times more scurrilous, and which is cried up as full of humour; but by what has been repeated to me out of it, I only found it exceedingly coarse and indelicate. However, she cannot be pitied, having committed herself by being the aggressor towards such a fellow. Adieu! I have exhausted my small sack of gatherings.

2807. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday night, July 12, 1791.

I had had no letter from you for ten days, I suppose from west winds; but did receive one this morning, which had been three weeks on the road: and a charming one it was. Mr. Batt—who dined with me yesterday, and stayed till after breakfast to-day—being here, I read part of it to him; and he was as much delighted as I was with your happy quotation of *incedit Regina*. If I could spare so much room, I might fill this paper with all he said of you both, and with all the friendly kind things he begged me to say to both from him. Last night I read to him certain *Reminiscences*[1]; and this morning he slipped from me, and walked over to Cliveden, and hopes to see it again much more agreeably. I hope so too, and that I shall be with him. Now to answer you.

The Duke of Argyll and Lady Charlotte are at Inverary, and he, they say, is very low, and not at all well. Lady Derby is at Richmond—I hear, much as usual. Mrs. D. is at Park Place for three weeks, has been here as I told you

Letter 2807.—[1] *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I and II*, written by Horace Walpole for the amusement of Mary and Agnes Berry.

in my last, is perfectly well, and looks better than ever I saw her. Mrs. (not E.) Hervey is gone thither to-day from Hampton, where she has been two or three days with the Johnstones (I did not know of such intimacy); they all and Mrs. Anderson were here yesterday morning, and I dined with all but Mrs. Hervey at Mrs. Garrick's last Saturday. Mr. Batt and Clackmannan were there too.

I wish there were not so many *fêtes* at Florence; they are worse for you both than Italian sultriness: but, if you do go to them, I am glad you have more northern weather.

News I have none, but that Calonne arrived in London on Sunday: you may be sure I do not know for what. In a word, I have no more opinion of his judgement than of his integrity.

Now I must say a syllable about myself; but don't be alarmed. It is not the gout; it is worse: it is the rheumatism which I have had in my shoulder ever since it attended the gout last December. It was almost gone till last Sunday, when, the Bishop of London preaching a charity sermon in our church, whither I very, very seldom venture to hobble, I would go to hear him; both out of civility, and as I am very intimate with him. The church was crammed; and, though it rained, every window was open. However, at night I went to bed and to sleep very well; but at two I waked with such exquisite pain in my rheumatic right shoulder, that I think I scarce ever felt greater torture from the gout.

It was so grievous, that I considered whether I should not get out of bed—but the thought that I might kill myself, and consequently not live to Cliveden-tide, checked me—upon my honour this is true—I lay—not still, but writhing about, till, about five o'clock, the agony threw me into a violent perspiration, which soon allayed my suffering, and I fell asleep. I have had but very moderate pain since—

still I could not get on my common clothes, but have been these two days in my nightgown and a waistcoat with open sleeves, tied with ribbons. I own I did tremble at night, when I was to go to bed, but my pain did not return, and I had my usual comfortable night composed of one whole dose of sleep, and as I can moreover sleep at any time, I have slept both before and after dinner to-day, and could not be very bad yesterday, as I could read to Mr. Batt for two hours and half without reposing, nor worse to-day, when I have been writing this prolix syllable to you, in my lap indeed, without deputing Kirgate. Though the gout could never subdue my courage, nor make me take any precaution against catching cold, the rheumatism and Cliveden have made a coward of me. I now draw up my coach glasses, button my breast, and put a hat on the back of my head, for I cannot yet bear it to touch my forehead, when I go into the garden. You charged me to be particular when I am not well—I think I have been circumstantial enough! If I am in love with your nose and long to see it, quite recovered, take root at Cliveden, at least your Corydon does not forget that he is seventy-four, nor conceals one particle of his rheumatism. His dread of being gone before November does not look as if he thought himself immortal—and yet as a true knight, no Orondates ever suffered more for his mistress, than I did heroically on Sunday night in not getting out of bed.

Thursday evening.

I cannot finish this with my own hand, for yesterday morning I had a good deal of pain, and though I had a very tolerable night, the incorporated society of rheumatism and gout have got down to my elbow and wrist, and I cannot move my arm at all—however, as the pain is locomotive, I trust it will soon go quite away. I will write again on Tuesday, though a *hors-d'œuvre*; and I could have wished to

write more myself to-day, for this morning I received another charming letter from you, with a most picturesque description of the Great Duke's Inthronization in the Pan-Athenion in the Piazza del Gran Duca—there, there are as many long words as Dr. Johnson's! and you may roll them out to the bottom of the page, since I cannot give it its usual complement, for though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Adieu!

2808. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, July 17, 1791.

Next to being better I am rather a little glad I am worse, i. e. the gout is come to assert his priority of right to me, and when he has expelled the usurper, I trust he will retire quietly too; in the meanwhile, my case is *party per pale* good and bad: I slept last night from twelve to eight without waking, and at this present *not* writing (seven o'clock) I have had a good deal of pain in my elbow ever since two, though now a little easier, but if I want still more gout, I think I can draw upon my right knee, where there seems to be a little in store for me. In good earnest, the rapid shifting of my complaint makes me flatter myself that it will not be permanent.

I have not said a word to you of the apprehensions that had been conceived of some mischief to happen on Thursday last, the second intended celebration of the French Revolution. I thought you might be alarmed, and remain anxious for a fortnight; now I can tell you that it totally miscarried. The Revolution Club wished to hold their jubilee at the Opera House or Ranelagh, both were refused; they had intended to have exhibited flags and National cockades sent from France, but those sent thence were stopped at the Custom House; and though some cockades were exhibited

Letter 2808.—Not in C.

in a shop or two, nobody wore one. Numbers of Paine's pamphlet were distributed, but equally without success. At last the meeting was fixed at the Crown and Anchor, and circular letters of invitation were sent to all sorts of persons, and at most did not produce a thousand head: Mr. Fox was sounded, but declined; then, even their solitary peer, Lord Stanhope, withdrew. Mr. Sheridan was persuaded not to go, and they had not one man of consequence but Mr. Pigot [1], the Prince's Solicitor, who has not made his court by it. In short, it ended with contempt and ridicule, and without any disturbance, except that at eleven at night some glaziers and tallow-chandlers broke a few windows in the Strand and Cheapside, to force people to put out lights, but all was immediately suppressed by the magistrates.

There has been a much worse tumult at Birmingham on the same day. The faction had stuck up most treasonable papers with long extracts from Dr. Price's sermon, but as soon as the people perceived the drift of them, they arose with indignation and demolished two or three meeting-houses, and the evening papers of last night said Dr. Priestley's house [2] too, but I was told before dinner that the last is not true.

A remarkable circumstance has happened: somebody has found and reprinted a sermon by Dr. Price, preached some years ago, in which he displays at length the superior happiness of this country to all others, particularly by the increase of liberty from taking off general warrants, &c.

I am tired, and will say no more now; but will reserve the rest of my paper till to-morrow, when I hope to give you a better account of myself, and as good of the public.

[1] Arthur Leary Pigott (1752–1819), Attorney-General in 1806, when he was knighted.

[2] It was true; Priestley's house at Fairhill, a mile from Birmingham, was destroyed by the mob, under the impression that Priestley had been a principal organizer of the dinner of July 14.

Monday evening.

I have had another excessively good night, and though I had some pain in my elbow after breakfast, 'tis gone, and so is the threat in my knee, thus at present I have nothing to do but to recover as fast as any tortoise in Christendom. News I have none to send you, nor desire to have, of home manufacture. In France, I believe, they will have enough to do to consume their own, without seeing their fashions adopted, as they used to be, by other countries. Adieu! my good friend.

2809. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday evening, July 20, 1791.

Though a supernumerary letter set out for you from London but yesterday evening, yet I will not lose my ordinary Friday's post, and begin this now for two reasons; first, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am much better, though an accident that happened to me on Monday night might have had ugly consequences. Having had a good deal of fever, I take saline draughts: a fresh parcel came on Sunday night, with a bottle in a separate paper, which I concluded was hartshorn, which I had wanted. They were laid on the window, and next morning I bade James give me one of the draughts: he thinking it one of the former parcel, gave me the separate draught, and I swallowed it directly, but instantly found it was something very different, and sent for the apothecary to know what I had taken; yet before he could arrive, I found upon inquiry, and by the effects, that it was a vomit designed for one of the maids—to be sure, in pain and immovable all down my right side, it was not a pleasant adventure, but it had not the least bad effect, and I dictated the conclusion of

Letter 2809.—Not in C.

my letter to you that very night, though I would not then mention my accident, lest you might suspect me poisoned before this could arrive to convince you of the contrary. I was very well all yesterday, and so I am to-day, and should have walked about the house, but have had company the whole day. Before I arose General Conway came to breakfast with me from London, on his way back to Park Place: then came Lady Charlotte North and Mrs. G. Cholmondeley, from Bushy; Mrs. Grenville from Hampton Court, and the Mount-Edgecumbes from Richmond, whilst three different companies were seeing the house by a confusion I had made during my pain in giving out three tickets for the same day—all this is a trumpery story, but at least will show you that I am very well now.

My second reason for writing now is that I received yesterday a most kind letter from your father, for which I give him a thousand thanks; particularly for the good account he gives me of your nose; and, as he desires, I blend my answer with this to you too: he also hints at what I expected, and do not dislike, that he finds Florence not more delightful than England, and shall not be sorry, for which I again thank him, to set up his staff at Cliveden.

General Conway told me that the latest accounts last night in town from Birmingham were that all was quieted there on the arrival of the military, but that the populace were gone into Worcestershire, some said in pursuit of Dr. Priestley; and that they had threatened Ragley, Lord Beauchamp's seat, in their own county, for his having been for taking off the Test Act; but as the Edgecumbes were here at three o'clock and had heard nothing new, I conclude and hope all is over. Great mischief has been done at Birmingham, and indeed the provocations there and in London, and in other places, have been grievous. Vast numbers of Paine's pamphlet were distributed both to regiments and ships, but

were given up voluntarily to the officers, and even money was tried on the Guards, but to no purpose: the most seditious hand-bills were stuck up in London and Birmingham, and Dr. Priestley is said to have boasted that at the latter he could raise 20,000 men; and so indeed he has, but against himself.

As not the least spirit of disaffection has appeared anywhere, I trust the French Revolutionists will not hazard any more attempts: nor is France at all likely to emerge out of its own dreadful calamities, which will now tempt no other nations to imitate them. I enclose the best printed account I have seen of the riots at Birmingham from yesterday's paper.

Thursday evening.

The moment I had finished dictating this last night, I received yours with the continuation of your *fêtes*; the conflagration of the ball-room at the Cascines, and your first news of the flight of the poor French Majesties, to all which I have left myself no paper to answer: but I have written these three lines with my own hand, which I am vain enough to think will satisfy you more. *Thrice*, Adieu!

2810. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1791.

Ten months are gone of the longest year that ever was born—a baker's year, for it has thirteen months to the dozen! As our letters are so long interchanging, it is not beginning too early to desire you will think of settling the stages to which I must direct to you in your route. Nay, I don't know whether it is not already too late: I am sure it will be, if I am to stay for an answer to this; but I hope you will have thought on it before you receive this. I am so much recovered as to have been abroad. I cannot say

my arm is glib yet; but, if I waited for the total departure of the rheumatism, I might stay at home till the National Debt is paid. My fair writing is a proof of my lameness: I labour as if I were engraving; and drop no words, as I do in my ordinary hasty scribbling.

Lady Cecilia tells me that her nephew, Mr. West[1], who was with you at Pisa, declares he is in love with you both; so I am not singular. You too may like to hear this, though no novelty to you; but it will not satisfy Mr. Berry, who will be impatient for news from Birmingham: but there are no more, nor any-whence else. There has not been another riot in any of the three kingdoms. The villain Paine came over for the Crown and Anchor; but, finding that his pamphlet had not set a straw on fire, and that the 14th of July was as little in fashion as the ancient Gunpowder-Plot, he dined at another tavern with a few quaking conspirators; and probably is returned to Paris, where he is engaged in a controversy with the Abbé Sieyès, about the *plus* or *minus* of the rebellion. The rioters in Worcestershire, whom I mentioned in my last, were not a detachment from Birmingham, but volunteer incendiaries from the capital; who went, *according to the rights of men*, with the mere view of plunder, and threatened gentlemen to burn their houses, if not ransomed. Eleven of these disciples of Paine are in custody; and Mr. Merry, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Helen Williams will probably have subjects for elegies. Deborah and Jael, I believe, were invited to the Crown and Anchor, and had let their nails grow accordingly; but, somehow or other, no *poissonnières* were there, and the two prophetesses had no opportunity that day of exercising their talents or talons. Their French allies, cock and hen, have a fairer field open; and the Jacobins, I think,

Letter 2810.—[1] Fifth son of second Earl Delawarr; d. 1793.

will soon drive the National Assembly to be better royalists than ever they were, in self-defence.

I know nothing else, but it is early in the week. Yes, Mrs. Keppel has let her house at Isleworth to Sheridan, for 400*l.* a year—an immense rate—and yet far from a wise bargain. He has just been forced out of his house in Bruton Street by his landlord, who could get no rent from him: almost the night he came to Isleworth he gave a ball there, which will not precipitate Mrs. K.'s receipts.

Wednesday evening, 27th.

This morning I received yours of the 12th, so it was but a fortnight on its journey—I wish all journeys from Florence could be as rapid. I am now beginning my fears about roads, bad inns, accidents and winds at sea; and they will increase from the first of September.

You have indeed surprised me by your account of the strange credulity on poor King Louis's escape *in safety*! In these villages we heard of his flight late in the evening, and, the very next morning, of his being retaken. Much as he, at least the Queen, has suffered, I am persuaded the adventure has hastened general confusion, and will increase the royal party; though perhaps their Majesties, for their personal safeties, had better have awaited the natural progress of anarchy. The enormous deficience of money, and the total insubordination of the army, both apparent and uncontradicted, from the reports made to the National Assembly, show what is coming. Into what such a chaos will subside, it would be silly to attempt to guess. Perhaps it is not wiser in the exiles to expect to live to see a resettlement in their favour. One thing I have for these two years thought probable to arrive—a division, at least a dismemberment, of France. Despotism could no longer govern so unwieldy a machine; a republic would be still less likely

to hold it together. If foreign powers should interfere, they will take care to pay themselves with what is *à leur bienséance*; and that, in reality, would be serving France too. So much for my speculations! and they have never varied.

We are so far from intending to new-model our government and dismiss the royal family, annihilate the peerage, cashier the hierarchy, and lay open the land to the first occupier, as Dr. Priestly, and Tom Paine, and the Revolution Club humbly proposed, that we are even encouraging the breed of princes. It is generally believed that the Duke of York is going to marry the Princess of Prussia, the King's daughter by his first wife, and his favourite child. I do not affirm it; but many others do[2].

You will be sorry for Mr. Batt: when he left me, he was going to Lord Frederic Campbell's, but was sent for to Oxford, where his only brother, a clergyman, was dying, and is dead, of a putrid fever. He was fifteen years younger than Mr. Batt, and much beloved by him. Mrs. Garrick came and told me of it in tears. Another person has told me that in point of circumstances it may enrich Mr. Batt; they have a very rich old uncle, whose partiality was for the younger.

Thank you for remembering the Cardinal of York's medal; how welcome it will be, for from what hand am I to receive it! There is another dear hand from which I wish I sometimes saw a line! I can and do write to both at once, and think to and of both at once; but methinks letters all from one hand are not the same thing. I shall not think I am as equally dear to both as they are to me, if I never hear but from one. Mary is constant, but I shall

[2] The Duke of York married in Sept. 1791 Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, Princess Royal of Prussia, eldest daughter of King Frederick William II.

fear Martha is busy about many other things! Mr. Berry is so good as to write to me. I say no more.

I wrote this latter part to-night, because I don't know whether I shall have time to-morrow: Lord Hertford, Lady Elizabeth, Hugh and Lady Horatia are to dine with me from Lady Lincoln's at Putney, and may stay most part of the evening. I reserve a vacuum for any news they may tell me.

Thursday night, late.

I heard nothing at my dinner, but I have since been at Richmond, and heard that Lady Valetort is brought to bed of a daughter[3], so this time Lady Mount will cry with but one eye.

But Lady Di has told me an extraordinary fact. Catherine Slay-Czar sent for Mr. Fawkener, and desired he will order for her a bust of Charles Fox; and she will place it between Demosthenes and Cicero (pedantry she learnt from her French authors, and which our schoolboys would be above using), for his eloquence has saved two great nations from a war—by his opposition to it, *s'entend*: so the Peace is no doubt made. She could not have addressed her compliment worse than to Mr. Fawkener, sent by Mr. Pitt, and therefore so addressed; and who, of all men, does not love Mr. Fox: and Mr. Fox, who has no vainglory, will not care a straw for the flattery, and will understand it too. Good night!

2811. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1791.

How cruel to know you ill at such a distance! how shocking to must have patience, when one has none! I do hope I shall have another line this week, and yet the wind

[3] Afterwards Countess Brownlow.

Letter 2811.—Not in C.

is westwardly! I do believe St. James's blessed powder has cured your fever—but I am persuaded it was no slight one, for the effects would not have weakened you so much, as the powder never has great effect without full cause. Your *fêtes* and balls and the heat have occasioned your illness; you both left England in search of health, and yet have done as much as you could have performed in London, where at least the cold can tolerate crowds and fatigue. Nor have you been temperate even since your fever; you have aired too long, and why see four or five persons so soon, and sit up with them till eleven? All this kind Agnes has owned, though she says she is perfectly easy about you—can I be so, who may be a week without knowing whether you have had no return? I longed to see Agnes's writing, and she never could have sent it more apropos, since there was occasion for it—you yourself were both kind and unkind to write so much—but burn the French! why write so much about them? For Heaven's sake, be more careful; you are both of you delicate and far from strong. You bid me take care of myself—to what purpose do I cocker myself against November, if you two fling away your healths—nay, I will now not look so early as to November. Do not, I implore you, set out in great heats. Be certain of being quite recovered before you stir—fatigue and hot bad inns may lay you up where there is no assistance. Oh, I now feel again all the aversion I felt last year to your journey! Travel slowly, I beseech you; I had rather wait months for you, than have you run any risk. Surely you will keep very quiet till you begin your journey, and perfectly recruit your strength. Dear Mr. Berry, exert your authority, and do not suffer them to be giddy and rash, nor plunge into any more diversions.

I cannot write about the French nor think about them now, though I heard of nothing else all yesterday, for Petty

France dined here yesterday, and I went back with them to Richmond. They firmly believed that all Europe in arms will march to Paris by Tuesday sennight, drive the Assembly and the Jacobins into the Red Sea, and borrow our fleet to replace the exiles here in their own hotels *sur le quai*. I forget why they believe all this, nor shall I recollect why till I have another letter from you. I believe too that I have not heard a tittle of news, but that you have had a fever at Florence, and that your bedchamber is very noisy —oh, how quiet you would have been at Cliveden—and that Mr. and Mrs. Legge[1] have been divinely kind, and lent you one more tranquil; what charming people they must be!

Mrs. Damer passed Sunday with me; her leg is not well again; she goes to Goodwood on Friday, and thence to the sea.

Thursday, noon.

I am not at all more easy, though I have slept since I heard of your fever. Your journey haunts me; you will not be strong enough to undertake it so soon as you intended; you would begin it when the weather is too hot, and finish it when too cold. No, I had rather you did not set out till March—though I might never see you more; it had better be prevented by my exit than by yours. Everything terrifies me for you; though I have little faith in a speedy invasion of France, yet I believe it when you may be to pass through armies and camps. My dear, dear wives, be cautious! no risks by land or sea! in short, I am unquiet to the greatest degree. I had almost forgot to thank you about the medals: bring me but yourselves safe and in good health, and I care about nothing else—yes, I do, for another

[1] Heneage Legge, of Aston, Staffordshire, grandson of first Earl of Dartmouth, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart.

letter. I ought, when you desire it and are not well, to try to amuse you; but seriously, if I have heard any news, I have forgot it—but I think I have heard nothing, but that Lord Henry Fitzgerald and Miss Boyle are to be married to-day; and that Miss Ogilvie's match with the rich Irish heir apparent is off; her brother Lord Edward [2] carried her dismission of him, and did not deliver it in dulcet words.

If I receive good accounts from Florence, my next letter shall tell you anything I learn; if I persisted in adding to this, I could only specify a million more of apprehensions and execrations of your journey, from the 10th of October to the 16th of March, when you had your fall, and then to your *fêtes* and fever in July. *St. James's* day has been my only holiday in ten months—do not give him a post-vigil that may destroy his festival. Adieu, adieu, what would I not give for another letter this moment!

P.S. My dearest Agnes, though you have no fever, yet as you have undergone the same heats and fatigues with Mary, I entreat you to take four or five grains of St. James's, that if you have any lurking disorder, it may remove it before you set out, and prevent your falling [ill] on the road, which I dread—though I wish your journey to be delayed. If you are quite well, the powder will have no effect at all. I hope you will all three observe a very cool strict regimen before you set out for at least ten days; I have not forgotten Italian inns, and how totally void they are of comforts and assistance. This fever has frightened me horridly.

[2] Lord Edward Fitzgerald was half-brother of Miss Ogilvie.

2812. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1791.

I have frequently been inclined to make Kirgate write a line for me, but reflected that I should only give your Ladyship a little unnecessary concern, when I knew that patience would ere long enable me to write myself. It has delivered me from pain, but has left my arm so lame that I cannot lift it to the top of my head, nor write but slowly and with difficulty. I have made no vow against going to church; it is not so tempting since this last experience as to make it necessary to tie myself up. I have always gone now and then, though of late years rarely, as it was most unpleasant to crawl through a churchyard full of staring footmen and apprentices, clamber a ladder to a hard pew to hear the dullest of all things, a sermon, and croaking and squalling of psalms to a hand-organ by journeymen brewers and charity children. As I am to go soon to church for ever, I do not think it my duty to *try on* my death beforehand. The truth is, Madam, I am worn out, and little fit to go anywhere or do anything. I did two months ago begin on the Woburn Catalogue, and out of one hundred articles got through forty; when I shall be able to finish the rest the Lord knows; for I can neither lift nor turn over folios of genealogies, for though I used to know who begat whom, like a chapter in Genesis, my mind is not so triflingly circumstantial now, and I might create scandal backwards two centuries ago.

To Mr. Burke's Appeal[1], I answer, it is well and carefully written; but I think he had better not have wanted it, by accepting Mr. Fox's tender and handsome apology[2].

Letter 2812.—[1] *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.*

[2] Fox made this apology in his speech in reply to Burke during the

For my own part, I had rather be entertained by anybody's imprudence than their discretion. If a man will be discreet, why write at all? How much more delightful are Mr. Burke's wit, similes, metaphors, and allusions and eccentricities, than his references to what he said in anno Domini one thousand seven hundred, &c.! I am most pleased with his slashing the French, and Paine, and the Presbytyrants, as Lord Melcombe called the Presbyterians. By the way, I am mighty glad to be mighty sorry for Dr. Priestly, as I am sure he is very sorry that he has no opportunity of being very glad for having occasioned fifty thousand times the mischief that has fallen on his own head; yet he might have saved his house, had he clapped Mr. Merry's Ode [3] on it, that is cold enough to have quenched a volcano, and dull enough to be admired by the French Academy. Yes, Madam, yes, by this time twelvemonth the immortal 14th of July may be buried with Voltaire at St. Geneviève, and the National Assembly too. I am sick of their puerility and pedantry; and yet I think they cannot be such egregious fools as they seem. Their most ridiculous debates must proceed from a kind of *finesse* to keep the people intoxicated with new visions, and to avoid settling anything that by finishing might put an end to their own eighteen livres a day.

The Berrys are not expected before the end of October at soonest, and then, I trust, have no thoughts of coming through France. Your own journey, I hope, Madam, is from no necessity of health. Your invitation would be both most agreeable, and I believe salutary for me; but I want resolution, and fancy I want so many other things, that I equally omit what I like and what would be of use to me. Having lost all manner of activity, I have been forced

debate of May 6, 1791. Burke's refusal to accept it caused a permanent breach between the two statesmen.

[3] On the fall of the Bastille.

to discover that total indolence is a comfortable succedaneum. Adieu, Madam!—Yours, &c.

2813. To Miss Mary Berry.

Monday night, Aug. 8, 1791.

I have received no second letter about your fever, but Mrs. Damer had one on Saturday, which says you go on as well as possible. Perhaps I may have one to-morrow—but this must go away by eight to-morrow morning by the coach to save the foreign post. I have been in twenty minds whether I should write again before my usual Friday, for I feel I shall only tire you with an anxiety about a fever that I hope will have been quite gone a fortnight at least before you receive my letter: yet write I must. I am sure you have been very ill, and now I dread your setting out too soon, before you have perfectly recovered your strength, as much as I was afraid of your not coming at the time you had fixed. Your journey now will fill me with additional terrors—and I was tolerably uneasy about the last! To know you in bad inns, and not even know where! fearful of not receiving your letters regularly—uncertain whether you will get mine. Well, only determine on the most prudent and safe measures that can be taken, and I shall forget all when I see you return well, how long soever it be first. I give up, I disclaim, I protest against all promises, that could make you think of setting out one instant before you are fit for it. I have been too selfish already; I have not an atom of self-love when your health is in question.

My poor letters that you say are not so barren as I foretold they would be in summer, will now I doubt have the additional *désagrément* of being teasing and full of repetitions. Can one attend to or inquire after news, when one's mind

Letter 2813.—Not in C.

is occupied about one family and anxious about every step they take? Can one relate with interest what does not interest one? Will it amuse you to be told daily that I went to Boyle Farm this morning to visit Lord Henry Fitzgerald and his bride, and carried in my coach an old Lady *Clifden*[1] (oh, not a *Cliveden*), her aunt, who is at Mr. Ellis's, and told me a whole chronicle, about which I did not care a straw, of the no-match of Miss Ogilvie? Then I went and dined at Mrs. Garrick's with Les Boufflers, Madame de Cambis and the Johnstones, and Mrs. Anderson,—and the French being afraid of highwaymen, would not return over the common, and desired me to convoy them through Bushy Park, which I did. They wished me to return with them to Richmond, but I chose to alight here, and write to you, though I had nothing better to send you than this dull day's work.

Mr. Lenox has got a son[2]. There is to be a ball at Windsor on Friday for the Prince's birthday, which has not lately been noticed there. Lord Lorn and seven other young men of fashion were invited to it. It seems they now crop their hair short and wear no powder, which not being the etiquette yet, the youths, instead of representing that they are not fit to appear so docked, sent excuses that they were going out of town, or were unavoidably engaged —a message one would think dictated by old Prynne or Tom Paine, and certainly unparalleled in all the books in the Lord Chamberlain's office.

This being the sum total of my gazette's knowledge, I will not trust my pen with the rest of my paper, which you may guess how it would fill if I gave a loose to it. I will suffer it to ask but one question—Shall you not recollect Charing

[1] Lucia (d. 1802), daughter of John Martin, widow of Hon. Henry Boyle Walsingham and wife of first Viscount Clifden.

[2] Charles Lennox, afterwards fifth Duke of Richmond.

Cross before you set out? It would give me a pleasure that would balance my not seeing you so soon as I expected, and you owe me a particular mark of friendship for the uneasiness your fever has given me. Adieu! adieu!

2814. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 10, 1791.

Your letter of the 25th of last month, which I received yesterday, assures me that you are completely recovered—nay, better than before your fever. I do my utmost to believe so; but belief is not like faith, one cannot swallow it whole at a gulp without proofs, and, alas, I am at too great a distance to receive them! I am persuaded you have been very ill; and *by the better than before*, that your fever was generating. Your good nature induces you to make me as easy as you can; but how can I be easy, when you are so far off, have been very weak, have such a journey to take, and while I am uncertain when I shall see you again—or, if ever! I do not recant a word in my two last. I wish you to decide on your return from the state of your health, strength, and inclination. The great blow to me was your going abroad at all, and I interested myself in it much more than I had any right to do. It has been followed by all kind of disquiets, which I will not recapitulate. Your last gives me a new alarm: I had flattered myself with your coming directly to Cliveden. I now see a hitch even in that! I must be obstinate and foolish indeed if I nurse any more visions, and attempt to harmonize ages so dissonant as yours and mine, and attempt to make their purposes coincide: yet I declare, though my own happiness has a great share in my plan, its ultimate object is to make you two a little more comfortable when I shall be out of

Letter 2814.—Not in C.

the question. If you have any speculations more rational, I relinquish mine with pleasure. One point I can by no means abandon: set not your feet on French ground; I hear daily of insults and violence offered to English travelling to or through that frantic country: a Lady Webster[1] was lately ill-used on the frontiers of Swisserland, and her pockets would have been ransacked, had not her husband interposed roughly. You cannot have a lower opinion of that whole nation than I have: the residents are barbarians, the exiles have wanted spirit, and neither have any sense. Impatience I have none for Lally's book; like Necker, he imagines Europe occupied about him, or would make it so. Miss Gunning acted fainting t'other night at the play on Lord Lorn entering the next box; but momentary meteors have no second benefit.

The Emperor, by rejecting Noailles[2] now, will have acted sillily, if he does not do more. Had he refused to receive him at first, very well; it would have been condemning rebellion, and would have called for no more, if he did not choose to make war; but now, when the King is not a whit more a prisoner than he was two years ago, it will be the anger of a tame eagle. Still I think the distresses and calamities of France will present more favourable moments than even the present—though I believe the National Assembly frightened almost—into their senses.

The Duke of York's marriage is certain; the Duke of Clarence told me so himself yesterday. He graciously came hither yesterday, though I had not been to pay my court: indeed I concluded he had forgotten me, as at his age was

[1] Afterwards well known as Lady Holland—Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Vassall, of Jamaica; m. (1786) Sir Godfrey Webster, fourth Baronet, of Battle Abbey, from whom she was divorced in 1797, when she married the third Baron Holland. She died in 1845.

[2] Louis Marie (1756–1804), Vicomte de Noailles. The Emperor refused to receive him as Ambassador.

very natural. Not having cropped my hair, I went to-day to thank him. He could not see me, but sent to desire I would call on him to-morrow. I asked the page at what hour it would be proper; he answered, 'Between ten and eleven.' Mercy on me! to be dressed and at Petersham before eleven! I am not got down to modern hours; but neither am I reverted to those of Queen Elizabeth, nor to those of Louis Douze, who is said to have hastened his death by condescending, in complaisance to his young Queen Mary Tudor, to dine at so late an hour as eleven in the morning. I at least, before I am so rakish, will wait the arrival of my own Queen *Mary*.

Mrs. Buller a month ago told me she should pass a fortnight here at Twickenham in her sister Lady Basset's[3] house—yonder, you know. Her son was ill, and she came not till last Sunday, and then only for a night with him and Miss Wilkes. They came and drank tea here.

As I wrote to you but three nights ago, I will make no excuse for the brevity of this, which is only to acknowledge yours, and to fall in with my own Friday. If you are really quite well, and set out nearly to the time you intended, I expect that our correspondence will be much deranged. News you will not lose of consequence—September is most inactive but against poor partridges, and in horse-races, neither of which have places in my gazettes. Adieu!

2815. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1791.

No letter from Florence this post, though I am wishing for one every day! The illness of a friend is bad, but is augmented by distance. Your letters say you are quite

[3] Frances Susanna, daughter of John Hippisley Coxe, of Stone Easton, Somerset, and wife of Sir Francis Basset, first Baronet, of Tehidy, Cornwall (created June 17, 1796, Baron de Dunstanville).

recovered; but the farther you are from me, the oftener I want to hear that recovery repeated: and any delay in hearing revives my apprehensions of a return of your fever. I am embarrassed, too, about your plan. It grows near to the time you proposed beginning your journey. I do not write with any view to hastening that, which I trust will entirely depend on the state of your health and strength—nay, I depend upon Mr. Berry's not leaving it to your own discretion—but I am impatient to know your intentions: in short, I feel that, from this time to your arrival, my letters will grow very tiresome. I can think of nothing but your journey, which fills me with fears. I have heard to-day that Lord and Lady Sheffield[1], who went to visit Mr. Gibbon at Lausanne, met with great trouble and impertinence at almost every post in France. In Switzerland there is a furious spirit of democracy, or demonocracy. They made great rejoicings on the recapture of the King of France. Oh, why did you leave England in such a turbulent era? When will you sit down on the quiet banks of the Thames?

Wednesday night.

Since I began my letter, I have received yours of the 2nd, two days later than usual; and a most comfortable one it is. My belief and my faith are now of the same religion. I do believe you quite recovered. You, in the meantime, are talking of my rheumatism—quite an old story. Not that it is gone, though the pain is. The lameness in my shoulder remains, and I am writing in my lap: but the complaint is put upon the establishment; like old servants, that are of no use, fill up the place of those who could do something, and yet still remain in the house.

Letter 2815.—[1] Abigail (d. 1793), daughter of Lewis Way, and first wife of first Baron (afterwards first Earl of) Sheffield.

I know nothing new, public or private, that is worth telling. The stocks are transported with the pacification with Russia, and do not care for what it has cost to bully the Empress to no purpose; and say, we can afford it. Nor can Paine and Priestly persuade them that France is much happier than we are, by having ruined itself. The poor French here are in hourly expectation of as rapid a counter-revolution as what happened two years ago. Have you seen the King of Sweden's letter to his minister, enjoining him to look dismal, and to take care not to be knocked on the head for so doing? It deserves to be framed with M. de Bouillé's bravado.

Mr. Gilpin was here on Saturday, and desired me to say a thousand civil things from him. Lord Derby and the Farrens were to dine here to-morrow, but the Earl has got the gout, and the party is put off. Our weather for this week has been worthy of Florence, with large showers, very reputable lightning, and a decent proportion of thunder, and yet the warmth has stood the shock bravely. I wish it may keep up its courage till next Monday, when Lord Rob. Spencer is to give a cup for a sailing match at Richmond in honour of the Duke of Clarence's birthday. I beg your pardons, but I don't think Lord Dysart's and Cambridge's meadows on such an occasion will yield the apple to the Cascines.

You say you will write me longer letters when you know I am well. Your recovery has quite the contrary effect on me: I could scarce restrain my pen while I had apprehensions about you; now you are well, the goose-quill has not a word to say. One would think it had belonged to a physician!

I shall fill my vacuum with some lines that General Conway has sent me, written by I know not whom, on Mrs. Harte, Sir William Hamilton's pantomime mistress,

or wife, who acts all the antique statues in an Indian shawl. I have not seen her yet, so am no judge; but people are mad about her wonderful expression, which I do not conceive; so few antique statues having any expression at all, nor being designed to have it. The Apollo has the symptoms of dignified anger; the Laocoon and his sons, and Niobe and her family, are all expression; and a few more: but what do the Venuses, Floras, Hercules, and a thousand others tell, but the magic art of the sculptor, and their own graces and proportions?—well! no matter—here are the verses—

ATTITUDES—A SKETCH.

To charm the sense, the taste to guide,
Sculpture and painting long had tried:
Both call'd ideal beauty forth;
Both claim'd a disputable worth:
When nature, looking down on art,
Made a new claim, and show'd us Harte;
All of Correggio's faultless line:
Of Guido's air and look divine;
All that arose to mental view
When Raphael his best angels drew:
The artist's spell, the poet's thought,
By her to beauteous life is brought.
The gazer sees each feature move,
Each grace awake and breathing love;
From parts distinct a matchless whole:
She finds the form, and gives the soul.

Altogether it is a pretty little poem enough, though not very poetically expressed, but Dr. Darwin has destroyed my admiration for any poetry but his own—do you recollect how he has described some antique statues? That canto is not yet published.

I have been making up some pills of patience, to take occasionally, when you have begun your journey, and

I do not receive your letters regularly; which may happen when you are on the road. I recommend you to St. James of Compost-*antimony*, to whom St. Luke was an ignorant quack. Adieu!

2816. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 22, 1791.

No, Madam, no, I am not so fractious as to quarrel with the civil things you are pleased to say to me. It is true I never had a taste for being complimented; but I don't know how, I am grown less mealy-eared: I suppose it is natural in old age; when one has lost any talent one may have been supposed to have, one may be fond of being told one retains it. Queen Elizabeth, when shrivelled like a morel, listened with complacency to encomiums on her beauty. I perhaps may soon flatter myself, when I cannot crawl, that I am as nimble as I was above fifty years ago, when Mr. Winnington told me I ran along like a pewet; but as to the *iron head*, I still protest against it. I have said I have an *iron stomach*, and may say so still; but never did I, nor can I allow the iron head. I know too well the slight and unconnected ingredients of which it is compounded!

With Mr. Burke's book I do not mean to find fault, but to distinguish between what delights me, and what I only respect. I adore *genius*; to *judgement* I pull off my hat, and make it a formal bow; but as I read only to amuse myself, and not to be informed or convinced, I had rather (for my private pleasure) that in his last pamphlet he had flung the reins on the neck of his boundless imagination, as he did in the first. *Genius* creates enthusiasts or enemies; *judgement* only cold friends; and cold friends will sooner go over to your enemies than to your bigots. As to Mr.

Fox, I own I think the tears he shed for having hurt Mr. Burke were an infinitely nobler peace-offering than a recantation could have been. Who weeps for his friend, feels; who retracts his opinion, may be convinced, or from art or interest may pretend he is convinced; and that recantation may be due to the public, without being due to his friend, as no friendship binds one to *think* exactly like one's friend on general topics; and therefore to shed tears for having disagreed was a greater sacrifice than retractation: and in that light I admire Mr. Fox's temper more than Mr. Burke's. This is being very impartial; for though with Mr. Fox I admire the destruction of despotism, I agree with Mr. Burke in abhorring the violence, cruelty, injustice, and absurdity of the National Assembly, who have destroyed regal tyranny for a short time, and exercise ten times greater themselves; and I fear have ruined liberty for ages; for what country will venture to purchase a chance of freedom at the price of the ruin that has been brought on France by this outrageous experiment?

I am the more impartial, Madam (which I am not apt to be), as Mr. Burke has bribed me in the most welcome manner by his panegyric on my father[1]; but I must speak as I think and have long thought, at least felt for many years. But I am a very timid politician; and though I detest tyranny, I never should have ventured to act against it at the expense of blood, as I am not clear that I am authorized to put a single man to death for the benefit of others. I am shocked to hear it said that the French Revolution has cost *very little* blood! and even that is false! Sure I am that the electors of the *États* gave them (and who but the whole nation could give?) no authority to shed a drop! If one of our juries should condemn a man to be hanged for what he deserved only to be set in the stocks, would not they

LETTER 2816.—[1] In *The Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.*

commit murder? Have I a right, and whence, to take away any man's property, and allow myself eighteen livres a day out of it? Had the King of France less lawful right to grant parts of his own domains, than the Assembly have to take away those domains and share part of the income amongst themselves, and call it paying themselves for doing their duty in an Assembly, in which they have violated almost every duty they were sent to perform, and which duty they have protracted beyond the term for which they were sent to perform it? Would my breaking my oath to my king authorize me to force others to break theirs and take contradictory oaths? And did their electors nominate them to impose a code of perjury on the whole nation, or strip men of their property for refusing to be perjured? And all this is called a Revolution in favour of liberty! The system, if it is one, is not a democracy, but a demonocracy, for it will sluice torrents of blood before it is settled, or overturned, which last will probably be its fate. James II broke his coronation oath and the laws, and would have governed without a Parliament. Louis XVI restored the old constitutional Parliaments, called the *États* to mend the constitution, and they have treated him worse than the worst of his predecessors whom they flattered and servilely obeyed! I do not admire Papal government; but when the National Assembly had overturned that usurpation, had they a right (after declaring for universal peace) to seize dominions of the sovereign of Rome [2], which never belonged to France [3], and hang inhabitants of Avignon for not breaking their oaths to that sovereign; if the National Assembly did not order those murders, have they punished them or made any reparation to the families of the massacred?

[2] Avignon had become part of France.

[3] This was not the case; Avignon had been confiscated by France three times, each time during differences with the Pope—in 1663, 1688, and 1768.

At least they did not take eighteen livres a day for doing justice!

P.S. As I do not know whether your Ladyship is set out for Eastbourne, or how to direct, if you are, I send this to Ampthill; it will always reach you time enough, for such commonplace requires no answer, nor deserves any; but I know nothing newer, and perhaps have said the same things before. Our own Revolution, and that in Poland, show that a country may be saved and a very bad government corrected, by wise and good men, without turning *the rights of men* into general injustice and ruin.

2nd P.S. I wrote this letter yesterday after dinner, to be ready for our early post to-day; and then went to the Duke of Queensberry's at Richmond, where were our French exiles, Madame du Barry, and some of the foreign ministers, and there I heard the following horrible demonocratic story, which came yesterday morning in a letter to George Pitt[4], from his mother, Lady Rivers, at Lyons, and for which I don't wonder she has determined to quit her house there and return to England. A young gentleman, who visited her, was seized by the demons, I do not know for what offence or suspicion, and was tied to a spit and roasted alive; nor was that all! They brought his mother to see that dreadful sight, and whipped her till she expired before he did. I would not relate such an incredible massacre without quoting my authority. If French kings have been tyrants, what are French people?

[4] Eldest son of first Baron Rivers of that creation, whom he succeeded in 1803.

2817. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1791.

I am come to town to meet Mr. Conway and Lady Aylesbury; and, as I have no letter from you yet to answer, I will tell you how agreeably I have passed the last three days; though they might have been improved had you shared them, as I wished, and as I *sometimes* do wish. On Saturday evening I was at the Duke of Queensberry's (at Richmond, *s'entend*) with a small company: and there were Sir W. Hamilton and Mrs. Harte; who, on the 3rd of next month, previous to their departure, is to be Madame l'Envoyée à Naples, the Neapolitan Queen having promised to receive her in that quality. Here she cannot be presented, where only such over-virtuous wives as the Duchess of Kingston and Mrs. Hastings—who could go with a husband in each hand—are admitted. Why the Margravine of Anspach[1], with the same pretensions, was not, I do not understand; perhaps she did not attempt it. But I forget to retract, and make *amende honorable* to Mrs. Harte. I had only heard of her attitudes; and those, in dumb show, I have not yet seen. Oh, but she sings admirably; has a very fine, strong voice; is an excellent *buffa*, and an astonishing tragedian. She sung Nina[2] in the highest perfection; and there her attitudes were a whole theatre of grace and various expressions.

The next evening I was again at Queensberry House, where the Comtesse Émilie de Boufflers played on her harp, and the Princesse di Castelcigala, the Neapolitan minister's wife, danced one of her country dances, with castanets, very

Letter 2817.—[1] Lady Craven; she was married to the Margravine in Oct. 1791.

[2] Perhaps Pergolesi's song 'Tre giorni son che Nina.'

prettily, with her husband. Madame du Barry was there too, and I had a good deal of frank conversation with her about Monsieur de Choiseul; having been at Paris at the end of his reign and the beginning of hers, and of which I knew so much by my intimacy with the Duchesse de Choiseul.

On Monday was the boat-race. I was in the great room at the Castle, with the Duke of Clarence, Lady Di, Lord Robert[3], and the house of Bouverie, to see the boats start from the bridge to Thistleworth, and back to a tent erected in Lord Dysart's meadow, just before Lady Di's windows; whither we went to see them arrive, and where we had breakfast. For the second heat, I sat in my coach on the bridge; and did not stay for the third. The day had been coined on purpose, with my favourite south-east wind. The scene, both up the river and down, was what only Richmond upon earth can exhibit. The crowds in those green velvet meadows and on the shores, the yatches, barges, pleasure and small boats, and the windows and gardens lined with spectators, were so delightful, that when I came home from that vivid show, I thought Strawberry looked as dull and solitary as a hermitage. At night there was a ball at the Castle, and illuminations, with the Duke's cipher, &c., in coloured lamps, as were the houses of his Royal Highness's tradesmen. I went again in the evening to the French ladies on the Green, where was a bonfire; but, you may believe, not to the ball.

Well! but you, who have had a fever with *fêtes*, had rather hear the history of the new *soi-disante* Margravine. She has been in England with her foolish Prince, and not only notified their marriage to the Earl her brother[4], who did not receive it propitiously, but his Highness informed his Lordship by a letter, that they have an usage in his

[3] Lord Robert Spencer.

[4] The Earl of Berkeley.

country of taking a wife with the left hand; that he had espoused his Lordship's sister in that manner; and intends, as soon as she shall be a widow, to marry her with his right hand also. The Earl replied, that he knew she was married to an English peer, a most respectable man, and can know nothing of her marrying any other man; and so they are gone to Lisbon.

Thursday morning, 25th.

London you may conclude is as deserted as Ferrara, for though I have been here two days, and supped on Tuesday at Miss Farren's and last night at Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's, I did not hear of one incident worth repeating: Mrs. Buller and Jerningham were of the party last night.

Madame d'Albany is gone. I believe she made application for some *deficit*—I doubt much whether she received even an answer.

I have had no letter from you since my last; and having made so barren a campaign in town, I must send this away as it is—not quite certain that it will find you still at Florence; though I suppose it will, as methinks you would have had the providence to furnish me with new directions before your setting out; that my letters might not be trotting after you and perhaps be lost—if your next does not bring me such direction, I shall conclude you have changed your minds, and are not coming so soon. Adieu!

2818. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, at night, 1791.

I WRITE on my intermediate post-day, both to overtake you, and to apologize for the lamentations in my last, though I had not even imputed the cause of them to you. That letter perhaps you will not receive: I had been so long

LETTER 2818.—Not in C.

without one, and so disappointed at not receiving notice to change my direction, as I had calculated I should, that I feared something had happened. On Friday *the 2nd*, the morning on which my letter had gone to town, I received yours of the 7th and 9th of August, with the very order for changing my direction, but it was too late to recall mine; and therefore if it does not arrive before you leave Florence, as it scarce will if you set out on the 15th or 16th, you may have left orders behind you for any letters to be sent after you. I am less surprised at yours being so long as twenty-three or twenty-four days on the road, for I believe it had been opened, the seal being quite flat, and scarce any mark of impression left. Another proof of its having been delayed is, that on Saturday I received a second of the 15th of August, and they certainly ought not to have arrived two days together, but at once.

The last contains a charming letter from my Agnes, and both this and the former contain deserved encomiums on Mr. Lock, to which I totally agree. He has as much modesty as genius, which is saying that he is the most modest genius in the world; and his virtues are as uncommon as both. I am overjoyed you have met him; and now I shall be impatient to have him see the copy of his Wolsey, which I am sure will surprise and strike him, as much as the original did us. He little thinks that his new scholar is worthy of being his rival. In your letter of the 9th there was a word which I could not read, or at least not understand. You say Mr. Lock coloured a drawing in black lead with a *stump*, or a *thump*, and advised Miss Agnes to use the same method—either nostrum applied to the *black* lead, I suppose, had the effect of *Prussian* blue, and made the drawing black and blue, which may assist connoisseurs in knowing *hands*; but I own I do not wish to have your sister practise that mode of sketching; nor should

like to be told, 'I am sure this was done by your wife's *fist.*' It would not be of a piece with her or Mr. Lock's indolence. Hers I certainly would not have her conquer at the price of a headache; nor would have you both venture travelling too soon in the great heats. Great as my impatience to see you both, you surely know that my impatience is doubled by my alarms about your journey: and when the storm at your setting out terrified me so much, and the terror lest you should be scalped by the French savages has constantly haunted me, even my own personal tranquillity, were I ever so selfish, would not expose you to the smallest risk.

Lally *s'est ravisé* prudently in suppressing his pamphlet; it would not be popular here, where the demonocratic stock is wofully fallen. The sober Presbytyrants are ashamed of Priestly and his imps; and though they would burn the houses of others, they would not like to venture their own; nor is the distress of France inviting. Barnave and Lameth may have tried to negotiate with the Princes, but having miscarried, if they did attempt it, their being desperate will produce more violence. I should think they had tried, as I see Lameth has lately been outrageous—yet I am told that when the Chevalier de Coigny presented himself (on that errand) to the Comte de Provence, whom he found in a circle of exiles, and desired a private audience, Monsieur said, 'Tous ces messieurs sont mes amis, et je leur dirois d'abord tout ce que vous me diriez.'

Madame de Staël is returned to Paris; her husband announced his King's commands of *affiching tristesse*: *elle s'en est moquée* and sees everybody. Her father is said to be following her with a new plan of constitution and finance, both which no doubt he can more easily settle, now that both are fifty times more difficult, than he could at first when he had all the power of the crown, or the second time

when he was the idol of the people. Everybody has seen his incapacity but himself, and his restless vanity and ambition of a name will make his name a proverb of ridicule. He always puts me in mind of the Gunnings. The Duchess of B. is having her house new-painted, and retired to her niece Madame de Kutzleben. The Gunnings went and took her away, and have carried her to their lodging in St. James's Street; yet cannot make even the newspapers talk of them.

As this departs on Tuesday, it is not likely I shall have anything to add on Friday; therefore my next you will probably find at Basle; as you had better wait a few days and find one arrived before you, than wait longer for one to recall, or to be sent after you. I fear we must mutually prepare for disappointments while you are on the road, and I will remember, if I can, to be prepared; but I think impatience about you two is the quality on which seventy-four has had the least effect! I wonder you had not heard of your tenant's retreat, for your housekeeper told Philip ten days ago that your house was ready for you—and so will Cliveden be.

I assure you the provocations given by the Revolutionists were so far from being exaggerated by the newspapers on the court's side, that much worse was suppressed than has been ever told, nor was any other care taken by the government till the approach of the 14th of July had made every precaution necessary, and had even kept away from the Crown and Anchor every man of any consequence, even of the opposition. All the country newspapers and evening posts had been hired by the faction. Remember, I never warrant my news, unless I speak very positively: I have told you that truth died a virgin, and left no children; and often when she herself is said to be here or there, it is as untrue as that King Arthur is still alive, or St. John in the

Isle of Patmos. I did, I think, everything but prove that Perkin Warbeck was the true Duke of York, and had not been murdered in the Tower; but as he was beheaded afterwards as publicly as the Duke of Monmouth, I do not believe he is still living, though Monsr. de Saintfoix chose the latter should have been the *Masque de fer*, but forgot the best argument in defence of that hypothesis, which was, that the *Masque de fer* was to conceal the loss of the Duke's real head. Adieu!

2819. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1791.

You stroke me with so caressing a hand, Madam, that I repent having yielded to undertake the Catalogue, for I now see that you expect something from it, and I am clear that it must disappoint you. Besides, I have been looking into Mr. Pennant's account, and find my notes were unnecessary, he having anticipated some of the same anecdotes that I have added, and which I believe he had from me several years ago, when he talked to me of a journey to Woburn, or, at least, which he could find too, where I found them. Indeed, with his usual hurry and unacquaintance with ancientry, he has made some blunders, with which I do not wish to charge myself. He ascribes the church of Covent Garden to the second Duke[1], whom he takes for the first, and even then would not be right, for I conclude Earl Francis, who died in 1641, was the builder, as the church was probably not erected after the Civil War began[2]. I am quite innocent too, I assure you, Madam, of calling Philip and Mary an *insipid* pair; nor had Mr. Pennant informed me that he proposed to give an

Letter 2819.—[1] Of Bedford.
[2] The church was consecrated in 1638.

account of the wild beasts in the Tower, should I have prompted him to remark, that a tiger and a hyena are a couple of pretty playful animals. Still I think his list would have sufficed; and, had I turned to it before I had finished mine (as I did to look for Count Nassau [3], on whom I have got no information), I certainly should have excused myself. I had exhausted in the *Royal and Noble Authors* what I had to say on some of the most entertaining characters, and on those I could not touch again. In short, your Ladyship has drawn me into a little scrape, and disappointment will be your reward, for you will find but a very poor performance. It is ready, such as it is, and shall be sent to you whither you please, and by what conveyance you shall direct; but, for mercy's sake, do not let the Duke of Bedford suppose he owes me any thanks; he might as well think himself obliged to his frame-maker for cleaning a few old frames of some of his family pictures, and writing their names in a modern hand. Even his Grace's housekeeper will acquire no new erudition from me; and can you really expect any entertainment from a starved vocabulary of names, for which I have done little more than transcribe the Catalogue itself, and some facts in the Duke's genealogy in the Peerage? My precursor, Pennant, may have tripped, but he is much more lively.

I don't know that I am glad, Madam, of Mr. Fitzpatrick's taking to botany. Though I dare to say that he is more entertaining from the cedar to the hyssop than Linnæan Solomon himself (who, though he wrote as high-seasoned verses as Mr. Fitzpatrick, yet had not so much wit), yet I do not know that I shall be the better for his lectures;

[3] Pennant, in his *Journey to London*, describing the pictures at Woburn Abbey, mentions 'a strange figure of a man in black, half-length, in a close black cap, and a letter in his hand directed to *Pr. de Nassau*. I am informed by a very able herald, that from the arms on the picture, the personage represented is the *Count de Nassau-Uranien-Nassau*.'

and who wishes a poet to amuse himself without wishing to be amused by him? Mr. Gray often vexed me by finding him heaping notes on an interleaved *Linnæus*, instead of pranking on his lyre. Dr. Darwin, indeed, the sublime, the divine, has poured all the powers of poetry into the flower-garden, and as he has immortalized all the intrigues of the lady-plants, who have as many gentlemen of the bedchamber (by herbalists called *husbands*) as the northern Empress, why should not Mr. Fitzpatrick versify the amours of trees who are as busy with the two genders as we Christians? I only suggest this, not that I am at all a botanist myself; even my passion for flowers lies chiefly in my nose: I care much more for their odours than for their hues or for the anatomy of their pistils.

On France, it is true, Madam, I am silent, and *wait for the echo.* I am no cylinder to draw chaos into a regular figure. No God has yet said, *Let there be light*! A pack of pedants are going to be replaced by a pack of cobblers and tinkers, and confusion will be worse confounded. I should understand the Revelation, or guess the number of the beast, as soon as conjecture what is to ensue in that country. Till anarchy has been blooded down to a *caput mortuum*, there can be no settlement, for all will be struggling different ways, when all ideas have been disjointed and overturned; no great bodies can find their account, and no harmonious system is formed that will be for the interest either of the whole or of individuals. Even they who would wish to support what they now call a constitution will be perpetually counteracting it, as they will be endeavouring to protract their own power, or to augment their own fortunes—probably both; and since a latitude has been thrown open to every man's separate ideas, can one conceive that unity or union can arise out of such a mass of discord? But it is idle to pretend to

foresee what I shall not live to see; besides, foresight guesses backwards from what has happened, not forwards, futurity *sans* inspiration giving prophets no ground to stand on. All France is turned into legislators; no ordinance is obeyed but that of the *lanterne*, and that supreme will forbids any redress for any injury. Unwilling as I am to prognosticate, can one help asking how long such a dispensation can endure?—Could it last, it must reduce the country to a desert, or to a worse state of barbarism than can be supposed ever to have existed, even if the globe was peopled progressively. The earliest bodies of savages were too much occupied by their daily wants not to attempt mending their condition by degrees, and saw no neighbours in a situation to be envied or to be worth invading. Four-and-twenty millions of civilized people suddenly converted into savages, know what they envied, coveted—and accordingly have levelled everything they could, not to keep anything on a level, but first to exercise power, and then to engross what each man's secret heart told him, at least made him hope would be the consequence of enjoying power. One instance will serve for thousands,—Monsieur Condorcet, Dr. Priestley's consolatory correspondent, has got a place in the Treasury, of 1,000*l.* a year.—Adieu, Madam; I doubt I have not been so silent on France as I announced!

P.S. The Berrys are set out on their return, and I hope will be in England by the middle of next month.

On the Blandford match[4], Madam, I shall certainly not be diffuse, being perfectly indifferent about two young persons whom I never saw, and with whom I have no connection: yet it has made much buzz among many, who

[4] The Marquis of Blandford married (Sept. 15, 1791) Lady Susan Stewart, second daughter of seventh Earl of Galloway.

have no more to do with it than I have, and who consequently if they pleased might care as little.

2820. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 11, 1791.

Though I am delighted to know, that of thirteen doleful months but two remain, yet how full of anxiety will they be! You set out in still hot weather, and will taste very cold before you arrive! Accidents, inns, roads, mountains, and the sea, are all in my map!—but I hope no slopes to be run down, no *fêtes* for a new Great Duke. I should dread your meeting armies, if I had much faith in the counter-revolution said to be on the anvil. The French ladies in my *vicinage* (a word of the late Lord Chatham's coin) are all *hen-a-hoop* on the expectation of a grand alliance formed for that purpose, and I believe think they shall be at Paris before you are in England; but I trust one is more certain than the other. That folly and confusion increase in France every hour, I have no doubt, and absurdity and contradictions as rapidly. Their constitution, which they had voted should be immortal and unchangeable—though they deny that anything antecedent to themselves ought to have been so—they are now of opinion must be revised at the commencement of next century; and they are agitating a third constitution, before they have thought of a second, or finished the first! Bravo! In short, Louis Onze could not have laid deeper foundations for despotism than these levellers, who have rendered the name of liberty odious—the surest way of destroying the dear essence!

I have no news for you, but a sudden match patched up for Lord Blandford, with a little more art than was employed by the fair Gunnilda. It is with Lady Susan

Stewart, Lord Galloway's daughter, contrived by and at the house of her relation and Lord Blandford's friend, Sir Henry Dashwood; and it is to be so instantly, that her Grace, his mother, will scarce have time to forbid the banns. She will perhaps repent her note to Lady Caroline Waldegrave—and perhaps to Lord Strathaven, for I should suspect that Lady Stafford had suggested the first idea when there might be revenge as well as interest in the concoction —no, *such* a genius never can lie still!

We have got a codicil to summer, that is as delightful as, I believe, the seasons in the Fortunate Islands. It is pity it lasts but till seven in the evening, and then one remains with a black chimney for five hours. I wish the sun was not so fashionable as never to come into the country till autumn and the shooting season; as if Niobe's children were not hatched and fledged before the first of September. Apropos, Sir William Hamilton has actually married his gallery of statues, and they are set out on their return to Naples. I am sorry I did not see her attitudes, which Lady Di (a tolerable judge!) prefers to anything she ever saw: still I do not much care. I have at this moment a commercial treaty with Italy, and hope in two months to be a great gainer by the exchange; and I shall not be so generous as Sir William, and exhibit my wives in pantomime to the public. 'Tis well I am to have the originals again; for that wicked swindler, Miss Foldson, has not yet given up their portraits.

The Johnstones go to Bath next week; the General is not well again; they are to dine with me on Wednesday, and to-morrow my sister and Mr. Churchill come to me. By telling you these trifles you may judge how little I have to say. Even the newspapers are forced to live upon the diary of the King's motions at Weymouth. Oh, I had forgot! Lord Cornwallis has taken Bangalore by storm,

promises Seringapatam, and Tippoo Saib has sued for peace. Diamonds will be as plenty as potatoes, and gold is as common as copper-money in Sweden. I was told last night that a Director of the Bank affirms that two millions five hundred thousand pounds in specie have already been remitted or brought over hither from France since their Revolution. I wish Dr. Priestly would be content with robbing the roost, instead of trying to hatch chickens here from a hen that lays such eggs, which come to our markets!

I direct this to Basle, as it is better my letters should wait for you, than you for them; and I shall send one more to the same place, next Tuesday 27th, by which time I shall hope for a farther direction and an account of what route you are to take. How I shall rejoice over every stage you made! Adieu! Carissime!

2821. To Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Friday night late, Sept. 16, 1791.

As I am constantly thinking of you two, I am as constantly writing to you, when I have a vacant quarter of an hour. Yesterday was red-lettered in the almanacs of Strawberry and Cliveden, supposing you set out towards them, as you intended; the sun shone all day, and the moon all night, and all nature, for three miles round, looked gay. Indeed, we have had nine or ten days of such warmth and serenity (here called *heat*) as I scarce remember when the year begins to have grey, or rather yellow hairs. All windows have been flung up again and fans ventilated; and it is true that hay-carts have been transporting haycocks, from a second crop, all the morning from Sir Francis Basset's[1] island opposite to my windows. The setting sun

Letter 2821.—[1] First Baronet; afterwards Lord de Dunstanville.

and the long autumnal shades enriched the landscape to a Claude Lorrain. Guess whether I hoped to see such a scene next year: if I do not, may you! at least, it will make you talk of me!

The Johnstonehood dined here on Wednesday, and Lady Clack, and some Richmondians. The first family depart for Bath to-morrow: the good General is not at all well, and falls away much. The Marchioness of Abercorn[2] is dead, and the Marquis of Blandford literally married, *malgré* the Duchess. The papers of to-day say Monsieur de la Luzerne[3] is dead, but Madame de Boufflers did not know it last night. I have heard nothing, nor probably shall learn more in town on Monday, whither I shall go for two nights on business.

The gorgeous season and poor partridges, I hear, have emptied London entirely, and yet Drury Lane is removed to the Opera House. Do you know that Mrs. Jordan is acknowledged to be Mrs. Ford[4], and Miss Brunton[5] to be Mrs. Merry, but neither quits the stage? The latter's captain, I think, might quit his poetic profession, without any loss to the public. My gazettes will have kept you so much *au courant*, that you will be as ready for any conversation at your return, as if you had only been at a watering-place. In short, *à votre intention*, and to make my letters as welcome as I can, I listen to and bring home a thousand things, which otherwise I should not know I heard.

Lord Buchan is screwing out a little ephemeridan fame from instituting a jubilee for Thomson. I fear I shall not make my court to Mr. Berry, by owning I would not give this last week's fine weather for all the four *Seasons* in

[2] Catherine, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Baronet; first wife of the Marquis.

[3] French Ambassador in London; he died on Sept. 13.

[4] Mrs. Jordan was never married to Ford.

[5] Elizabeth Brunton (1769–1808). She first appeared in London in 1785.

blank verse. There is more nature in six lines of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, than in all the laboured imitations of Milton. What is there in Thomson of original?

Sunday, noon.

I this moment receive yours of Aug. 29th, in which you justly reprove my jealousies and suspicions of your delaying your return, at the moment you are preparing to make such a sacrifice to me, as I am sensible it is. I do not defend or excuse myself; but alas! is it possible not to have doubts sometimes, when I am not only on the very verge of seventy-five, but, if I have a grain of sense left, must know how very precariously I retain this shattered frame? Nay, my dragging you from the country you prefer would be inexcusable were self my only motive. No, beloved friends, I am neither in love with either of you, nor, though doting on your society, so personal as to consult my own transitory felicity to your amusement. The scope of all I think and do is to make your lives more comfortable when I shall be no more; and if I do suffer the selfish wish of seeing you take possession to enter into my plan, forgive it! Mr. Berry does not as a father meditate your happiness more than I do, nor has purer affection for you both; nor, though a much younger man, has he less of that weakness that often exposes old men. I am vain of my attachment to two such understandings and hearts; and the cruel injustice of fortune makes me proud of trying to smooth one of her least rugged frowns; but even this theme I must drop, as you have raised a still more cruel fear! You talk uncertainly of your route through France or its borders, and you bid me not be alarmed! Oh, can you conjure down that apprehension! I have scarce a grain of belief in German armies marching against the French, yet what can I advise who know nothing but from the

loosest reports? Oh, I shall abhor myself—yes, abhor myself—if I have drawn you from the security of Florence to the smallest risk, or even inconvenience. My dearest friends, return thither, stay there, stop in Swisserland, do anything but hazard yourselves. I beseech you, I implore you, do not venture through France, for though you come from Italy, and have no connection of any sort on the whole Continent, you may meet with incivilities and trouble, which even pretty women, that are no politicians, may be exposed to in a country so unsettled as France is at present. If there is truth in my soul, it is that I would give up all my hopes of seeing you again, rather than have you venture on the least danger of any sort. When a storm could terrify me out of my senses last year, do you think, dearest souls, that I can have any peace till I am sure of your safety? and to risk it for me! Oh, horrible! I cannot bear the idea!

Berkeley Square, Monday night, 19th.

You have alarmed me so exceedingly, by talking of returning through France, against which I thought myself quite secure, or I should not have pressed you to stir, that I have been making all the inquiries I could amongst the foreign ministers at Richmond, and here in town, and I cannot find any belief of the march of armies towards France. Nay, the Comte d'Artois is said to be gone to Petersburg; and he must bring back forces in a balloon, if he can be time enough to interrupt your passage through Flanders. One thing I must premise, if, which I deprecate, you should set foot in France: I beg you to burn, and not bring a scrip of paper with you. Mere travelling ladies, as young as you, I know have been stopped and rifled, and detained in France to have their papers examined: and one was rudely treated, because the name of a French lady of her acquaintance was mentioned in a private letter to her,

though in no political light. Calais is one of the worst places you can pass; for, as they suspect money being remitted through that town to England, the search and delays there are extremely strict and rigorous. The pleasure of seeing you sooner would be bought infinitely too dear by your meeting with any disturbance; as my impatience for your setting out is already severely punished by the fright you have given me. One charge I can wipe off; but it were the least of my faults. I never thought of your settling at Cliveden in November, if your house in town is free. All my wish was, that you would come for a night to Strawberry, and that the next day I might put you in possession of Cliveden. I did not think of engrossing you from all your friends, who must wish to embrace you at your return.

Tuesday.

I am told that on the King's acceptance of the constitution[6], there is a general amnesty published, and passports taken off. If this is true, the passage through France, for mere foreigners and strangers, may be easier and safer; but be assured of all. I would not embarrass your journey unnecessarily; but, for Heaven's sake! be well informed. I advise nothing; I dread everything where your safeties are in question, and I hope Mr. Berry is as timorous as I am. My very contradictions prove the anxiety of my mind, or I should not torment those I love so much; but how not love those who sacrifice so much for me, and who, I hope, forgive all my unreasonable inconsistencies. Adieu! adieu!

[6] A general amnesty for political crimes and offences was proclaimed on Sept. 30.

2822. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1791.

How I love to see my numeros increase[1]. I trust they will not reach sixty! In short, I try every nostrum to make absence seem shorter; and yet, with all my conjuration, I doubt the next five or six weeks will, like the harvest-moon, appear of a greater magnitude than all the moons of the year, its predecessors. I wish its successor, the hunter's-moon, could seem less in proportion; but, on the contrary! I hate travelling, and roads, and inns myself: while you are on your way, I shall fancy, like Don Quixote, that every inn is the castle of some necromancer, and every windmill a giant; and these will be my smallest terrors!

Whether this will meet or follow you, I know not. Yours of the 5th of this month arrived yesterday, but could not direct me beyond Basle. I must, then, remain still in ignorance whether you will take the German or French route. It is now, I think, certain that there will no attempt against France be made this year. Still I trust that you will not decide till you are assured that you may come through France without trouble or molestation; and I still prefer Germany, though it will protract your absence.

Pray write me nothing but notes on your journey, with 'We arrived here last night perfectly well; have caught no colds nor accidents; and set out to-morrow for our next stage.' Adventures, I hope, you will have none to relate; and you shall not be writing when you are fatigued, very hot, very cold, or very hungry. This civilly calls itself a prayer, but is a command—and if I open a letter, and

Letter 2822.—[1] Walpole numbered all his letters to the Berrys.

see more than three lines, I shall be alarmed, and think some mischief has happened, and then I shall not know what I read, till I read the whole letter over again, which has been the case several times since you went, as after the storm, after your fall, after your fever—and I believe oftener—but those are the great epochs in my almanac.

Mrs. D. came hither from Goodwood last Thursday, stayed all Friday, went to town yesterday, returns hither next Friday, takes Madame de Cambis to Park Place on Saturday, and the next day I shall follow them thither. This is the sum total of my history, and I believe of everybody's else—at least, to my knowledge. I have not a paragraph of politics for Mr. Berry—nay, I am sure there are none, for my neighbour at the foot of the bridge was here this morning, and had nothing to tell me, but that Mr. Stevens is just *coming out* with his Shakespeare. I said, 'Sir, if he does not *come in*, it is perfectly indifferent to me when he *comes out*.'

I am sorry you was disappointed of going to Valombroso. Milton has made everybody wish to have seen it; which is my wish, for though I was thirteen months at Florence (at twice), I never did see it. In fact, I was so tired of *seeing* when I was abroad, that I have several of those pieces of repentance on my conscience, when they come into my head; and yet I saw too much, for the quantity left such a confusion in my head, that I do not remember a quarter clearly. Pictures, statues, and buildings were always so much my passion, that, for the time, I surfeited myself; especially as one is carried to see a vast deal that is not worth seeing. They who are industrious and correct, and wish to forget nothing, should go to Greece, where there is nothing left to be seen, but that ugly pigeon-house, the Temple of the Winds, that fly-cage, Demosthenes's lanthorn, and one or two fragments of a portico, or a piece

of a column crushed into a mud wall; and with such a morsel, and many quotations, a true classic antiquary can compose a whole folio, and call it Ionian Antiquities! Such gentry do better still when they journey to Egypt to visit the Pyramids, which are of a form which one would think nobody could conceive without seeing, though their form is all that is to be seen; for it seems that even prints and measures do not help one to an idea of magnitude: indeed, measures do not; for no two travellers have agreed on the measures. In that scientific country, too, you may guess that such or such a vanished city stood within five or ten miles of such a parcel of sand; and when you have conjectured in vain, at what some rude birds, or rounds or squares, on a piece of an old stone may have signified, you may amuse your readers with an account of the rise of the Nile, some hints at the Mamelukes, and finish your work with doleful tales of the robberies of the wild Arabs. One benefit does arise from travelling: it cures one of liking what is worth seeing; especially if what you have seen is bigger than what you do see. Thus, Mr. Gilpin, having visited all the Lakes, could find no beauty in Richmond Hill. If he would look through Mr. Herschel's telescope at the profusion of worlds beyond worlds, perhaps he would find out that Mount Atlas is but an ant-hill; and that the *sublime and beautiful* may exist separately.

Monday, 26th.

I am alarmed again! I heard at Richmond last night that Lord Binning[3] has a relation just come through France, who was searched and very ill-treated, so I revert to your coming through Germany, whence I am persuaded there will be no movement, all the rodomontades issuing, I believe, from Calonne's brain, which can produce armed

[3] Eldest son of seventh Earl of Haddington, whom he succeeded in 1794.

Minervas, but not one Mars. I repeat it, and you may be confident of it, that I had rather hear you was returned to Florence, than have you expose yourselves to any risk anywhere—and I do now heartily repent my soliciting your return. I wish I had prevailed as little there as I did against your journey!—but you have friends in Swisserland—why not remain with them for some time? France may grow tranquil on the King's acceptance and the general amnesty; and as England is at perfect peace with them, and will certainly remain so, they will undoubtedly encourage, not discourage, English travellers. Well, may you be inspired with what is best for you! I shall only weary you with my anxiety. Adieu!

2823. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1791.

Your letter was most welcome, as yours always are; and I answer it immediately, though our post comes in so late that this will not go away till to-morrow. Nay, I write, though I shall see you on Sunday, and have not a tittle to tell you. I lead so insipid a life, that, though I am content with it, it can furnish me with nothing but repetitions. I scarce ever stir from home in a morning; and most evenings go and play at loto with the French at Richmond, where I am heartily tired of hearing of nothing but their absurd countrymen—absurd, both *démocrates* and *aristocrates*. Calonne sends them gross lies, that raise their hopes to the skies: and in two days they hear of nothing but new horrors and disappointments; and then, poor souls! they are in despair. I can say nothing to comfort them, but what I firmly believe, which is, that total anarchy must come on rapidly. Nobody pays the taxes that are laid; and which, intended to produce eighty millions a month, do not bring

in six. The new Assembly[1] will fall on the old, probably plunder the richest, and certainly disapprove of much they have done; for can eight hundred new ignorants approve of what has been done by twelve hundred almost as ignorant, and who were far from half agreeing? And then their immortal constitution (which, besides, is to be mightily mended nine years hence) will die before it has cut any of its teeth but its grinders. The exiles are enraged at their poor King for saving his own life by a forced acceptance: and yet I know no obligation he has to his *noblesse*, who all ran away to save their own lives; not a gentleman, but the two poor gendarmes at Versailles, having lost their lives in his defence. I suppose La Fayette, Barnave[2], the Lameths[3], &c., will run away, too, when the new tinkers and cobblers, of whom the present elect are and will be composed, proceed on the levelling system taught them by their predecessors, who, like other levellers, have taken good care of themselves. Good Dr. Priestley's friend, good Monsieur Condorcet, has got a place in the Treasury of 1,000*l.* a year:—*ex uno disce omnes!* And thus a set of rascals, who might, with temper and discretion, have obtained a very wholesome constitution—witness Poland!—have committed infinite mischief, infinite cruelty, infinite injustice, and left a shocking precedent against liberty, unless the Poles are as much admired and imitated as the French ought to be detested.

I do not believe the Emperor will stir yet; he, or his ministers, must see that it is the interest of Germany to let

LETTER 2823.—[1] The Legislative Assembly, which succeeded to the Constituent Assembly. The latter dissolved itself on Sept. 30.

[2] Antoine Pierre Joseph Marie Barnave (1761–1793). He remained in France, and was guillotined.

[3] There were three brothers Lameth; Théodore (1756–1854), Charles Malo François (1757–1832), and Alexandre Théodore Victor (1760–1829). Théodore sat in the Legislative Assembly, and was an upholder of the monarchy. He emigrated at a later period. Charles served in the army of the north in 1792, but was arrested at Rouen after the 10th of August. He was set at liberty shortly afterwards, and emigrated to Germany. Alexandre left France with La Fayette in August 1792.

France destroy itself. His interference yet might unite and consolidate, at least check farther confusion: and though I rather think that twenty thousand men might march from one end of France to the other, as, though the officers often rallied, French soldiers never were stout; yet, having no officers, no discipline, no subordination, little resistance might be expected. Yet the enthusiasm that has been spread might turn into courage. Still it were better for Cæsar to wait. Quarrels amongst themselves will dissipate enthusiasm; and, if they have no foreign enemy, they will soon have spirit enough to turn their swords against one another, and what enthusiasm remains will soon be converted into the inveteracy of faction. This is speculation, not prophecy; I do not pretend to guess what will happen: I do think I know what will not; I mean, the system of experiments that they call a constitution cannot last. Marvellous indeed would it be, if a set of military noble lads, pedantic academicians, curates of villages, and country advocates, could in two years, amidst the utmost confusion and altercation amongst themselves, dictated to or thwarted by obstinate clubs of various factions, have achieved what the wisdom of all ages and all nations has never been able to compose—a system of government that would set four-and-twenty millions of people free, and contain them within any bounds! This, too, without one great man amongst them. If they had had, as Mirabeau seemed to promise to be—but as we know that he was, too, a consummate villain, there would soon have been an end of their vision of liberty. And so there will be still, unless, after a civil war, they split into small kingdoms or commonwealths. A little nation may be free; for it can be upon its guard. Millions cannot be so; because, the greater the number of men that are one people, the more vices, the more abuses there are, that will either require or furnish pretexts for restraints; and if vices

are the mother of laws, the execution of laws is the father of power:—and of such parents one knows the progeny.

I did not think of writing such a rhapsody when I began—it shows how idle I am—I hope you will be so when you receive it. Adieu! I have tired my hand.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. The King of the French has written to the King of France and Great Britain, to notify his accession to the throne of Fontainebleau, where he is determined to reign as long as he is permitted, and obey all the laws that have been made to dethrone him.

N.B. The Cardinal de Loménie, whom they call the Cardinal de *l'Ignominie* with much reason, is the only gentleman elected for the new chaos, and he has declined.

2824. To Miss Hannah More.

My dear Madam, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 29, 1791.

I have been very sorry, but not at all angry, at not hearing from you so long. With all your friendly and benevolent heart, I know by experience how little you love writing to your friends; and I know why: you think you lose moments which you could employ in doing more substantial good; and that your letters only pamper our minds, but do not feed or clothe our bodies: if they did, you would coin as much paper as the French do in *assignats*. Do not imagine now that you have committed a wicked thing by writing to me at last: comfort yourself that your conscience, not temptation, forced you to write; and be assured, I am as

Letter 2824.—Collated with original in possession of Miss Drage.

grateful as if you had written from choice, not from duty, your constant spiritual director.

I have been out of order the whole summer, but not very ill for above a fortnight. I caught a painful rheumatism by going into a very crowded church in a rainy day, where all the windows were open, to hear our friend the Bishop of London preach a charity sermon here at Twickenham. My gout would not resign to a new incumbent, but came too; and both together have so lamed my right arm, though I am now using it, that I cannot yet extend it entirely, nor lift it to the top of my head. However, I am free from pain; and as Providence, though it supplied us originally with so many bounties, took care we might shift with succedaneums on the loss of several of them, I am content with what remains of my stock; and since *all* my fingers are not useless, and that I have not six hairs left, I am not much grieved at not being able to comb my head. Nay, should not such a shadow as I have ever been, be thankful, that at the eve of seventy-five I am not yet passed away?

I am so little out of charity with the Bishop for having been the innocent cause of the death of my shoulder, that I am heartily concerned for him and her on Mrs. Porteus's accident[1]. It may have marbled her complexion, but I am persuaded has not altered her lively, amiable, good-humoured countenance. As I know not where to direct to them, and as you cannot suppose it a sin for a sheep to write to its pastor on a week-day, I wish you would mark the interest I take in their accident and escape from worse mischief.

Thank you most cordially for your inquiry after *my* wives. I am in the utmost perplexity of mind about them; torn between hopes and fears. I believe them set out from Florence on their return since yesterday sevennight, and consequently feel all the joy and impatience of expecting

[1] She had been overturned in a carriage.

them in five or six weeks: but then, besides fears of roads, bad inns, accidents, heats and colds, and the sea to cross in November at last, all my satisfaction is dashed by the uncertainty whether they come through Germany or France. I have advised, begged, implored, that it may not be through those Iroquois, Lestrygons, Anthropophagi, the Franks; and then, hearing passports were abolished, and the roads more secure, I half consented, as they wished it, and the road is much shorter; and then I repented, and have contradicted myself again. And now I know not which route they will take; nor shall enjoy any comfort from the thoughts of their return, till they are returned safe.

'Tis well I am doubly guaranteed, or who knows, as I am as old almost as both her husbands together, but Mrs. B—— might have cast a longing eye towards me? How I laughed at hearing of her throwing a second muckender to a Methusalem! a fat, red-faced veteran, with a portly hillock of flesh, which he cannot *deliver* himself! I conclude all her grandfathers are dead; or, as there is no prohibition in the table of consanguinity against incest with male ancestors, she would certainly have stepped backwards towards the Deluge, and ransacked her pedigrees on both sides for some kinsman of the patriarchs. I could titter *à plusieurs reprises*; but I am too old to be improper, and you are too modest to be impropered to: and so I will drop the subject at the Heralds' Office.

I am happy at and honour Miss Burney's resolution in casting away golden, or rather gilt chains[2]: others, out of vanity, would have worn them till they had eaten into the bone. On that charming young woman's chapter I agree with you perfectly; not a jot on Deborah Barbauld: I have neither read her verses, nor will. As I have not your aspen

[2] Miss Burney had resigned her post as Second Keeper of the Robes to the Queen.

conscience, I cannot forgive the heart of a woman that is *party per pale* blood and tenderness, that curses our clergy and feels for negroes. Can I forget the 14th of July, when she contributed her faggot to the fires that her Presbytyrants (as Lord Melcombe called them) tried to light in every Smithfield in the island; and which, as Price and Priestley applauded in France, it would be folly to suppose they did not only wish, but meant to kindle here? Were they ignorant of the atrocious barbarities, injustice, and violation of oaths committed in France? Did Priestley not know that the clergy there had no option left but between starving and perjury? And what does he think of the poor man executed at Birmingham, who declared at his death he had been provoked by the infamous handbill[3]? I know not who wrote it. No, my good friend: Deborah may cant rhymes of compassion, but she is a hypocrite; and you shall not make me read her, nor, with all your sympathy and candour, can you esteem her. *Your* compassion for the poor blacks is genuine, sincere from your soul, most amiable; hers, a measure of faction. Her party supported the abolition, and regretted the disappointment as a blow to the good cause. I know this. Do not let your piety lead you into the weakness of respecting the bad, only because they hoist the flag of religion, while they carry a stiletto in the flag-staff. Did not they, previous to the 14th of July, endeavour to corrupt the Guards? What would have ensued, had they succeeded, you must tremble to think!

You tell me nothing of your own health. May I flatter myself it is good? I wish much I knew so authentically! and I wish I could guess when I should see you, without your being staked to the fogs of the Thames at Christmas;

[3] A handbill containing revolutionary sentiments had been distributed in Birmingham previous to the celebration of July 14, 1791. Priestley and his friends disclaimed any hand in this paper.

I cannot desire that. Adieu, my very valuable friend! I am, though unworthy, yours most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

2825. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1791.

I HAVE been ashamed to write to your Ladyship till I could tell you that I have finished the notes to the Duke of Bedford's pictures; I stayed at home all yesterday evening to make an end; but alas! Madam, though I have been so tedious, if your partiality for me has raised any expectation of amusement in the Duke, his Grace will be piteously disappointed; of which I warned your Ladyship before I undertook the task, in the execution of which I have no kind of merit but obedience. Age has not left me even the ardour of a genealogist, though it requires nothing but perseverance, and rheumatism cripples even that. Well, I will say no more of my tasks and my defects. Another damper was that some of the portraits are of persons so well known that it would have been tautology to dwell on them; and others so forgotten that I have been able to find no memorials of them. Of none of them are the painters named. I remember two curious pictures (but know not which they are in this list, as there are several duplicates of the same persons), which the first time I was at Woburn the Duchess of Bedford told me were two sons of the second Earl, and that from their story the subject of *The Orphan* was taken[1]. They were two young men, less than life, I think, with emblems, and in one of the pictures was a lady in a maze. Did you ever hear of that anecdote, Madam, and can you tell me more of it?

Well! I said I had done my work, and now I will have

LETTER 2825.—[1] See notes 7 and 8 on letter to Montagu of Oct. 8, 1751.

it transcribed fair and transmit it to your Ladyship; but you must not expect it incontinently, for poor Kirgate is shaking in bed with an ague and fever, and nobody else can read my sketches, when I am putting together things of this sort with twenty books on the table, and abbreviate words so, that they are rather memorandums than sentences, and sometimes I have difficulty to make them out myself.

Not knowing whether you are at Ampthill or Farming Woods, I direct to the former as the more secure conveyance, and having satisfied my conscience by declaring my task done, it is of no consequence if you do not receive my notification this week.

I have seen Arundel Castle, which your Ladyship mentioned in your last. It is a nothing on a fine hill. The old Duke told me the castle had been *haunted* by a giant, and did not know that that giant was Oliver Cromwell!

I have scarce a newer anecdote to send you, Madam, but that *old* Q. presented Madame du Barry to the King on the terrace at Windsor, and the King of England did not turn the same side that the late King of France used to turn to her, but the reverse, as he told Lord Onslow himself. It was a strange oblivion of etiquette in an *ancien gentilhomme de la chambre*, and more so in one dismissed!

I have to the last drop of my pen been your Ladyship's most obedient, but, indeed, now can only be your most humble servant.

2826. To Miss Mary Berry.

Park Place, Monday, Oct. 3, 1791.

I had exhausted Basle, was at the end of my map, and did not know a step of my way farther, when on Saturday

Letter 2826.—Not in C.; wrongly dated September by Walpole.

I was so happy as to receive two letters at once, bidding my pen drive to Ausbourg. Your dates were of the 11th and 16th September, and you was to leave Florence on the morrow. I do not wonder at Mrs. Legge for liking to accompany you to Bologna; but though my justice can excuse her, I do not love her a bit the better for detaining you two days, for which I am sure of being out of pocket in November. With more days I shall part with pleasure, if, as you seem to intend, you prefer the road through Germany, provided Brussels is quite tranquil, which the newspapers, which I never believe but *quand il s'agit de vous*, represent as still growling. I hope Mr. Berry has no more courage than I have, but will listen, like a hare in its form, to every yelp even of a puppy.

I trust you have received my letter in which I explained that I never thought of your settling at Cliveden in November. When I proposed your landing at Strawberry, it was because I thought your house in Audley Street was let till Christmas; and I remembered your description (for what do I forget that you have told me?) of how uncomfortable you found yourselves at your last arrival from abroad. A house in which you would be as much at home as in your own, would be preferable to an hotel—*mais voilà qui est fini.* I did, and certainly do still hope, that when you shall have unpacked yourselves, shall have received and returned some dozen of double kisses from and to all that are delighted to see you again, or are not, you will give a couple of days at Strawberry, that on the morning of the second I may carry you to, and install and invest you with, Cliveden. To *that day* I own I look with an eagerness of impatience that no words would convey, unless they could paint the pulse of fifteen when it has been promised some untasted joy, for which it had long hoped and been denied, and which seldom answers half the expectation; and there I shall have the advantage,

if I live to attain it—for my felicity cannot but be complete if that day arrives!

Here is nobody but Mrs. Damer and Madame de Cambis, and I am glad there is not. I shall return home on Wednesday, and at the end of the week shall hope to receive a direction farther, but scarce, I doubt, shall know so soon that your final determination on your route is fixed. The company is come in from walking, and I should not have time to write more if I had wherewithal, but the totality of my intelligence is bounded to the death of Lord Craven, who this morning's Reading paper says is dead, of which an express came last night, and it is probably credible, as his house[1] is so near Reading. The moment the courier arrives at Lisbon, I suppose the new Margravine will notify her marriage and accession to the devout Queen of Portugal, who will bless herself that she is made an honest woman—if a heretic can be so. Adieu! adieu!

2827. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 9, 1791.

It will be a year to-morrow since you set out: next morning came the storm that gave me such a panic for you! In March happened your fall, and the wound on your nose; and in July your fever. For sweet Agnes I have happily had no separate alarm: yet I have still a month of apprehensions to come for both! All this mass of vexation and fears is to be compensated by the transport at your return, and by the complete satisfaction on your installation at Cliveden. But could I have believed, that when my clock had struck seventy-four, I could pass a year in such agitations! It may be taken for dotage; and I have for some time expected to be superannuated: but, though

[1] Benham Valence.

I task myself severely, I do not find my intellects impaired; though I may be a bad judge myself. You may, perhaps, perceive it by my letters; and don't imagine I am laying a snare for flattery. No! I am only jealous about myself, that you two may have created such an attachment, without owing it to my weakness. Nay, I have some colt's limbs left, which I as little suspected as my anxieties.

I went with General Conway, on Wednesday morning, from Park Place to visit one of my antediluvian passions—not a Statira or Roxana, but one pre-existent to myself—one Windsor Castle; and I was so delighted and so juvenile, that, without attending to anything but my eyes, I stood full two hours and half, and found that half my lameness consists in my indolence. Two Berrys, a Gothic chapel, and an historic castle, are anodynes to a torpid mind. I now fancy that old age was invented by the lazy. St. George's Chapel, that I always worshipped, though so dark and black that I could see nothing distinctly, is now being cleaned and decorated, a scene of lightness and graces. Mr. Conway was so struck with its Gothic beauties and taste, that he owned the Grecian style would not admit half the variety of its imagination. There is a new screen prefixed to the choir, so airy and harmonious, that I concluded it Wyatt's; but it is by a Windsor architect, whose name I forget. Jarvis's window, over the altar, after West, is rather too sombre for the Resurrection, though it accords with the tone of the choir; but the Christ is a poor figure, scrambling to heaven in a fright, as if in dread of being again buried alive, and not ascending calmly in secure dignity: and there is a Judas below, so gigantic, that he seems more likely to burst by his bulk, than through guilt. In the midst of all this solemnity, in a small angle over the lower stalls, is crammed a small bas-relief, in oak, with the story of Margaret Nicholson, the King, and the coachman,

as ridiculously added, and as clumsily executed, as if it were a monkish miracle. Some loyal zealot has broken away the blade of the knife, as if the sacred wooden personage would have been in danger still. The Castle itself is smugged up, is better glazed, has got some new stools, clocks, and looking-glasses, much embroidery in silk, and a gaudy, clumsy throne, with a medallion at top of the King's and Queen's heads, over their own—an odd kind of tautology, whenever they sit there! There are several tawdry pictures, by West, of the history of the Garter; but the figures are too small for that majestic place. However, upon the whole, I was glad to see Windsor a little revived.

I had written thus far, waiting for a letter, and happily receive your two from Bologna together; for which I give you a million of thanks, and for the repairs of your coach, which I trust will contribute to your safety: but I will swallow my apprehensions, for I doubt I have tormented you with them. Yet do not wonder, that after a year's absence, my affection, instead of waning, is increased. Can I help feeling the infinite obligation I have to you both, for quitting Italy that you love, to humour Methusalem?—a Methusalem that is neither king nor priest, to reward and bless you; and whom you condescend to please, because he wishes to see you once more; though he ought to have sacrificed a momentary glimpse to your far more durable satisfaction. Instead of your generosity, I have teased, and I fear, wearied you, with lamentations and disquiets; and how can I make you amends? What pleasure, what benefit, can I procure for you in return? The most disinterested generosity, such as yours is, gratifies noble minds; but how paltry am I to hope that the reflections of your own minds will compensate for all the amusements you give up to—

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death!

I may boast of having no foolish weakness for your persons, as I certainly have not; but—

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
Lets in new *selfishness* through chinks that time has made.

And I have been as avaricious of hoarding a few moments of agreeable society, as if I had coveted a few more trumpery guineas in my strong-box! and then I have the assurance to tell you I am not superannuated! Oh, but I am!

As the repairs of your coach cost so many days, I venture to direct this still to Ausbourg, since I have received no farther direction. Do not hurry or fatigue yourselves—surely I can weather out a fortnight more than you announce—shall your old *cavaliere* at Bologna excel me in complaisance! I have been much diverted by all you tell me thence—the Bolognese school is my favourite, though I do not like Guercino, whom I call the German Guido, he is so heavy and dark. I do not, like your friend, venerate Constantinopolitan paintings, which are scarce preferable to Indian. The characters of the Italian comedy were certainly adopted even from the persons of its several districts and dialects. Pantalon is a Venetian, even in his countenance; and I once saw a gentleman of Bergamo, whose face was an exact Harlequin's mask.

I have scarce a penful of news for you; the world is at Weymouth or Newmarket. *En attendant, voici* the Gunnings again. The old gouty General has carried off his tailor's wife; or rather, she him—whither, I know not. Probably, not far; for the next day the General was arrested for three thousand pounds, and carried to a sponging-house, whence he sent Cupid with a link to a friend, to beg help and a crutch. This amazing folly is generally believed; perhaps because the folly of that race is amazing—so is their whole story. The two beautiful sisters were going on the stage, when they are at once exalted almost as high as they could

be, were Countessed and double-Duchessed; and now the rest of the family have dragged themselves through all the kennels of the newspapers! it is but a trifling codicil, that t'other day poor old Bedford made Miss Gunning read her daughter Marlborough's letter on Lord Blandford's marriage to a lady that came to visit her. By the time of your arrival I suppose the Margravine Craven will have superseded the Gunnings in the eye of the public.

Adieu! forgive all my pouts. I will be perfectly good-humoured when I have nothing to vex me!

2828. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1791.

You had said you would write from Padua if you found a good opportunity; but I have not received a letter thence; I am not much disappointed, as I saw I had only a chance; and besides have prepared myself to expect miscarriages, while you are on the road, resting my consolation on the trust of seeing you soon, and knowing that from Venice every mile will bring you nearer. I call a month *soon*, but only with reference to the twelve that are gone. That *month* may be composed of five or six weeks—and my impatience is not apt to treat my almanac with supernumerary days—but I will add a codicil of philosophy to the eagerness I have betrayed, in hopes of effacing some of it, and making a better impression against we meet!

Having no letter, and no direction beyond Ausbourg, this will be an adventurer without credentials, and will take its chance for your finding it at Brussels. Having no other business than merely to welcome you so far, it shall be brief. News I have none, nor will you have missed any by being on the road.

Letter 2828.—Not in C.

The Dowager Lady Effingham is dead and makes a vacancy in the Queen's Bedchamber, which it is supposed will be filled by the younger Lady Ailesbury, Lady Cardigan, or Lady Howe.

Mrs. Jordan, whom Mr. Ford had declared his wife and presented her as such to some ladies at Richmond, has resumed her former name, and is said to be much at a *princ*ipal villa at Petersham [1], which I do not affirm—far be it from me to vouch a quarter of what I hear. If I let my memory listen, it is that I may have some ingredients for my letters, and to which you are apprised not to give too much credit, though, while absent, it is natural to like to hear the breath of the day, which at home you despise, as it commonly deserves.

Berkeley Square, Tuesday, 18th.

I am come to town suddenly and unexpectedly; my footman John had pawned a silver strainer and spoon, which not being found out till now, as it had been done here, he ran away in the night, and I have been forced to come and see if he had done no worse, which I do not find he has—and I want another footman in his room. I received yours from Padua and Venice last night, but with no further direction. I had begun this, and now cannot finish it, for the post is going out, and by coming so unexpected, I have neither ink nor pen to write with, as you perceive—but I will write again on Friday if I receive any direction.

2829. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 20, 1791.

I wrote to you a very bit of a letter, but two days ago, in a great hurry from being in fear of being too late for the post

[1] The villa of the Duke of Clarence.

Letter 2829.—Not in C.

from various clashing circumstances. This therefore is but the second part of that letter, or rather an explanation of it. I think I did tell you that I was come to town on a sudden, one of my footmen having pawned a little of my plate and run away—this was very true, and a woful story, as you will hear—but I had other motives. I have had for some time a very troublesome erysipelas on my left arm, which I had not only neglected, but had scratched so unmercifully, that it had become a very serious affair. Mr. Gilchrist, my apothecary at Twickenham, is dangerously ill at Tunbridge —and on Monday I had a slight attack of the gout in my foot. Dreading to be laid up there where I had no assistance nor advice (with some other fears which *you* may guess), I determined to come away—and did—which has proved fortunate. Mr. Watson, my oracle, attends my arm, and it is so much better that, though with my foot on a stool the whole evening of yesterday, I passed it at Mrs. Damer's, and supped there with Lord and Lady Frederic Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Farren, Lord Derby, and Miss Jennings [1], and stayed there till past twelve—and to-day my foot is quite well and my arm getting well—but now comes the dreadful part of my story!

As I rose out of bed, Philip told me he would not disturb my rest last night, but before I came home, a messenger had arrived from Strawberry to say that at five yesterday in the evening one of my gardener's men had in my wood-walk discovered my poor servant John's body hanged in a tree near the chapel and already putrefied! so he must have dispatched himself on the Friday morning on which he disappeared—I had then learnt to my astonishment that he had not even taken away his hat with him, and had dropped down from the library window, a dangerous height!

[1] Probably the Miss Jennings who became the wife of William Locke, the amateur artist.

All this it seems was occasioned by the housekeeper, as she always does, locking all the doors below as soon as she knows everybody is in bed—and thus he could not get his hat out of the servants' hall—if, poor soul! he did look for it—probably not!

This remain of shame and principle goes to my heart!—happily for me, I had not even mentioned to him the discovery that had been made of his pawning my plate, and Philip and Kirgate had urged him in the kindest manner to confess it on Thursday evening, which he then would not—but a few hours afterwards owned it to the coachman, and told him he would go away. I since hear he had contracted other debts, and probably feared all would be found out—and he should be arrested and thrown into prison—by me I am sure he would not, for I had not even thought of discharging him—but should rather have tried by pardoning to reclaim him, for I do not think he was more than eighteen! nay, on Thursday evening, after I knew the story, I had let him go behind my coach to Richmond as he used to do, and had not spoken a harsh word to him.

I beg your pardon for dwelling on this melancholy detail, but you may imagine how much it has affected me. It is fortunate for me I was absent from Strawberry when the body was found. Kirgate is gone thither this evening to meet the coroner to-morrow; the corpse was carried into my chapel in the garden—I shall certainly not return thither before Monday at soonest. My greatest comfort is that I cannot on the strictest inquiry find that even an angry word had been used towards the poor young man. I may be blamed for taking his fault so calmly—but I know how my concern would be aggravated if a bitter syllable from me had contributed to his despair!

I have written all this, that you may know the exact situation of my mind, and because I conceal nothing from

you, and lest from the abrupt conclusion of my last, you should suspect I was ill. I do assure you I have not the smallest sensation of pain anywhere, and my arm will be healed in two or three days, and now does not confine me at home. The impression of the unhappy accident will wear off, as I neither contributed to it, nor could foresee it nor prevent it. I talk of nothing else to you, because, except of you, as you see, and of your journey, I have for these five last days been occupied only by that adventure, and by my own arm. I write to Brussels still, as I compute that this must arrive there before you; but to-morrow or Saturday I shall hope for another letter; and amidst my distresses I am not insensible to the hope of November having a most happy era in store for me! Adieu! adieu!

P.S. As I understand that you do not go to Basle, but have ordered the letters sent thither to meet you at Ausbourg, here are my dates, that you may know whether you receive all. To Venice, Sept. 6; to Basle, Sept. 12, 20, 27; to Ausbourg, Oct. , 114; to Brussels, 18, 20.

2830. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 26, 1791.

Your Ladyship is very gracious about the catalogue, as I knew you would be, when you had commanded it; but I disclaim all merit but obedience, which, we are told, is better than sacrifice, but which in this case was the same thing, as nobody could have less taste for the task, nor less satisfaction in the execution. There are but two articles at all curious, and those not new; yet, by collecting scattered incidents, and putting them together, Christian, Countess of Devonshire, appears to me to have been a remarkable personage; and by the same kind of assemblage I was

pleased to find, what I had not observed before, that the Lord Russell in the double portrait with Lord Digby became so long afterwards the first Duke of Bedford, and consequently was concerned in both those memorable periods, the Civil War and the Revolution. Genealogy and pedigrees thus become useful in the study of history, if the study itself of history is useful, which I doubt, considering how little real truth it communicates, and how much falsehood it teaches us to believe. Indeed, considering how very little truth we can glean from the study of anything, I question whether there is any other good in what is called learning, than its enabling us to converse on an equal footing with those who think they possess knowledge, because they have acquainted themselves with the imperfect scraps of what passes for science.

I thank your Ladyship for correcting my blunder about the Queen of Bohemia, which shows how little I have profited by studying genealogy, or that I have lost my memory, which I rather believe the case, as I think in the very same article I have alluded to James I as that Queen's father, and therefore did know what I forgot the next minute.

My little spurt of gout, I thank you, Madam, is gone, but the inflammation on my arm not quite, and it keeps me still in town; yet I hope to get away in a day or two.

My servant's death was shocking indeed, and incomprehensively out of proportion to his fault, and to the slight notice taken of it; and that gentle treatment is my consolation, as I had in no wise contributed to, nor could foresee nor prevent his sad catastrophe!

Your Ladyship's most devoted, &c.

2831. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 27, 1791.

Nobody could be more astonished than I was last night! Mr. C. and Lady A. are in town for a few days, and I was to sup with them after the play at Mrs. D.'s, whither I went at nine, and found her reading a letter from you, saying that you should be at *Paris* to-day, the 27th. I did not know whether her eyes or my ears had lost their senses! I had had no letter from you after your first from Venice, and according to that was reckoning that you would be at Brussels by the beginning of next week. To think you are so near me to-day gave me a burst of pleasure; but it was soon checked. I am not sure you are there! Can I be sure you have arrived there without any *embarras*?—can I be certain that while you stay there everything will remain as quiet as it has done lately? I have no reason, it is true, to apprehend the contrary; but reason's logic is lost against affection's assertions, and you may guess whether I can be overjoyed at your being in Paris—or anywhere that is not as tranquil as the Fortunate Islands!

My next surprise, though marvellously inferior, is, that though you have received all my letters, even the 54th, you should still ask Mrs. D. whether I wish you to land at Strawberry Hill first. I think I have over and over explained that I do *not* wish it;—nay, thought it would be very uncomfortable to you, till you had unpacked yourselves, seen some few persons, adjusted your family, &c.; nay, if your arrival were known, and that you are not in London, you would be tormented with letters, notes, questions, and after that be still to rest and settle yourselves. To-day I have had the satisfaction of *three* letters at once from you, from Venice, Inspruck, Ausbourg, and in the first of them you

Letter 2831.—Not in C.

say it would be more comfortable to go for the two or three first days to Twickenham. I have told you why I am not of that opinion—nor was, when you misunderstood me—how unluckily it would not be very practicable. I have been in town these ten days, being forced to come for a violent inflammation on my arm, for which Mr. Watson attends me. It is so much better that he has consented to let me go to Strawberry the day after to-morrow for two or three days, where I have left my family, my bills unpaid, &c.; and if I did not settle those things before the moments of expecting you, I should be in a confusion very inconvenient and distressing. I shall now finish all my business, return to Mr. Watson, and be well and quiet, and fit to receive you, first here in town, and then at Strawberry, and have the installation. Be assured that this plan is the safest and best I can form; and as you know how earnest I am to be well at your return, you may be certain I would do nothing to counteract a plan that has been rooted in my head and heart for twelve months. Pray do not reprove me for it; your reproof would not be in time to stop me; and as I trust you will find me quite well, though much older than you would expect in a year, let all my faults and impatience be forgotten, that our meeting again, which I doubted might not happen, may be as cloudless, as to me, I am sure, it will be much greater happiness than I thought could fall to the lot of seventy-five!

I reserve all answer to your three last letters till we meet, when we may talk of them and of all you have seen and done. At present nothing occupies me but your actual residence and route home, and your passage from Calais to Dover: we have had tremendous storms lately! I shall grow very sea-sick towards the tenth of next month! Adieu! I hope this will be my last to the Continent, and that I shall not even reach to No. 60.

2832. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 23, 1791

Your Ladyship, I am sure, will excuse my silence, when you hear in what distress I have been from a new fit of frenzy of Lord Orford, attended by total insensibility, and so violent a fever, that from seven o'clock on Friday evening, when Dr. Monro, whom I had sent down to him, returned, I had dreaded an express with an account of his death, till the post came in very late on Monday; nor should I have known a syllable of his disorder and danger, had not Lord Cadogan, who lives in the neighbourhood, sent me word of it; the persons in the house, with Lord Orford and his servants, totally concealing his situation from me, and from both his steward and his lawyer in town, who knew it not but from me; though a mad keeper had been sent for privately to an apothecary in St. Alban's Street. This is a new instance of the treatment I have received in return for and ever since all the torment and trouble I had; and for all the care, attention, and tenderness I twice exerted during his fits of lunacy, and in recovering and restoring him from which I was fortunately rewarded by success. Thank God, I have the comfort of seeing the tranquillity of the end of my days renewed, for the fever is in a manner gone, and his senses so far returned, that I conclude it will again be said, as it has been the fashion to say, 'that he is as well as ever he was'; and in *one sense* that may be true[1]!

I beg your pardon, Madam, for this tedious apology, but when so injuriously and disgracefully treated, and still more, with such gross injustice, for if ever I had merit in any part of my life, it has been in my care of Lord Orford, can I be

Letter 2832.—[1] George Walpole, third Earl of Orford of that family, died on Dec. 5, 1791, aged 61. He was succeeded by his uncle, Horace Walpole. The latter never took his seat in the House of Lords.

totally silent to those who wish me well? And when I can produce proofs of a long list of such services, pains, and acts of the strictest honour and integrity as few uncles or trustees I believe could equal, is it not hard, Madam, to be treated by my Lord's intimates as if I had bad designs, though when twice in my power for months, I alone directed the management and unparalleled tender treatment of him; and to be used by him after both his recoveries as a total stranger and alien, and mocked by an annual present of two boxes of pewet's eggs, with a line and a half *in his own hand* on a folio sheet, simply notifying the donation? I call them his quit-rents; they are his only acknowledgement of my existence. But I have done, and will tire your Ladyship no more on that subject, which, for my own peace, too, I will forget as much as I can.

The Duke of Bedford is too gracious, Madam, in being pleased to say he is content with my meagre account of his pictures, which do not deserve the honour of a visit from his Grace; but may I say he would oblige me by lending me for a very few days the small portrait of Christian, Countess of Devonshire, which shall be returned carefully without delay? A friend of mine, Mr. Lysons, a clergyman, is writing a history of the villages for ten miles round London, with an account of the churches, monuments, chief houses, and remarkable inhabitants that have lived or are buried in each; with some views and plates, two or three of which I shall contribute. Lady Devonshire will be one, if the Duke will allow a drawing to be taken from it, for it shall not be detained for the engraver.

Thank your Ladyship for the verses you enclosed, though I had seen both copies before; the Duke's are the best, for, though not harmonious, they are simple and natural. The other lines are not Lady Spencer's, but her mother's, Lady Lucan, who repeated them to me herself some time ago.

Dr. Robertson's book[2] amused me pretty well, Madam, though very defective from the hiatuses in his materials. It is a genealogy with more than half the middle descents wanting; and thence his ingenious hypothesis of western invaders importing civilization from the East is not ascertained. Can one be sure a peer is descended from a very ancient peer of the same name, though he cannot prove who a dozen of his grandfathers were? Dr. Robertson shone when he wrote the History of his own country, with which he was acquainted. All his other works are collections, tacked together for the purpose; but as he has not the genius, penetration, sagacity, and art of Mr. Gibbon, he cannot melt his materials together, and make them elucidate and even improve and produce new discoveries; in short, he cannot, like Mr. Gibbon, make an *original* picture with some bits of mosaic. The Doctor, too, has let himself build on that trifling saying of 'the cradle of science.' I told him so in my answer when he sent me his book, and that if the East were the cradle of science, at least it had never got out of its nursery. It might invent a horn-book; did it ever arrive at a grammar?

I certainly, Madam, am not able to tell you a tittle more of the Duchess of York, than the newspapers tell you and me; nor do I know what truths or lies they tell. I have been entirely shut up with my own family since Lord Orford's illness, receiving and writing letters, &c. I have scarce any other acquaintance in town, and have outlived most of those I had. Nor, though I abhor the French for all their savage barbarities, condemn them for missing so favourable an opportunity of obtaining a good, free, and durable constitution; and despise them for their absurdities, that are both childish and pedantic; I am not grown a whit more in love with princes and princesses than I ever was,

[2] *Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge the Ancients had of India.*

nor have any curiosity about them. I do not dislike kings, or nobility, or people, but as human creatures that, when possessed of full power, scarce ever fail to abuse it; and, therefore, each description ought to be chained in some degree, or made counterpoisons to one another, as we, *by an unique concurrence of accidents*, are in this country.

There, Madam! I send you grievances, complaints, criticisms, and opinions, all eccentric perhaps; but I was glad to turn the stream of my thoughts into any new cut, and am more glad to find that I can do it so easily; an earnest of my soon becoming as indifferent to my vexations, as I was before the sore was opened again. Oh, I this moment recollect to tell your Ladyship that Lady Craven received the news of her Lord's death on a Friday, went into weeds on Saturday, and into white satin, and *many* diamonds, on Sunday, and in that vestal trim was married to the Margrave of Anspach by my cousin's[3] chaplain, though he and Mrs. Walpole excused themselves from being present. The bride excused herself for having *so few* diamonds; they had been the late Margravine's, but she is to have many more, and will soon set out for England, where they shall astound the public by living in a style of magnificence unusual, as they are richer than anybody in this country. The Dukes of Bedford, Marlborough, and Northumberland may hide their diminished rays!

2833. To the Duke of Bedford.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 8, 1791.

I am most sensible, my Lord Duke, of the great honour your Grace has done me in condescending to be content

[3] Hon. Robert Walpole, fourth son of first Baron Walpole of Wolterton. He was minister at Lisbon, where Lady Craven's marriage to the Margrave took place.

Letter 2833.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of the Duke of Bedford).

with my account of the portraits at Woburn Abbey, though so inadequate to what I wished to make it, more worthy of your acceptance.

The picture of the Countess of Devonshire is an additional favour, for which I feel, my Lord, the most pleasing gratitude. Were I not obliged to confine myself by a recent misfortune in my family, it would be my first inclination as well as duty to wait on your Grace with my humble thanks. All I can yet do is to entreat your Grace not to think of troubling yourself to add a visit to the honour with which you have already overpaid me by your letter, too flattering not to increase the great respect already felt for your Grace by,

My Lord,
Your Grace's
Most humble and
Most gratefully obedient servant,
THE UNCLE OF THE LATE EARL OF ORFORD[1].

2834. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 10, 1791.

YOUR Ladyship has so long accustomed me to your goodness and partiality, that I am not surprised at your being kind on an occasion that is generally productive of satisfaction. That is not quite the case with me. Years ago, a title would have given me no pleasure, and at any time the management of a landed estate, which I am too ignorant to manage, would have been a burthen. That I am now to possess, should it prove a considerable acquisition to my fortune, which I much doubt, I would not purchase at the rate of the three weeks of misery which I have suffered, and which made me very ill, though I am now quite recovered. It is a story much too

[1] The funeral of the third Earl of Orford was probably not over, which accounts for Walpole's not using his new title.

full of circumstances, and too disagreeable to me to be couched in a letter; some time or other I may perhaps be at leisure and composed enough to relate in general.—At present I have been so overwhelmed with business that I am now writing these few lines as fast I can, to save the post, as none goes to-morrow, and I should be vexed not to thank your Ladyship and Lord Ossory by the first that departs. As, however, I owe it to you and to my poor nephew, I will just say that I am perfectly content. He has given me the whole Norfolk estate, heavily charged, I believe, but that is indifferent. I had reason to think that he had disgraced, by totally omitting me—but unhappy as his intellects often were, and beset as he was by miscreants, he has restored me to my birthright, and I shall call myself obliged to him, and be grateful to his memory, as I am to your Ladyship, and shall be as I have so long been, your devoted servant, by whatever name I may be forced to call myself.

2835. To Miss Mary Berry.

[Dec. 11, 1791.]

You have hurt me excessively! We had passed a most agreeable evening, and then you poisoned all by one cruel word. I see you are too proud to like to be obliged by me, though you see that my greatest, and the only pleasure I have left, is to make you and your sister a little happier if I can; and *now*, when it is a little more in my power, you cross me *in trifles even*, that would compensate for the troubles that are fallen on me. I thought my age would allow me to have a friendship that consisted in nothing but distinguishing merit—you allow the vilest of all tribunals, the newspapers, to decide how short a way friendship may go[1]! Where is

Letter 2835.—Not in C.

[1] One of the newspapers of the day had apparently suggested that the Berrys' friendship for Walpole was of an interested nature.

your good sense in this conduct? and will you punish me, because what you nor mortal being can prevent, a low anonymous scribbler, pertly takes a liberty with your name? I cannot help repeating that you have hurt me!

2836. To Miss Mary Berry.

My dearest Angel, Dec. 13, 1791.

I had two persons talking law to me, and was forced to give an immediate answer, so that I could not even read your note till I had done—and now I do read it, it breaks my heart! If my most pure affection has brought grief and mortification on you, I shall be the most miserable of men. My nephew's death has already brought a load upon me that I have not strength to bear, as I seriously told General Conway this morning. Vexation and fatigue has brought back the eruption in my arm, and I have been half an hour under Mr. Watson's hands since breakfast; my flying gout has fallen into my foot; I shall want but your uneasiness to finish me. You know I scarce wish to live but to carry you to Cliveden! But I talk of myself when I should speak to your mind. Is all your felicity to be in the power of a newspaper? who is not so? Are your virtue and purity, and my innocence about you; are our consciences no shield against anonymous folly or envy? Would you only condescend to be my friend if I were a beggar? The Duchess of Gloucester, when she heard my intention about Cliveden, came and commended me much for doing some little justice to injured merit. For your own sake, for poor mine, combat such extravagant delicacy, and do not poison the few days of a life, which you and *you* only can sweeten. I am too exhausted to write more; but let your heart and your strong understanding

Letter 2836.—Not in C.

remove such chimeras. How could you say you wish you had not returned[1]!

2837. To Miss Mary Berry.

I am in the utmost anxiety to know how you do. I dread lest what I meant kindly should have made you ill. I saw the struggle of both your noble minds in submitting to oblige me, and therefore all the obligation is on my side. You both have made the greatest sacrifice to me; I have made none to you—on the contrary, I relieve my own mind whenever I think I can ward off any future difficulty from you, though not a ten thousandth part of what I would do were it in my power. All I can say is, that you must know by your own minds how happy you have made mine, and sure you will not regret bestowing happiness on one so attached to you, and attached so reasonably; for where could I have made so just a choice, or found two such friends? What did I not feel for both! *Your* tears and Agnes's agitation, divided between the same nobleness, and her misery for your sufferings, which is ever awake, would attach me more to both, if that were possible. Dearest souls, do not regret obliging one so devoted to you—it is the only sincere satisfaction I have left; and be assured that till to-day, I have, though I said nothing, had nothing but anxiety since your father's illness, so impatient have I been for what I received but yesterday! Adieu!

[1] Miss Berry, in her letter to Walpole on this occasion, writes: 'Would to God we had remained abroad, where we might still have enjoyed as much of your confidence and friendship, as ignorance and impertinence seem likely to allow us here.' (*Journals*, vol. i. p. 377.)

Letter 2837.—Not in C.

2838. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Dec. 26, 1791.

Your Ladyship is, as usual, ever kind to me. My mistership, I believe, would have been very well if I could have preserved it, but the Lordship and its train of troubles have half killed me. I have had a week's gout, but it is gone, and so far comforts me, as, had I had much about me, I am sure it would have been produced by all the trouble and fatigue I have undergone; nor have I strength or spirits to combat all I have to come. I have not yet been able to go out of my house to return visits, but as I am never called *My Lord* but I fancy I have got a bunch on my back, I must go and leave my hump at fifty doors.

I have detained your Ladyship's servant from various interruptions, and here is the post from Norfolk arrived with letters that I probably must answer directly, or at midnight, when my company is gone. In short, my tranquillity is gone, and my voice almost also; and as Kirgate is grown deafish, it is even less fatigue to write myself than to dictate to him; and all these miseries must excuse the shortness of this.

2839. To John Pinkerton.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 26, 1791.

As I am sure of the sincerity of your congratulations, I feel much obliged by them, though what has happened destroys my tranquillity; and, if what the world reckons advantages could compensate the loss of peace and ease, would ill indemnify me, even by them. A small estate, loaded with debt, and of which I do not understand the management, and am too old to learn, a source of lawsuits

amongst my near relations, though not affecting me; endless conversations with lawyers, and packets of letters to read every day and answer—all this weight of new business is too much for the rag of life that yet hangs about me, and was preceded by three weeks of anxiety about my unfortunate nephew, and a daily correspondence with physicians and mad-doctors, falling upon me when I had been out of order ever since July. Such a mass of troubles made me very seriously ill for some days, and has left me and still keeps me so weak and dispirited, that, if I shall not soon be able to get some repose, my poor head or body will not be able to resist. For the empty title, I trust you do not suppose it is anything but an encumbrance, by larding my busy mornings with idle visits of interruption, and which, when I am able to go out, I shall be forced to return. Surely no man of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I almost always do, and being called by a new name!

It will seem personal, and ungrateful too, to have said so much about my own *triste* situation, and not to have yet thanked you, Sir, for your kind and flattering offer of letting me read what you have finished of your History; but it was necessary to expose my position to you, before I could venture to accept your proposal, when I am so utterly incapable of giving a quarter of an hour at a time to what I know, by my acquaintance with your works, will demand all my attention, if I wish to reap the pleasure they are formed to give me. It is most true that for these seven weeks I have not read seven pages, but letters, states of accounts, cases to be laid before lawyers, accounts of farms, &c., &c., and those subject to mortgages. Thus are my mornings occupied: in an evening my relations and a very few friends come to me; and, when they are gone, I have

about an hour to midnight to write answers to letters for the next day's post, which I had not time to do in the morning. This is actually my case now. I happened to be quitted at ten o'clock, and would not lose the opportunity of thanking you, not knowing when I could command another hour.

I by no means would be understood to decline your obliging offer, Sir; on the contrary, I accept it joyfully, if you can trust me with your manuscript for a little time, should I have leisure to read it but by small snatches, which would be wronging you, and would break all connection in my head. Criticism you are too great a writer to want; and to read critically is far beyond my present power. Can a scrivener, or a scrivener's hearer, be a judge of composition, style, profound reasoning, and new lights and discoveries, &c.? But my weary hand and breast must finish. May I ask the favour of your calling on me any morning, when you shall happen to come to town? You will find the new-old Lord exactly the same admirer of yours.

2840. To Miss Hannah More.

My much-esteemed Friend, Berkeley Square, Jan. 1, 1792.

I have not so long delayed answering your letter from the pitiful revenge of recollecting how long your pen is fetching breath before it replies to mine. Oh no; you know I love to heap coals of kindness on your head, and to draw you into little sins, that you may forgive yourself, by knowing your time was employed on big virtues. On the contrary, you would be revenged; for here have you, according to *your* notions, inveigled me into the fracture of a commandment; for I am writing to you on a *Sunday*, being the first moment of leisure that I have had since

Letter 2840.—Collated with original in possession of Miss Drage.

I received your letter. It does not indeed clash with my religious ideas, as I hold paying one's debts as good a deed as praying and reading sermons for a whole day in every week, when it is impossible to fix the attention to one course of thinking for so many hours for fifty-two days in every year. Thus you see I can preach too. But seriously, and indeed I am little disposed to cheerfulness now, I am overwhelmed with troubles, and with business—and business that I do not understand; law, and the management of a ruined estate, are subjects ill suited to a head that never studied anything that in worldly language is called useful. The tranquillity of my remnant of life will be lost, or so perpetually interrupted, that I expect little comfort; not that I am already intending to grow rich, but, the moment one is supposed so, there are so many alert to turn one to their own account, that I have more letters to write to satisfy, or rather to dissatisfy them, than about my own affairs, though the latter are all confusion. I have such missives, on agriculture, pretensions to livings, offers of taking care of my game as I am incapable of it, self-recommendations of making my robes, and round hints of taking out my writ, that at least I may name a proxy, and give my dormant conscience to somebody or other! I trust you think better of my heart and understanding than to suppose that I have listened to any one of these new *friends*. Yet, though I have negatived all, I have been forced to answer some of them before *you*; and that will convince you how cruelly ill I have passed my time lately, besides having been ill with vexation and fatigue. But I am tolerably well again.

For the other empty metamorphosis that has happened to the outward man, you do me justice in concluding that it can do nothing but tease me; it is being called names in one's old age. I had rather be my Lord Mayor, for then

I should keep the nickname but a year; and mine I may retain a little longer, not that at seventy-five I reckon on becoming my Lord Methusalem. Vainer, however, I believe I am already become; for I have wasted almost two pages about myself, and said not a tittle about your health, which I most cordially rejoice to hear you are recovering, and as fervently hope you will entirely recover. I have the highest opinion of the element of water as a constant beverage; having so deep a conviction of the goodness and wisdom of Providence, that I am persuaded that when it indulged us in such a luxurious variety of eatables, and gave us but one drinkable, it intended that our sole liquid should be both wholesome and corrective. Your system I know is different; you hold that mutton and water were the only cock and hen that were designed for our nourishment; but I am apt to doubt whether draughts of water for six weeks are capable of restoring health, though some are strongly impregnated with mineral and other particles. Yet you have staggered me: the Bath water by your account is, like electricity, compounded of contradictory qualities; the one attracts and repels; the other turns a shilling yellow, and whitens your jaundice. I shall hope to see you (when is that to be?) without alloy.

My pretty wives, I kindly thank you, are returned better than they went, and I hope not only as constant as they were, but that they will remain so, though become Countesses—at least I trust they will not become *your* parishioners, and live in *the fashionable world*, that rantipole[1] diocese of yours, whom I call a bishop *in partibus infidelium*. The lovely nose is again of Parian marble as it was.

I must finish, wishing you three hundred and thirteen days of happiness for the new year that is arrived this morning: the fifty-two that you hold *in commendam*, I have

[1] In MS. 'rantinople.'

no doubt will be rewarded as such good intentions deserve, though mistaken, as I believe, in the application; nor can you, who are no critic in Hebrew, and rely on a translation, know whether in the original, *work* is not confined to bodily labour, as is most reasonable to suppose, and not a vague term as in our own tongue, where *work* signifies coal-heaving and hemming a handkerchief. Nay, you allow yourself a latitude of interpretation, on accommodation; you have adopted Sunday for Saturday, for which the Jews think you a wicked puss: and you adhere to the English phrase *keep holy*, when I would bet that the Hebrew word means no more than thou shalt not labour, for pray, as the injunction is extended to beasts, how is an ox or an ass to keep the day holy! Not by reading sermons, but by not drawing the plough, &c. Adieu, my *too* good friend! My direction shall talk superciliously to the postman; but do let me continue unchangeably your faithful and sincere,

HOR. WALPOLE.

2841. To J. (OR F.) R. DASHWOOD.

DEAR SIR, Berkeley Square, Jan. 3, 1792.

Mr. Blake tells me you wish to shoot on my estates in Norfolk, which I not only desire you will do, but should have consented to with pleasure yesterday, if you had mentioned it.

I am with great respect and gratitude, Sir,
Your most obedient
Humble servant,
ORFORD.

LETTER 2841.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N.Y.).

2842. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 14, 1792.

As your Ladyship and Lord Ossory have been so good as to send your servant to inquire after me, I can do no less to save you such trouble, than tell you myself that I am in a moment of prettywellness, and have been able to return the visits of ceremony on my new christening; and last night, as befits children at Christmas, was carried to the pantomime of *Cymon*, of which I was as tired as formerly in my middle age, for it is only Garrick's ginger-bread double-gilt. I know nothing else that will make a paragraph, for I will not talk of my own trist affairs, which take up my whole time, and present little but scenes of mortification, with which I have no right and no wish to trouble anybody else: but as I neither sought my present situation, nor certainly deserved it should be so bad, I can remain in the state that suited me, and that I had chalked out for myself and enjoyed; and shall not let an event that I could not nor was suffered to prevent, disturb my peace, nor make the least alteration in my plan of living for the little time I may have to come. I cannot help my name being changed; it shall change nothing else.

2843. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 18, 1792.

I return your Ladyship the verses, with my thanks: Lord Holland's are very easy, and the round-robin lively and clever. I enclose them as you order, with my signature, that title that has produced so much trouble to me, and made me be accused of both vanity and affected humility, though my disgust arose from mortified pride, as might

easily have been guessed, if they, who like to censure, would give themselves the trouble to judge. I was rich as a commoner, for I was always content with my fortune, even when I had lost 1,400*l.* a year by my brother Sir Edward's death: I am not vain of being the poorest earl in England, nor delighted to have outlived all my family, its estate, and Houghton, which, while it was *complete*, would have given me so much pleasure; now it will only be a mortifying ruin, which I will never see. To this prospect are thrown in several spiteful acts executed by my poor nephew to injure me, yet I do not impute them to him, for I have even learnt some instances which show he had principles. But having never been sound in his senses, it exposed him to the successive influence of a vile set of miscreants, who, to estrange him from me, had persuaded him that I wanted to shut him up; or worse, though I had twice for fifteen, and then for twelve months, had him entirely in my power, and had treated him both times with a care and tenderness unknown in those cases; the fatal consequence to him, poor soul! has been, that under pretence of removing him from the reach of my talons, they hurried him, in the height of a putrid fever, to Houghton, though he complained and begged to stop on the road, but was not allowed, relays being laid on the road for him; his sweats were stopped, and never returned! Had they been less precipitate, and however they have aspersed me, I will not return it, nor suspect them of killing him intentionally, which was not their interest; but there are proofs of such tampering about *wills*, of which one of the actors has, by a letter, offered to inform me, that had the poor man not been dispatched so suddenly, the mere title had probably been all my lot, as for three days I concluded it was, on the report of one who, it seems, knew only what was intended, and thought executed.

Thus, Madam, I have troubled you with a *little* more of

my present history, which I have ventured, because by your scratching under *little*, I concluded you thought I had mentioned too little. Secrets, indeed, I have none; but family histories that interest nobody but oneself are commonly tedious; and perhaps this, amounting to a whole page, may prove so too; but you shall have no more; though as almost all my mornings are engrossed by the consequences of my nephew's death, I have little leisure for anything I like, or to learn anything that can amuse others. The Pantheon was burnt[1], and my last sealed and gone to the post before I heard of that calamity: how fortunate, that two theatres should have been burnt in so very few years, and neither during any performance! I do not, however, intend to pass my remnant of time with lawyers and stewards; and as soon as the executors have finished, or settled their operations, I hope to fall again into my old train, and amuse myself with more agreeable trifles than business, for which I have no talent; and it is too late for me to learn the multiplication table. I have only to guard against my titularity drawing me into any debts or distresses that may entrench on my private fortune, which I have destined and appropriated to those who will want it, or miss me; and this is so sacred a point with me, that I made a resolution not to add a shilling of expense to my ordinary way of life, till at a year's end I shall see in a banker's hands what addition there will be to my usual income. Till then I shall, in the loo-phrase, pass eldest, nor play without pam in my hand.

2844. To ———.

Dear Sir, Monday, Jan. 30, 1792.

I have received a very unpleasant letter from Callington[1],

Letter 2843.—[1] On the night of Jan. 16, 1792.

Letter 2844.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mrs. Fogg, of Boston, Mass.).

[1] In Cornwall, about ten miles from

on which I wish to talk with you, and therefore I shall be glad if you can call on me for a quarter of an hour at any time most convenient to you to-morrow between ten and four.

Yours, &c.

ORFORD.

2845. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 4, 1792.

I owe your Ladyship a debt of thanks for Lord Holland's prologue and epilogue, which I liked; but having nothing new to tell you, I waited for some supply; and now Lord Ossory is come to town and will intercept not only my lean gazette, but will bring you all the flower of St. James's Street, and of the *two Houses* which, whatever they may think of themselves, are but the first coffee-houses of the day, and supply the others during the season with their daily bread, and are forgotten the moment their ovens cease to be heated.

Your Ladyship mentions France, which is so truly contemptible, that I neither read nor inquire about it. Who can care for details of a mob? It will be time enough to know what mischief it has done when it shall be dispersed. That scribbling trollop Madame de Sillery, and the viper that has cast his skin, the Bishop of Autun[1], are both here, but I believe, little noticed; and the woman and the serpent,

Launceston. One of the boroughs which had passed into Horace Walpole's hands on the death of his nephew Lord Orford, to whom it came from his mother. Horace Walpole himself sat for Callington 1741–7. It was disfranchised at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill.

LETTER 2845.—[1] The well-known wit and diplomatist Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord (1754–1838). He gave up the bishopric of Autun in 1790, and was excommunicated in 1791 for having consecrated two 'constitutional' bishops. He had been sent on a confidential mission to London to obtain a declaration of neutrality from the English government.

I hope, will find few disposed to taste their rotten apples: if Bishop Watson[2] would *pair off* with the prelate, one should have no objection.

Lord Ossory flatters me with hopes of seeing your Ladyship soon.

2846. To Sylvester Douglas[1].

Berkeley Square, Feb. 15, 1792.

I hope my having been out of town for three or four days will excuse my not obeying your commands sooner—and now when I do acknowledge the receipt of them, I am at a loss to express the confusion I feel at your much too obliging compliments, which I am very happy to receive as marks of your kindness and partiality, but have no right to accept as due to me. A performance[2] in which I am conscious of so many faults, and the subject of which is so disgusting, it is very indulgent in any reader to excuse; nor can the favour of such able judges as you, Sir, and the Duc de Nivernois, reconcile me to my own imprudence in letting it go out of my own hands—but having fallen into that slip of vanity, it is too late now to plead modesty, and there is no less [more?] affectation, I hope, in obeying you both, than in troubling you with more words about a trifle. I have therefore the honour, Sir, of offering you a correct copy, which I had printed some years ago to prevent a spurious edition, and as I succeeded, I did not publish mine. The edition printed in Ireland lately is less exact; and though I stopped it for some time, it was to no purpose. Lord Cholmondeley is returning to Paris in a few days, and

[2] Richard Watson (1737–1816), Bishop of Llandaff, a prelate of advanced political views.

Letter 2846.—[1] Afterwards Lord Glenbervie.

[2] His tragedy *The Mysterious Mother*.

will carry a copy to the Duc de Nivernois. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

2846*. To Miss Hannah More.

MY DEAR MADAM, Saturday, March 1.

It was an addition to my illness that I could not receive the satisfaction of *your* visit, whom I wished so very much to see, but my extreme lowness, and difficulty of talking without coughing, obliged me to decline that pleasure.

I am, they tell me, recovering, though not very sensible of it myself; however, as I am willing to deceive myself about what I like, I do think it would do me good to see you and Mrs. Garrick, about one o'clock on Monday or Tuesday, whichever will be most convenient to you, if you are so good as to let me know which.

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

P.S. Though visiting the sick on a Sunday may not be a great sin, mind, I do not ruffle even a qualm of yours.

2847. To Richard Gough.

Berkeley Square, March 15, 1792.

LORD ORFORD is confined by the gout in his arm; but has examined the MS. catalogue, and cannot possibly satisfy Mr. Gough whether it is the original, or a copy, from which Vertue made his extracts. As well as Lord Orford recollects, Vertue extracted his list from a MS. in the

LETTER 2846*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original (in the handwriting of Thomas Kirgate, Walpole's secretary) in possession of Messrs. Maggs Bros.

LETTER 2847.—Not in C.; reprinted from Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 291 n.

possession of Mr. Bryan Fairfax[1]; but Vertue took out nothing but the pictures, and none of the plate, furniture, &c. And though Lord Orford observes that some of the same pictures are mentioned as at different palaces, yet there seem to be several more than are in the Catalogue of the Royal Collection published by Bathoe. And this is all the information Lord Orford can give Mr. Gough.

2848. To Joseph Cooper Walker (?)[1].

Sir,

If my (in every sense) weak and extinguishing voice has added a momentary spur to Mr. Roscoe's[2] activity, I may have advanced, and shall rejoice, some minutes of pleasure to myself—but I shall have done better, if by the accidental but natural effusion of my satisfaction to you, Sir, I can flatter myself that I have anticipated the judgement of the public and have contributed to Mr. Roscoe's tasting beforehand the applause which his abilities and talents deserve.

I must not say more now you have thought my opinion worth communicating to that gentleman—what I then said with self-interested enthusiasm, would now sound like flattery or grateful return of a compliment. The simplicity of Mr. Roscoe's style (so far as I have seen it) and his avoidance of all affectation and pretensions, convince me that he would despise anything but genuine and merited praise.

I am, Sir,

Your truly much

Obliged humble servant,

Berkeley Square, March 21, 1792. Orford.

[1] Probably Brian Fairfax the younger (1676–1749), a collector of books and pictures. His library was sold to Mr. Child, of Osterley Park.

Letter 2848.—Not in C.; now printed from original in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

[1] No name of addressee accompanies this letter, but it seems probable that it was addressed to Walker, with whom Walpole had previously corresponded, and who was on terms of friendship with Roscoe.

[2] William Roscoe (1753–1831), the

2849. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, April 10, 1792.

Kirgate orders me to tell your Ladyship that his master is mending as fast, or rather as slowly, as the latter expected, who not being quite arrived at that miraculous age when people shoot out new hair and teeth, he does not reckon upon more than recovering some limbs and joints, that at their best are of very little use to him.

Confining my ambition to my very limited prospect, I do hope, Madam, to be as well again in health as I was last autumn—weaker probably, for every fit must weaken; but my iron stomach that has stood unhurt so many attacks, seems as if it would hold out till it has nothing left to defend but itself. I believe I shall be able to eat and sleep when I have no other faculties of a living animal; and were it not for that impertinent gadfly, memory, the state would not be uncomfortable—many an alderman has been content with it—why should not I?

I know no news, Madam; there has not been a king murdered these two days[1], but the Jacobins promise themselves good sport yet!

It is observable that philosophy in three years has made more horrid strides towards the most shocking crimes and barbarities than the blindest enthusiasm did in some centuries!

2850. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

April 30, 1792.

I return your Ladyship the print, which I flattered myself, as you said, you would call for.

historian. His *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, published in 1793, brought him into communication with Walpole.

Letter 2849. — [1] Gustavus III, King of Sweden, was shot by Ankarström on March 16, 1792, and died on March 29 following.

I was very sorry to be out when Lord Ossory and Mr. Johns called. I was gone to take the air for the second time, but was so fatigued, that I believe it is in vain to struggle, and therefore if they are so good as to call again, they will probably find the remains of

Your most devoted

ORFORD.

2851. To THOMAS BARRETT.

DEAR SIR, Berkeley Square, May 14, 1792.

Though my poor fingers do not yet write easily, I cannot help inquiring if Mabuse[1] is arrived safely at Lee, and fits his destined stall in the library. My amendment is far slower, *comme de raison*, than ever; and my weakness much greater. Another fit, I doubt, will confine me to my chair, if it does not do more; it is not worth haggling about that.

Dr. Darwin has appeared, superior in some respects to the former part. The *Triumph of Flora*, beginning at the fifty-ninth line, is most beautifully and enchantingly imagined: and the twelve verses that by miracle describe and comprehend the creation of the universe out of chaos, are in my opinion the most sublime passage in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted. There are a thousand other verses most charming, or indeed all are so, crowded with most poetic imagery, gorgeous epithets and style: and yet these four cantos do not please me equally with the *Loves of the Plants*. This seems to me almost as much a rhapsody of unconnected parts; and is so deep, that I cannot read six lines together and know what they are about, till I have studied them in the long notes, and then perhaps do not comprehend them; but all this is

LETTER 2851.—[1] A picture by that artist, lately bought by Mr. Barrett.

my fault, not Dr. Darwin's. Is he to blame, that I am no natural philosopher, no chemist, no metaphysician? One misfortune will attend this glorious work; it will be little read but by those who have no taste for poetry, and who will be weighing and criticizing his positions, without feeling the imagination, harmony, and expression of the versification. Is not it extraordinary, dear Sir, that two of our very best poets, Garth and Darwin, should have been physicians? I believe they have left all the lawyers wrangling at the turnpike of Parnassus. Adieu, dear Sir! Yours most cordially,

ORFORD.

2852. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Monday, 14th.

I have been much mortified, Madam, that when your Ladyship has done me the honour of calling on me, there has been company with me. That I fear will generally be the case from half an hour after one till four, which is high-tide at my coffee-house. Your Ladyship objects to the evening, though except Mr. Churchill and my sister, and Mr. Conway and Lady Aylesbury, I do not know six persons who ever do come to me in an evening, and they come very rarely indeed; but I will not presume to dictate to your Ladyship, and submit to my lot, as I am forced to do in everything else.

2853. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

May 22, 1792.

I am doubly sorry, Madam, to hear your Ladyship has been out of order, and that I missed the honour of seeing you before you go. I was trying change of air too; but

I hope, as is most probable, that you will find it much more rapidly beneficial than I have done, who at most gain symptoms of amendment.

Should I hear any news before the newspaper, you shall know, or shall allow Kirgate to tell you, for my pen is as lame as its master, and likes as little to move.

2854. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, May 29, in the morning.

I returned from Strawberry too late yesterday, Madam, to answer your Ladyship's letter incontinently, and this morning I was hindered by business and company; but my gratitude is not cooled by being postponed. I am indeed much obliged for the transcript of the letter on my 'wives.' Miss Agnes has a *finesse* in her eyes and countenance that does not propose itself to you, but is very engaging on observation, and has often made herself preferred to her sister, who has the most exactly fine features, and only wants colour to make her face as perfect as her graceful person; indeed neither has good health nor the air of it. Miss Mary's eyes are grave, but she is not so herself; and, having much more application than her sister, she converses readily, and with great intelligence, on all subjects. Agnes is more reserved, but her compact sense very striking, and always to the purpose. In short, they are extraordinary beings, and I am proud of my partiality for them; and since the ridicule can only fall on me, and not on them, I care not a straw for its being said that I am in love with one of them—people shall choose which: it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit-on*.

I know not a word of politics, Madam, except seeing with horror that the cowardly cannibals, as their own La Fayette

calls his countrymen, and he is no democrat, are driving on the murder of their King and Queen; and the Duke of Brunswick[1], I fear, will not be at Paris in time to prevent it. Another of their philosophic legislators—I forget the wretch's name—told the King lately that he ought to have two chaplains about him. 'I mean for the look of it,' said he, 'for I am atheist myself, and do not mind those things'; no, nor assassination, nor any crime and injustice that human depravity can engender in the mind. They are going to empty their land of the nonjuring clergy, and will leave it, as it deserves to be, a *repaire* of wild beasts.

Fortune, that now and then seems to lift up a corner of the bandage over her eyes, played a malicious trick yesterday. There was a little lottery of French porcelain and millinery drawn at Lady Cecilia Johnston's, at a guinea a ticket, and no blanks. Lady Anne Lambton[2] drew a *bonnet aristocrat* (so marked), stamped with *fleurs de lis* and *Vive le Roi*.

Pray, Madam, let me have early notice of your return, for I shall leave town on Thursday sennight.

2855. To Thomas Walpole the Younger.

Strawberry Hill, June 26, 1792.

I am much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the trouble you have taken to clear up the matter of M. d'Ormesson's[1] letter. You cannot wonder that I concluded it was not meant for me, when you find that it was to thank me for a present made to the library of the late King of France six-and-twenty

Letter 2854.—[1] France had declared war against Austria on April 10, 1792, and the Duke of Brunswick was in command of the allied forces of Austria and Prussia.

[2] Lady Anne Barbara Frances Villiers, second daughter of fourth Earl of Jersey; m. (1791) William Henry Lambton, of Lambton Castle, Durham.

Letter 2855.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Sir Spencer Walpole, pp. 107–13.

[1] Anne Louis François de Paule Lefèvre d'Ormesson de Noyseau (1753–1794), keeper of the King's library.

years ago! Was it possible for me to suppose that the present reigning powers at Paris were busying themselves in paying debts of their quondam monarchs? Indeed, they do pay them in their present coin, paper! This reminiscence puts me in mind of Tiberius's answer to the Trojan ambassadors who were sent to condole with him on the death of Augustus long after his exit. He condoled with them in return on the loss of so excellent a citizen as Hector. If I live six-and-twenty years longer, and the house of Bourbon is re-established, I will send an answer to one of M. d'Ormesson's successors.

To be sure I have been singularly circumstanced about presents of my editions to royal personages! Never having been an officious royalist, my offerings have always been solicited, not obtruded. In 1766, the royal librarians desired to have my editions for the Bibliothèque du Roi. On my return to England, I did send a set, complete to that era, handsomely bound, as M. d'Ormesson testifies: and I did receive a letter of thanks—from the under librarian—so M. d'Ormesson's is supererogation of gratitude. I did imagine they might have given me a set of the Louvre prints of Louis Quatorze's victories, palaces, &c., a common present for contributions to their library, and I should not have haggled about receiving a compliment from a crowned head, when the overture had issued thence. Some years afterwards Count Potocki brought me a message from the present King of Poland, with whom I had been acquainted when he was in England, desiring my *Anecdotes of Painting*. It distressed me, as they were out of print; and I had only my own set. In short, I was reduced to buy a second-hand set (yet in good condition), and, though the original set sold for less than thirty shillings, I was forced to pay thirteen guineas from their scarcity. In return I received a letter of thanks in his Majesty's own hand. If the Russians

depose him, and destroy that really noble new constitution, which I shall lament as much as I detest the French anarchy, perhaps some Muscovite librarian of Catherine Slayczar will a few years hence send me duplicate thanks.

My third royal tribute has been still less acknowledged. A Dane, or Islander, sent over hither to collect books and MSS. for the Prince of Denmark, and for the illustration of their history, came to me, in the name of his Royal Highness, and requested my editions, and offered me for them their splendid book of shells (which, by the way, your father, dear Sir, gave me many years ago). I said I did not sell my editions: it would be sufficient honour if his Royal Highness would condescend to accept them. The emissary then proposed medals to me, or anything I should like. I adhered to my refusal, and at last said earnestly, I did not sell books. A larger set I did send, as I had printed other editions, and you may imagine splendidly bound. Several months afterwards the negotiator told me with some confusion that he had received a letter from the Danish Prime Minister, telling him that the Prince Royal would write to me himself by the next post—which post is not yet come in, though due three years ago. I have met the man several times since, who is always in confusion, and trying to make awkward apologies—whether really blushing for his principal, or for having played me a trick for himself, I know not. But, at last, I told him I desired to hear no more about the matter, and I do hope never to be honoured again with parallel commands, which have cost me much more than vainglory is worth.

I thank you for your inquiries after my health. I am free from pain and content. I did not, at past seventy-four, expect to recover, I ought rather to say gain strength, of which mighty little ever was my lot. I still creep about as nimbly as a tortoise, and, wishing to do nothing more

than I do, my situation is comfortable enough: and I take care not to look forward, not only because there may be no *forward* for me, but because at my age alteration must be for the worse. I should be still more in the wrong to trust to amendment from fine weather. If I turn to the left, I see my hay yonder soaking under the rain: and on the right I have a good fire. 'Tis pity we ever imported from the Continent ideas of summer. Nature gave us coal-mines in lieu of it, and beautiful verdure, which is inconsistent with it, so that an observation I made forty years ago is most true: that this country exhibits the most beautiful landscapes in the world, when they are framed and glazed; that is, when you look at them through the window.

With lawsuits I thank my stars and myself I am not disturbed. I gave up everything that I could have contested; and, though a vast deal of the vast injustice I have suffered came from the suggestion of lawyers, who were malicious even out of their profession and without interest, I have not put it into their power to plague me by employing them. I am merely a peg, on which the issue of a lawsuit hangs; and, as I do not take part in it, it does not molest my tranquillity. I wish you as long and as quiet an old age, and anything you wish in the meantime.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most affectionate humble servant,
ORFORD.

P.S. I am still in the dark, and to guess who the Horace Walpole—*homme âgé*—was who M. d'Ormesson says was frequently at the Royal Library, but has not been seen there for a whole year. It is most sure that an old Horace Walpole has not been there in seventeen years. And, if M. d'Ormesson can make an anachronism of seventeen years, it is not so wonderful that he should thank me in

1791 for a present I made in 1766, and which was not made *progressivement* but at once. It is like one of the mad rants in Lee's plays, when a lover begs the gods to *annihilate time and space* that he and his mistress may meet incontinently, at the expense only of many years and miles!

2856. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, June 27, 1792.

The wet and cold weather has so retarded my recovery, Madam, that if Strawberry had had a dry thread to its back, and I had not been so unwell ever since I came hither, I should have proposed to your Ladyship and Lord Ossory to honour me with a visit—yet though that eternal weeper the month of June has certainly done me no good, I need not look beyond myself to account for my weakness. Almost half a century of gout, with the addition of a quarter of one, would undermine a stronger frame than mine; and if I live to have another fit, it will probably for the remnant confine me to my own house. As I can but just creep about, I have less reason than most people now to complain of the climate; and as I love to find out consolations, I have discovered that nature, as a compensation, has given us verdure and coal-mines in lieu of summer; and, as I can afford to keep a good fire, and have a beautiful view from my window, why should I complain? I do not wish to amble to Ham Common and be disappointed of a pastoral at Mrs. Hobart's. Poor lady! She has already miscarried of two *fêtes* of which she was big, and yet next minute she was pregnant of another. Those *fausses couches* and Mrs. Jordan's epistle to her, and daily as well as nightly robberies, have occasioned as much cackling in this district as if a thousand hen-roosts had been disturbed at once. Three coaches coming in society, with a horseman besides,

from the play at Richmond, were robbed last week by a squadron of seven footpads, close to Mr. Cambridge's. If some check is not put to the hosts of banditti, Mr. T. Paine will soon be able to raise as well-disciplined an army as he could wish. But how can I talk even of the outrages that one foresees in speculation, when one reads the recent accounts of those of the Tuileries[1]! What barbarity in the monsters of Paris not at once to massacre the King and Queen, who have suffered a thousand deaths for three years together, trembling for themselves, for their children, and for each other! I almost hate the Kings of Hungary[2] and Prussia as much as the detestable Jacobins do, for not being already at the gates of Paris—ay, and while they suffer those wretches to exist, for conniving at the Tisiphone of the north[3]! They tolerate a diabolic anarchy and countenance the destruction of the most amiable and most noble of all revolutions that ever took place[4]. How can one make an option between monarchs and mobs!

Well! with all my lofty airs, so little is my mind, Madam, that I can turn from horror at mighty convulsions to indignation at puny spite and vulgar malice. How contemptible is the National Assembly! Not content with annihilating, vilifying, plundering and driving away their nobility, they have wreaked their paltry spleen on the title-

Letter 2856.—[1] On June 10 the Tuileries was attacked and captured by an armed mob. The King was insulted and was in great danger. He was saved partly by the intervention of some deputies popular with the people, and partly by his own coolness and courage.

[2] Francis II, who had succeeded Leopold on March 1, 1792. He was crowned as Emperor on July 14 in the same year.

[3] The Empress's designs on Poland were tolerated by Prussia and Austria, both of whom were to profit by a further partition.

[4] The new constitution of Poland was promulgated on May 4, 1791. 'On this occasion the *liberum veto* was decisively suppressed and the throne declared hereditary. The Elector of Saxony . . . was declared the successor of Stanislaus. The Roman Catholic was to be the dominant religion, but the Dissidents were to be tolerated. The burghers were to send deputies to the Diet on the same footing as the nobles. The peasants were not yet emancipated, but their condition was improved.' (*Encyc. Brit.*, art. Poland, vol. xix. p. 298.)

deeds and genealogies of the old families, and deprived the exiles of the miserable satisfaction of knowing who were their ancestors. Yet it will not surprise me if, as after burning the Bastile, they have crammed Orleans with state prisoners, they should turn the galleys into a Heralds' Office, and, like Cromwell, create Hewson the cobbler, and such heroes, dukes and peers!

Thursday.

I was interrupted yesterday, Madam, and am now going to London, not as you kindly advise, because Berkeley Square is wholesomer than the country (for *to-day* the weather is brave and shining, and what for want of sterling summer, one may call—almost—hot); but to receive money; which I have not done yet from my estate, or rather for selling one; out of the wreck of my nephew's fortune. Some lands that he had bought in the Fens, to *adorn* the parsonage-hovel that he inhabited at Eriswell, escaped and fell to me —by not being entailed, or pocketed, or remembered, and I have sold them for two thousand guineas. This will not enrich me, but will pay a fine for church lands that I must renew, in addition to the encumbrances charged on me for repayment of my own fortune and my brother's; the latter of which I certainly did not receive, nor either of us either, till precisely forty years after they had been bequeathed! How little did I think of ever being master of fen-lands and church lands, the latter of which I always abominated, and did not covet the former! I betray my ignorance in figures and calculations on every transaction; but, thank my stars, can laugh at myself, as much as I suppose my lawyers and agents do at me, especially when I tell them I care not how little I receive, provided my new wealth does not draw my private fortune into debt, which I have destined to those who will want it; and therefore I still crawl about with my pair of horses, and will not add a postillion, till at

the end of the year I shall know whether I really am to receive anything or not. This is the sum of my worldly prudence, Madam, and I am as indifferent about the balance of the estate, as I was about the title of (though not of being your Ladyship's ever devoted servant)

ORFORD.

2857. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, July 7, 1792.

I AM bound to thank your Ladyship for recommending the baths of Lisbon to me; but, ah, Madam, it is too late for Æson to try a new kettle! I cannot encounter the trouble and *ennui* of such a voyage, nor sacrifice six months, that I may possibly possess in tolerable comfort, for the chance of adding to my tattered rags of life half an ell more.

So we are forced to rejoice at Lord Cornwallis's victory over Tippoo[1]!—for we have usurped India till it is become part of our vitals, and we can no more afford to part with it than with a great artery;—and yet one has the assurance to rail at the grand usurpress[2], who would sluice all the veins of Europe and Asia to add another chapter to her murderous history. Well! if she dies soon, she will find the river Styx turned to a torrent of blood of her shedding! What! are there no *poissardes* at Petersburg? Are they afraid of a greater fury than themselves?—Or, don't they venerate her, because she is a Mirabeau in petticoats, and execrable enough to be a queen to their taste?

You will smile, Madam, when I tell you that t'other day I received a letter from a gentleman of the Society to propose to me to continue my nephew's subscription to

LETTER 2857.—[1] Lord Cornwallis laid siege to Seringapatam early in Feb. 1792. On Feb. 25 he had made such progress that Tippoo Sahib sued for peace. The news reached London on July 4, 1792, coming 'overland from the East Indies, viâ Bussorah.'

[2] The Czarina.

hawking[3] in Norfolk. If the Antiquarian Society would have engaged me in such a truly noble Gothic institution, I should have wondered less: I am well read in Juliana Berners's *Boke of St. Albans*, and know I am entitled to be drawn with a hawk on my fist to mark my nobility; but not being much versed in the practical part of the science, I shall decline enrolling myself in the band of falconers, till I have sued for seisin of my other baronial and manorial honours, which I have suffered to lie dormant, not being hitherto worth a knight's fee—nor, in truth, having ever ambitioned to be more than what I have been for above forty years, a burgess of Twickenham, and a retainer of the honour of Ampthill, and consequently

Your Ladyship's poor beadsman, the late H. W.

P.S. I have this moment received a letter from Lady Waldegrave, acquainting me with one she has just had from Lord Cornwallis, expressing his affectionate remembrance of his great friend her Lord, and assuring her that for his sake he will, while he lives, perform every office of friendship and assistance in his power to her and her children. How very amiable in the moment of victory to find Alexander, the conqueror of India, thinking of writing a consolatory letter to a widow at the other end of the world, and tying up a branch of cypress with a bundle of laurels and boughs of olive!

2858. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1792.

The Memoirs about which your Ladyship inquires are probably those of a Lady Fanshawe[1], wife, if I do not mistake,

[3] Hawking was one of the pursuits of Walpole's nephew and predecessor, the third Earl of Orford.

Letter 2858.—[1] Anne, daughter

of a Sir Richard Fanshawe, who, if I do not again mistake, died minister in Spain. They were shown to me a few years ago, and I had been told they were very curious, which was a little more than I found them, though not unentertaining; they chiefly dwelt on private domestic distresses, and on what the aristocrats of that time were apprehending from their enemies, who, however, were not such tigers and hyenas as the French of this day. Still so few private letters of the civil war from 1640 to 1660 have been preserved, probably from the fears of both writers and receivers, that one likes to read any details.

The letter pretended to be written by my father to the late King, advising a peerage to be conferred on Mr. Pulteney, I am thoroughly convinced, is spurious; the length alone would be suspicious—but I have better detection to offer. I was alone with Sir Robert when he came from St. James's the last time he saw George II, and when he had advised the peerage in question, of which he told me, and I have not forgotten the action of his hand, which he turned as when one locks a door, adding, 'I have shut the door on him.' Pulteney had gobbled the honour, but perceived his error too late, for the very first day that he entered the House of Lords he dashed his patent on the floor in a rage, and vowed he would never take it up; but it was too late—he had kissed the King's hand for it.

I am going to add two or three other paragraphs on another article of the *European Magazine*, that suggested your Ladyship's inquiries, but on a much more insignificant subject, myself. You may find there a letter signed 'Scrutator,' repeated from one printed in the *Cambridge Chronicle*[2]. Both affirm a most gross falsehood, viz. that

of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, Hertfordshire, and wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, first Baronet. She died in 1680. Her *Memoir* of her husband was first printed in 1829.

[2] See *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. iv. pp. 241–5.

I have denied having ever written to Chatterton. Had I done so, I must have been delirious, must have wantonly given myself the lie at the very moment that my veracity was proved. I had affirmed in my *printed* defence that I had answered his first letter. The lad's mother died last autumn, and in her custody was found that answer, which some of the lad's partisans printed. I had kept no copy, but it perfectly agreed with my account, and I am persuaded was genuine. A few months afterwards, in a subsequent magazine, appeared a letter signed by a barbarous name, maintaining that I had desired my friends to declare that I never had answered a letter of Chatterton. This was too absurd to deserve notice; but Dr. Farmer [3], without the smallest connection with me, published a few lines showing the impossibility that I could ever have expressed such a desire, so destructive of my own cause and credit, and hinting a very just suspicion of the unknown letter-writer, who, I have no doubt, was the same person as 'Scrutator,' and invented the first falsehood as a ground for the second, choosing to confound two facts that had not the least relation to each other, and which stood thus. Poor Barrett, author of the *History of Bristol*, printed there two letters to me [4] found among Chatterton's papers, and which the simple man imagined the lad had sent to me, but most assuredly never did, as too preposterous even for him to venture, after he had found that I began to suspect his forgeries; for instance, he had ascribed the invention of heraldry to Hengist, and of painted glass to an unknown monk in the reign of King Edmund. On seeing those

[3] Dr. Richard Farmer, Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

[4] There are two letters of Chatterton to Walpole among the Chatterton MSS. in the British Museum, both of which are marked in Chatterton's handwriting 'Never sent.' The first letter is in his own handwriting and is dated April 14, 1769. It bears no address and shows no sign of having been posted. The second letter is not in Chatterton's writing, and bears no date. It seems to be a copy by Barrett, the beginning of whose signature can be observed under that of Chatterton.

marvellous productions, I wrote to Dr. Lort declaring I never had received those two letters, and begging he would affirm so. This denial is now converted into a denial of a letter I did write, and have declared I did; and for all this blundering and incredible falsehood I am persuaded I am obliged to Dr. Glynn, an old doting physician and Chattertonian at Cambridge. But I have too much contempt both for him and anonymous writers, who, by concealing themselves, betray a consciousness of guilt, to make any reply, though I am persuaded that a farther forgery hereafter is meditated, by the pains that have been taken to bolster up the present plan by authenticating my handwriting before a notary public, though I certainly never denied it, and do believe it mine, though I have not seen it, by its agreeing with my own account of the substance. What solemn folly! what transparent artifice! but, as my kind letter of advice to Chatterton was probably found too among the lad's papers, and is *not* published, though I have demanded it should be, I conclude it is meant, when I shall be no more, to produce a forged one of no kind complexion. But who will believe it mine? I don't say but those who forge it will assert their belief of it; but my antagonists having displayed too much propensity to charge me, it is totally incredible if they were in possession of a scrap that would hurt me, that they would suppress it; and therefore, as similitude of hands may be forged, no notary public will persuade any fair person that a harsh letter, circumstantiating my want of truth, and which I have dared and defied any person possessed of such a paper to exhibit publicly, could exist, and would not have been produced to my confusion while I am living. When I shall be dead it can only recoil on the fabricators, and therefore I shall beseech your Ladyship to preserve this letter, and permit it to appear, if you shall

ever hereafter see such a false accusation arise, as, on my honour, I assure you it must be, if a letter of advice from me to Chatterton does not appear as kind as a parent or guardian could have written to that rash and unhappy adventurer.

I beg a million of pardons for troubling your Ladyship with this detail, and still more with this request; but, as I have declared in print that I would enter no more into that strange and silly controversy, and as I scorn to stoop to answer nameless antagonists, I presume to deposit my defence, should it ever be necessary, in such noble and friendly hands as your Ladyship's, and leave Dr. Glynn and such contemptible adversaries to wage war without an opponent, like a man that plays at cards alone, right hand against left—very merry pastime! Your Ladyship's most devoted,

ORFORD.

2858*. To JOSEPH COOPER WALKER.

SIR, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1792.

As I conclude by the notice you was pleased to give me that you are by this time arrived at Paris, I would by no means neglect thanking you for the Italian pamphlet you was so good as to send to me, for which I am much obliged to you.

You have long been so prejudiced in favour of my tragedy, Sir, that I doubt you think others are so too. I wish it deserved such partiality.

I have the honour of being with great regard and gratitude, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

LETTER 2858*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. Maggs Bros.

2859. To ———.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1792.

Flattering myself with the hopes of a visit from you, I will, as the weather at last seems settled and not deplorable as it has been, propose to you to accept a bed here and dinner, either on Monday or Tuesday next; whichever will be most convenient to you will be equally agreeable to

Your obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

2860. To THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 18, 1792.

I HAVE wanted to write to vent myself, Madam, but the French have destroyed the power of words; there is neither substantive nor epithet that can express the horror they have excited[1]! Brutal insolence, bloody ferocity, savage barbarity, malicious injustice, can no longer be used but of some civilized country, where there is still some appearance of government. Atrocious *frenzy* would, till these days, have sounded too outrageous to be pronounced of a whole city—now it is too temperate a phrase for Paris, and would seem to palliate the enormity of their guilt by supposing madness the spring of it—but though one pities a herd of swine that are actuated by demons to rush into the sea, even those diabolical vagaries are momentary, not stationary; they do not last for three years together, nor

LETTER 2859.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N.Y.).

LETTER 2860.—[1] Walpole alludes to the 'Journée du 10 Août.' On Aug. 10, 1792, the Parisians of the faubourgs and a large body of Marseillais attacked and captured the Tuileries. The King and his family took refuge with the Legislative Assembly. The Swiss Guards, who gallantly resisted the mob, were all killed.

infect a whole nation—thank God! it is but one nation that has ever produced *two massacres* of Paris!

I have lived too long! I confess I did not conceive how abominable human nature could be on so extensive a scale as from Paris to Marseilles; nor indeed so absurd. I did not apprehend that you could educate and polish men, till you made them ten times worse than the rudest ignorance could produce. I have been shocked at scalping Indians—but I never despised savages, because they are only cruel to *enemies*, and have had no instruction, nor means of it—it is well for them!—A band of philosophers, academicians, and pedants would train them in few years to be systematic wolves and tigers; would teach them to contradict all their own professions and acts; to provoke the most injudicious wars; to wish to be a republic and massacre 800 republicans in a morning of a country whose forces and intrepidity they ought to dread; and to pull down one prison where there were but six men confined, and turn a large city (Orleans) into a jail, cram it with prisoners whom they never dared to try, because probably guiltless; and thence sentence them all to be massacred at once, because—who can imagine why, unless that the Parisians were not drunk enough with blood!

But of all their barbarities the most inhuman has been their *not* putting the poor wretched King and Queen to death three years ago! If thousands have been murdered, tortured, broiled, it has been extempore; but Louis and his Queen have suffered daily deaths in apprehension for themselves and their children. Oh that Catherine Slay-Czar had been Queen of France in the room of Antoinette! I do not say it would have been any security for her *husband's* life; but it would have saved thousands and thousands of other lives, and preserved the late new, amiable, and disinterested constitution of Poland. Well,

that fury of the north has barefaced her own hypocrisy—she pretended to give a code of laws to her ruffians, and to emancipate their slaves, and now plunges the poor Poles again into vassalage under a vile system!

Esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna
Nec pueri credunt nisi qui nondum aere[2],

that is, who have not the brazen front of Catherine.

Did you read, Madam, the beautiful protest of Malachowski, the Marshal of the Diet? I am glad some sweet herbs spring up amidst so many poisonous plants. The Austrian and Prussian for confederating with Catherine deserve only to be saved to scourge France. Their declaring against conquest for themselves but assures me more of their meaning it; and partitioned I hope France may be: it will be better for the French; a smaller kingdom may have some freedom—if French can deserve to be free; a vast kingdom cannot be; and it would be better for Europe, and for us, too, though, thank them, it will be long before they can or will do anything but sluice their own veins! They are cursed with infernal *Phœnixes*; a Pétion[3] springs from a Mirabeau's ashes! What a nation they are! Even their vanity amidst all their miseries and disgraces is not to be allayed, is unalterable. T'other night, at the Duke of Queensberry's, the Viscount de Noailles, one of the hottest heads of the first National Assembly, but who is come hither, I believe, despairing of the cause, desired to be presented to me. I knew him when he was here formerly, and in France, but did not intend to remember him. In a tone of much civility and compliment he said, 'Vous avez fait de grandes avances.' I did not guess what he meant. He continued: 'Oui, vous êtes fort avancés

[2] Juv. ii. 149.

[3] Jérôme Pétion de Villeneuve (1753-1794), at this time Mayor of Paris. He had offered no opposition to the recent attack on the Tuileries.

dans les vêtemens, dans la nourriture.' I believe he thought he remembered that we used twenty years ago to wear goat-skins, and live upon haws and acorns. I saw he meant to be civil, so would not answer, 'Oui, nous sommes le plus florissant pays de l'Europe.'

You will like a speech of Lord William Gordon. Madame de Gand, the Duke's passion, in one of these hot evenings, had the fire lighted, and was sitting with her back to it, literally on the hearth. Lord William said, 'I see the Duke likes his meat overdone.'

Madame de Coigny[4], who is here, too, and has a great deal of wit, on hearing that the mob at Paris have burnt the bust of their late favourite, Monsieur d'Épremenil, said, 'Il n'y a rien qui brûle sitôt que les lauriers secs.'

I recollect that your Ladyship bade me answer Mrs. Somebody's novel called *Desmond*. Indeed, I cannot—I have never seen it nor ever will. I neither answer Dr. Glynn, nor a *poissarde*. Twenty years ago I might have laughed at both; but they are too little fry, and I am too old to take notice of them. Besides, when leviathans and crocodiles and alligators tempest and infest the ocean, I shall not go a privateering in a cock-boat against a smuggling pinnace, any more than I would have subscribed my silver shoe-buckles or corkscrew with my Lord Mayor and Co., to save Poland from an army of 200,000 Russians.

Adieu, Madam.

2861. To Miss Hannah More.

My dear Saint Hannah, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 21, 1792.

I have frequently been going to write to you, but checked myself. You are so good and so bad, that I feared I should

[4] Louise Marthe de Conflans d'Armentières (d. 1832), wife of the Marquis de Coigny.

interrupt some act of benevolence on one side; and, on the other, that you would not answer my letter in three months. I am glad to find, as an Irishman would say, that the way to make you answer is not to speak first. But, ah, I am a brute to upbraid any moment of your silence, though I regretted it when I hear that your kind intentions have been prevented by frequent cruel pain! and that even your rigid abstemiousness does not remove your complaints. Your heart is always aching for others, and your head for yourself. Yet the latter never hinders the activity of the former. What must your tenderness not feel now, when a whole nation of monsters is burst forth? This *second* massacre of Paris has exhibited horrors that even surpass the former. Even the Queen's women were butchered in the Tuileries, and the tigers chopped off the heads from the dead bodies, and tossed them into the flames of the palace. The tortures of the poor King and Queen, from the length of their duration, surpass all example; and the brutal insolence with which they were treated on the 12th, all invention. They were dragged through the Place Vendôme to see the statue of Louis the Fourteenth in fragments, and told it was to be the King's fate; and he, the most harmless of men, was told he is a monster; and this after three years of sufferings! King, and Queen, and children, were shut up in a room, without nourishment, for twelve hours. One who was a witness has come over, and says he found the Queen sitting on the floor, trembling like an aspen in every limb, and her sweet boy the Dauphin asleep against her knee! She has not one woman to attend her that she ever saw, but a companion of her misery, the King's sister[1], an heroic virgin saint, who, on the former irruption into the palace, flew to and clung to her brother, and being mistaken for the Queen, and the hellish fiends wishing to

Letter 2861.—[1] Madame Élisabeth, guillotined in 1794.

murder her, and somebody aiming to undeceive them, she said, 'Ah! ne les détrompez pas!' Was not that sentence the sublime of innocence? But why do I wound your thrilling nerves with the relation of such horrible scenes? Your *blackmanity* must allot some of its tears to these poor victims. For my part, I have an abhorrence of politics, if one can so term these tragedies, which make one harbour sentiments one naturally abhors; but can one refrain without difficulty from exclaiming such wretches should be exterminated? They have butchered hecatombs of Swiss, even to *porters* in private houses, because they often are, and always are called, *le Suisse*. Think on fifteen hundred persons, probably more, butchered on the 12th, in the space of eight hours. Think on premiums voted for the assassination of several princes—and do not think that such execrable proceedings have been confined to Paris; no, Avignon, Marseilles, &c., are still smoking with blood! Scarce the Alecto of the north, the legislatress and the usurper of Poland, has occasioned the spilling of larger torrents!

I am almost sorry that your letter arrived at this crisis—I cannot help venting a little of what haunts me. But it is better to thank Providence for the tranquillity and happiness we enjoy in this country, in spite of the philosophizing serpents we have in our bosom, the Paines, the Tookes, and the Woolstoncrafts[2]. I am glad you have not read the tract of the last-mentioned writer. I would not look at it, though assured it contains neither metaphysics nor politics; but as she entered the lists in the latter, and borrowed her title from the demon's book, which aimed at spreading the *wrongs* of men, she is excommunicated

[2] Mary Wollstonecraft (1759–1797), at this time engaged in literary work in London. She published her *Vindication of the Rights of Women* in 1792. She married William Godwin the philosopher in March 1797, and died in the following September.

from the pale of my library. We have had enough of new systems, and the world a great deal too much already.

Let us descend to private life. Your friend Mrs. Boscawen, I fear, is unhappy: she has lost most suddenly her son-in-law, Admiral Leveson[3]. I sent to inquire after her yesterday.

Mrs. Garrick I have scarcely seen this whole summer. She is a liberal Pomona to me—I will not say an Eve; for though she reaches fruit to me, she will never let me in, as if I were a boy, and would rob her orchard.

As you interest yourself about a certain trumpery old person I with infinite gratitude will add a line on him. He is very tolerably well, weak enough certainly, yet willing to be contented; he is satisfied with knowing he is at his best. Nobody grows stronger at seventy-five, nor recovers the use of limbs half lost; nor—though neither deaf nor blind, nor in the latter most material point at all impaired; nor, as far as he can find on strictly watching himself, much damaged as to common uses in his intellects—does the gentleman expect to avoid additional decays, if his life shall be further protracted. He has been too fortunate not to be most thankful for the past, and most submissive for what is to come, be it more or less. He forgot to say that the warmth of his heart towards those he loves and esteems has not suffered the least diminution, and consequently he is as fervently as ever Saint Hannah's most sincere friend and humble servant,

ORFORD.

[3] Admiral Hon. John Leveson-Gower, fourth surviving son of first Earl Gower.

2862. To John Pinkerton.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 27, 1792.

I am exceedingly flattered by your kind attention to Miss Berry; and I assure you she is so too, though she will not allow that she has any title to such a distinction, and to so valuable a present. The acquaintance, I hope, will increase; and I have full confidence that both will mutually be convinced that I have not exaggerated a tittle in what I have respectively said to you of each other; and it shall not be my fault if you have not frequent opportunities of putting my assertions to the test. I shall be too great a gainer myself by making the experiment; as I trust it will be executed here, and that you will give me leave to summon you as soon as I have received one or two companies that I have engaged to come to me for a few days.

Many thanks for the medal. Do not trouble yourself about the other: I have got one which has been sent to me by a person of whom Kirgate had inquired where it was to be had.

2863. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 31, 1792.

Your long letter and my short one crossed one another upon the road. I knew I was in your debt; but I had nothing to say but what you know better than I; for you read all the French papers, and I read none, as they have long put me out of all patience: and besides, I hear so much of their horrific proceedings, that they quite disturb

Letter 2862.—Not in C.; reprinted from Pinkerton's *Literary Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 319.

me, and have given me what I call the French disease; that is, a barbarity that I abhor, for I cannot help wishing destruction to thousands of human creatures whom I never saw. But when men have worked themselves up into tigers and hyenas, and labour to communicate their appetite for blood, what signifies whether they walk on two legs or four, or whether they dwell in cities, or in forests and dens? Nay, the latter are the more harmless wild beasts; for they only cranch a poor traveller now and then, and when they are famished with hunger: the others, though they have dined, cut the throats of some hundreds of poor Swiss for an afternoon's luncheon. Oh, the execrable nation!

I cannot tell you any new particulars, for Mesdames de Cambis and d'Hennin, my chief informers, are gone to Goodwood to the poor Duchesse de Biron, of whose recovery I am impatient to hear; and so I am of the cause of her very precipitate flight and panic. She must, I think, have had strong motives; for two years ago I feared she was much too courageous, and displayed her intrepidity too publicly. If I did not always condemn the calling *b*ad people *m*ad people, I should say all Paris is gone distracted: they furnish provocation to every species of retaliation, by publishing rewards for assassination of kings and generals, and cannot rest without incensing all Europe against them.

The Duchess of York gave a great entertainment at Oatlands on her Duke's birthday; sent to his tradesmen in town to come to it, and allowed two guineas apiece to each for their carriage; gave them a dance, and opened the ball herself with the Prince of Wales. A company of strollers came to Weybridge to act in a barn: she was solicited to go to it, and did out of charity, and carried all her servants. Next day a Methodist teacher came to

preach a charity sermon in the same theatre, and she consented to hear it on the same motive; but her servants desired to be excused, on not understanding English. 'Oh,' said the Duchess, 'but you went to the comedy, which you understood less, and you shall go to the sermon'; to which she gave handsomely, and for them. I like this.

Tack this to my other fragment, and then, I trust, I shall not be a defaulter in correspondence. I own I am become an indolent poor creature: but is that strange? With seventy-five years over my head, or on the point of being so; with a chalkstone in every finger; with feet so limping, that I have been but twice this whole summer round my own small garden; and so much weaker than I was, can I be very comfortable, but when sitting quiet and doing nothing? All my strength consists in my sleep, which is as vigorous as at twenty: but with regard to letter-writing, I have so many to write on business which I do not understand, since the unfortunate death of my nephew, that, though I make them as brief as possible, half a dozen short ones tire me as much as a long one to an old friend; and as the busy ones must be executed, I trespass on the others, and remit them to another day. Norfolk has come very *mal à propos* into the end of my life, and certainly never entered into my views and plans, and I, who could never learn the multiplication table, was not intended to transact leases, direct repairs of farmhouses, settle fines for church lands, negotiate for lowering interest on mortgages, &c. In short, as I was told formerly, though I know several things, I never understood anything useful. Apropos, the letter of which Lady Cecilia Johnstone told you is not at all worth your seeing. It was an angry one to a parson who oppresses my tenants, and will go to law with them about tithes. She came in as I was writing it; and as

I took up the character of parson myself, and preached to him as pastor of a flock which it did not become him to lead into the paths of law, instead of those of peace, I thought it would divert, and showed it to her. Adieu! I have been writing to you till midnight, and my poor fingers ache.

Yours ever,
ORFORD.

2864. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 4, 1792.

I should have been very happy, Madam, if your Ladyship's attendance on Lady Ravensworth would have allowed you to honour me with a visit as Lord Ossory did: I did not know she had been ill, and am rejoiced to hear of her recovery.

The day before yesterday I had been out for half an hour, and at my return found at my gate the Attorney-General[1] and Lady Louisa, and, to my great surprise, Lady Sutherland[2] and her eldest boy[3], though they had arrived from Paris[4] but two nights before. It proves the great tranquillity and courage with which her Ladyship behaved there, when, after so long an absence and such scenes of horror, she is calm enough to have a mind to see my house. I had the honour of knowing her a little, and of dining with her before the embassy, but little thought of seeing her here at this moment. She is much improved in beauty. Lord

Letter 2864. — [1] Sir Archibald Macdonald.

[2] Elizabeth Sutherland (1765–1839), *suo jure* Countess of Sutherland; m. (1785) George Granville Leveson-Gower, Earl Gower, eldest son of first Marquis of Stafford, whom he succeeded in 1803; Earl Gower was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

[3] George Granville Leveson-Gower, styled Lord Strathnaver, afterwards second Duke of Sutherland.

[4] Lord Gower had been Ambassador at Paris, but was recalled on the imprisonment of the French royal family.

Strathearn is a very pretty child, and so impregnated with what he has seen and heard, that he was surprised at seeing no cannon in the streets of London, and asked the Attorney-General where they were; and perceiving some points of rails higher than others, he said—'But there *are* pikes here!' I believe he would have found none, nor cannon, at Warsaw, had Catherine Slay-Czar suffered their glorious constitution to take place.

When your Ladyship's querist will show me a glimpse of resemblance between the Diet of Poland and the former National Assembly in France, even from their outset, I will for that moment of similitude, if it can be discovered, admire the latter as I adore the former: but I am no dupe to words, nor honour the term revolution for the mere sound. A revolution is not to be commended for simply overturning a government, though as bad as that of France was. A mob, or a Czarina, or janizaries, can destroy good or bad. A revolution, before it has any claim to praise, must give a better government, and that can only be done by integrity, wisdom, and temper, as our revolution did, and as the generous and disinterested Poles would have done—*sed diis aliter visum!* I should rather say *diabolis.* Pedantry, actuated by envy and every species of injustice and barbarity, and impregnated with vanity and insolence, and void of any plan but that of seizing power, and, I believe, plunder, were not likely to produce patriots, and, still less, legislators. Accordingly, beginning by disregarding and disobeying that first groundwork of liberty, the intentions and instructions of the whole nation their constituents, they hurried into contradicting their own decrees as fast as they made them, pronounced property sacred and seized it everywhere, declared for universal peace and usurped Papal and German dominions, proclaimed everybody at liberty to live where they pleased, but burnt their

houses and forced them to fly, and then confiscated their estates if they did not return at the hazard of their lives. The option of perjury or starving was another benefit bestowed on all the conscientious clergy. The Bastille (where only six prisoners were found, rather a moderate number for such a capital as Paris) was destroyed, and every other prison was crammed, nay, the city of Orleans was turned into a vast jail, whence nobody was even indulged with a trial; and, at last, by every species of artifice, falsehood, and imposture, the philosophic legislators, and their excrements the clubs, have worked themselves and the people up to such a pitch of infernal frenzy, that they have produced a second St. Barthélemi, and realized what has been thought a legend in history—in short, a whole senate has assumed the accursed dignity of the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' and spawned a legion of assassins! and with still more impudence, for he did not proclaim his mandates openly for the murder of princes and generals.

The *former* National Assembly did not commit *all* these atrocious enormities, but they led the way, and checked none. Did they punish the barbarities at Avignon and at other places? What excesses did they disapprove? What liberty did they confer but that of leaving every man free to hang and murder whom he pleased? In short, Madam, they have blasted and branded liberty—perhaps for centuries—and for that and their barbarity, I abhor them; and by destroying their own country—who can foresee for how long? Posterity will look on them with horror; and their not having in three years of convulsions produced one man, but the villainous Mirabeau, eminent for abilities, on the contrary, legions of folly, absurdity, and ignorance, will give future generations as much contempt for the French as devout people have for the Jews.

If anybody from such a mass of detestable proceedings

can pick out a moment where I am to stop and admire, and where I am to divide my partiality to the Poles with the revolutionists in France, or to rank the Barnaves, Lameths, and Noailleses with that true patriot Malachowski, whose honest and humane protest brought the tears into my eyes, I will confess that I have been blind for a moment; or I will even go so far as to say for the term *revolution*—

> *Quod si non aliam venturo fata* Neroni
> *Invenere viam—*
> *Scelera ipsa nefasque*
> *Hac mercede placent.*

The Polish revolution and ours were noble, wise, and moderate—wise because moderate; but to subvert all justice and order for pedantic and speculative experiments, without having anything to substitute in their places, as their contradictions have demonstrated, is the acme of folly, incapacity, and ignorance of human nature; and I shall take leave to despise the late august Diet—the present is below contempt; and if the nation ever recovers its senses, it will be ashamed of descending from such progenitors. Adieu, Madam; but pray set me on writing no more declamations.

2865. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1792.

Madam, I return the enclosed as soon as I can, not thinking it at all right to keep it—indeed, it frightens me; but I hope you will not treat my poor rhapsodies in the same manner: they are always the skimmings of my thoughts at the moment of writing, and the next day I do not at all recollect what I have written. Above all things, I would not have the presumption even to seem to enter into a controversy with Mr. Fitzpatrick; I have too

high an opinion of his parts and wit to think myself in any degree a match for him—half superannuated as I know myself, I should yield to understandings much inferior to his. Indeed, I always do shun disputes. Whatever can be known to a certainty, is known; what cannot be, may never be decided. I have another cogent reason for avoiding disputation; I may very likely, in arguing, set out in the wrong; and if I do, I am pretty sure of remaining so, as one grows partial to one's own arguments.

How long the French remained in the right at the beginning of the Revolution, may be a question—if they are so still, and if the butchery of 4000 prisoners, men and women, untried, is a necessary and common consequence of reformation or self-defence—mercy on me!—I shall be persuaded that I am a good deal more than *half* superannuated, for I certainly cannot beat any such horrible opinion into the head of my Whiggism. I know I have always been a coward on points of religion and politics. About twenty years ago, in a conversation on those topics with that speculative heroine, Mrs. Macaulay, I shocked her by avowing, that had I been Luther, and thoroughly convinced—a little more perhaps than he was—that I should be perfectly in the right in attacking the Church of Rome, yet could I have foreseen (and perhaps he ought to have foreseen) that in order to save the souls of as many unborn millions as you please, I should be the occasion of spilling the blood—come, I will be moderate, and say, of only three hundred thousand living persons, I should have boggled, and nothing but a very palpable angel indeed, with a most substantial commission from heaven, would have persuaded me to register my patent in the chancery of my conscience, and set about the business.

For the hosts of assassins at Paris I think them palpable devils; and a little worse than the spiritual ones, of whom

we are told. They corroborate too an old axiom, that extremes meet; enthusiasm and philosophy are those extremes, and have proved of the same trade. What can be said for the late massacres at Paris, and those that have been raging for three years there, at Avignon, Marseilles, &c., that is not pleadable for the St. Barthélemi, for the slaughter of the Vaudois, for the destruction of the Mexicans and Peruvians, and for the ravages by Mahomet and the Ottomans? Why, certain men, Charles IX, Philip II, Louis XIV, and their similars, *thought* they were warranted to sacrifice any number of their fellow creatures in order to make other numbers something happier—in the sentiments of those self-constituted executioners. For the people of France, till they were told otherwise by the philosophers, I doubt a little whether they were a quarter so unhappy as they are at present, especially having had that singular felicity, as Frenchmen, of thinking that France was in every point preferable to the rest of the universe. But here I will stop, and neither now nor any more touch on the subject. My opinions are for myself. I meddle not with those of others, nor are they of importance to me, who have so little time to remain here. I am only concerned to have a worse opinion of mankind than I thought it possible to conceive, or than any reading had given me, for this last butchery in the prisons was, as far as I know, unparalleled. The story of the 'Old Man of the Mountain' and his assassins was rife at the time of the crusades: I do not recollect at this moment in what books it is to be found. They are, I believe, mentioned by Joinville[1], and perhaps in general dictionaries—posterity will find the revival of them in the records of the most august Diet in the world, and in all the histories of the Revolution in France!

Letter 2865.—[1] See *Histoire de Saint Louis*, chapters lxxxix and xc.

In the midst of these atrocious scenes, it is impossible now and then not to smile, not only at the egregious follies and puerilities of the Assembly and its tribunes, whose panic and despair break out in insolence, while no enemy is actually in sight, and who butcher women because they dread the Duke of Brunswick; but collateral incidents are too ludicrous not to check one's sighs, and loosen one's muscles. In the midst of the massacre of Monday last Mr. Merry, immortalized not by his verses but by those of the *Baviad*, was mistaken for the Abbé Maury[2], and was going to be hoisted to the *lanterne*. He cried out he was Merry the poet—the ruffians, who probably had never read the scene in Shakespeare, yet replied, 'Then we will hang you for your bad verses'—but he escaped better than Cinna, I don't know how, and his fright cost him but a few *gossamery tears*—and I suppose he will be happy to recross the *silky ocean*, and return to shed dolorous nonsense in rhyme over the woes of *this* happy country.

P.S. I was a hearty American, Madam, as you know well, and never heard of massacres there in cold blood; and Poland showed that revolutions may be effected without assassination. The French have stabbed liberty for centuries, and made despotism itself preferable to such tyrannic anarchy. Muley Ishmael, King of Morocco, it is true, used for a morning's exercise to dispatch a dozen or two of his subjects; but he would have been sadly tired and overheated if he had aimed at lopping a fourth or even an eighth part of the heads that fell in the prisons at Paris on the *bloody Monday*; and besides Muley's victims thought it a mighty honour, if not the high road to Paradise, to die by the royal hand. I scarcely think that the Parisian

[2] Jean Siffrein Maury (1746–1817), politician and orator, afterwards a cardinal. He was at this time in exile.

butchers meant any favour to those they sacrificed, though they cut the throats of 120 poor priests, who had preferred beggary to perjury and violation of their consciences. If liberty can digest such a hecatomb without kicking, she must have a pretty strong stomach—not Catherine of Russia a stronger. I wish she had been Queen of France for the last three years!—Your Ladyship's devoted, &c.

2866. To the Rev. Robert Nares[1].

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 12, 1792.

Oh, Sir, what horrible tragedies since I had the pleasure of seeing you! I would write in red ink, as only suitable to such deeds, would it not look like using a Parisian dagger—a second and a third St. Bartélemi in the same town!—and the same town to have plunged into such an ocean of blood after wading through three years of gore! Every day refines on the barbarity of the former. On the 4th of August seven thousand persons at least were murdered—the tigers could not rest a full month: on the third of this they butchered four thousand defenceless prisoners[2] of both sexes, all untried, and all confined by jealousy and suspicion—amongst these were 120 conscientious priests, whose sole crime was to have preferred beggary to perjury—too familiar to the perpetrators, who enforce new oaths to every new-fangled system, and consequently are every time perjured. Amongst the victims was the good old Cardinal

Letter 2866.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. R. Smith.

[1] Robert Nares (1753–1829), at this time chaplain to the Duke of York, and Assistant Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. Nares was afterwards Archdeacon of Stafford and Canon of Lichfield. In 1793 he established the *British Critic*. He was also successively Assistant Librarian and Keeper of MSS. at the British Museum. He published his well-known *Glossary* in 1822.

[2] The number of the victims of the 'Journées de Septembre' is exaggerated by Walpole. 1089 persons appear to have been massacred in Paris, including 200 priests.

de la Rochefoucault [3], past fourscore, and the Archbishop of Arles [4], guilty of the same virtues.

The ferocity that assassinated the Princesse de Lamballe [5] is unexampled. In her terror she lost her senses—the monsters paused till she came to herself, that she might feel the whole of her sufferings! The epilogue to her martyrdom was scarce less horrible. They forced the King and Queen to stand at the window and behold the trunkless head on a pike!—and this, in that delicate Paris, that has always reproached our theatre with being too sanguinary—oh no, to be sure they required that our actors and actresses should commit actual murders on the stage. Perhaps you suppose that barbarity's invention has been exhausted—by no means—at least in the newest edition of the Jacobin Code, it is said, 'When thou committest murder, add the luxury of making the nearest relations of the sufferer witnesses to his sufferings'—accordingly, the Duc de la Rochefoucault [6], one of the most zealous patriarchs of the Revolution, growing shocked at the increasing enormities, quitted the party last July, and was retired with his family to the seat of his mother the Duchesse d'Anville, who had also been a staunch republican. Jacobin vengeance and Jacobin emissaries pursued him thither, and butchered him and his nephew, a youth—but previously compelled the Duke's mother and wife, this to behold her husband, the other her son and grandson, murdered before their eyes.

My pen is weary of recounting such hellish enormities—

[3] Walpole was mistaken as to the Cardinal Dominique de la Rochefoucauld, who emigrated after the '10th of August.' He was at this time seventy-nine years of age, and died in 1800. Two prelates of the La Rochefoucauld family, however, were massacred during the 'Journées de Septembre'—François Joseph de la Rochefoucauld-Bayers (b. 1735), Bishop of Beauvais, and his brother Pierre Louis, Bishop of Saintes.

[4] Jean Marie Dulau. His archbishopric was suppressed in 1790.

[5] She was murdered in the prison of La Force.

[6] Louis Alexandre (1743–1792), Duc de la Roche-Guyon et la Rochefoucauld d'Anville, murdered at Gisors.

many of which you probably knew before—but I repeat them to whet your indignation—you promised me to renew your honest labours—but your pen you must dip in gall. Before, you wrote with temper and moderation, and the dulled public had no taste left for excellent sense and judgement. You must strike to make them feel, and lenitives will not work on the populace, who swallow poisons every day from Jacobin agents both French and domestic. It is the duty of every honest man to impress a sense of these horrors as much as he can, especially before servants at table, that they may have arguments to combat the enemy. Retail my facts, but do not let my letter be seen out of your own hands, nor would I by any means have you own what you write—Jacobins have long pikes as well as stilettos, and I will indubitably not counsel you to do what I would not do myself, who am with most sincere esteem and admiration,

Dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
ORFORD.

2867. To the Earl of Lisburne.

MY LORD, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 17, 1792.

With the great respect I have had for your Lordship ever since I had the honour of your acquaintance, I must be much vexed, and indeed am much surprised that Mrs. Keppel forgot to repeat exactly the words I said to her when she delivered your Lordship's commands to me. I told her directly that I had offered the refusal of my burgage-tenures at Ashurton[1] to Mr. Trefusis[2], and there-

LETTER 2867.—Not in C.; now printed from original in British Museum (Add. MSS. 2137).

[1] So in MS.; Ashburton in Devonshire. The moiety of the burgage-tenures there came to Horace Walpole from his nephew.

[2] Robert George William Trefusis

fore must give him the preference. Mrs. Keppel, with the laudable zeal which I know she has for your Lordship and your family, immediately asked if I would promise your Lordship the next refusal, if I should not agree with Mr. Trefusis—I replied, 'My dear Madam, I do not love to make promises; but I will tell you one thing; whoever purchases my burgage-tenures will buy them dear, for I have so little left to me of the possessions of my family, that I am determined to make the most I can of the outlying parts that are unconnected with my estate in Norfolk.'

This, if not the very words, was the precise substance of my answer to Mrs. Keppel, which I concluded she had reported to your Lordship. Mr. Trefusis did accept my offer, and my agent is actually gone into Devonshire to negotiate the sale with him.

I must repeat my concern that it is not in my power to oblige your Lordship as I should have been happy to have done—I have not the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Trefusis, nor ever saw him; but his becoming heir to my nephew in Devonshire naturally pointed him out to me as the person who would wish to enjoy the rest of the property there; and my own interest suggested that he would thence give the best price; though there is a circumstance, not necessary to trouble your Lordship with, which may occasion my making some abatement to him, which I should not allow to any other person.

This is speaking very frankly, my Lord, but I scorn disguise; and having no reason to be ashamed of my intentions, which are strictly just, it would be unbecoming my respect for your Lordship, and unbecoming myself, to conceal anything in this affair, in which you might think

(d. 1797), who in 1794 established his claim to the barony of Clinton. (See Table I.)

hereafter that I had been wanting to you or to my own sincerity and plain dealing.

I have the honour to be with the highest esteem,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient
Humble servant,
ORFORD.

2868. To the Bishop of Dromore.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1792.

It was not, I assure your Lordship, from any idleness or want of attention to the intended publications, with specimens of which you was pleased to entrust me, that I did not contribute any hints or information: but I have formerly scribbled so much on the subjects in question, and have of late been so much involved, since my nephew's death, in much more disagreeable business, that I had not only exhausted what I knew, but have had no time to collect new materials, except one single article, which I will mention before I conclude this letter.

With regard to Sir Thomas Wyat's Dispatches, I cannot satisfy your Lordship whether there are more than four in the Museum. It was from Mr. Gray's transcript that I published Sir Thomas's defence: at this distance of time I cannot recollect whether he copied the letters too.

Give me leave to set your Lordship right about my *Miscellaneous Antiquities.* I never published but *two* numbers: in the second (which you tell me you have, my Lord) is all I know or could recover relative to Sir Thomas, and consequently I never engaged to say more of him. The first number shall be at your Lordship's service when you come to town. I am much obliged and gladly accept,

my Lord, your kind offer of sending me, at your return to Dromore, a copy of the title-page of the Countess of Northumberland's[1] volume of prayers, of which I never heard before. My friend Lady Suffolk, her niece by marriage, has talked to me of her, having on that alliance visited her. She then lived in the house, now White's, at the upper end of St. James's Street, and was the last who kept up the ceremonious state of the old peerage: when she went out to visit, a footman bareheaded walked on each side of her coach, and a second coach with her women attended her. I think too that Lady Suffolk told me that her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset, never sat down before her without her leave to do so. I suppose old Duke Charles[2] had imbibed a good quantity of his stately pride in such a school.

Thank you much, my Lord, for taking the trouble to detail the account of Fuller's[3] pictures of the escape of Charles the Second. I have some imperfect recollection of having heard that they are in Lord Clanbrassil's possession, and am glad they are so well preserved. Surely, my Lord, so entertaining and informing a letter was too generous to be in want of an apology. To make some sort of return, I can acquaint your Lordship, that in Dr. Harrington's very precious publication, called *Nugae Antiquae*, there is a sweet poem written by the *Viscount* Rochford (whom the Doctor by mistake calls *Earl*, and does not seem to know who he was), brother of Anne Boleyn. The composition is so easy, and so approaching to the refinement of modern poetry, that I found no difficulty

Letter 2868.—[1] Lady Elizabeth Howard (d. 1705), second daughter of second Earl of Suffolk and second wife of fourth Earl of Northumberland.

[2] Sixth Duke of Somerset, known as the 'Proud Duke'; d. 1748.

[3] Isaac Fuller (1606–1672), whose five pictures on wood representing the adventures of Charles II after the battle of Worcester were discovered by Lord Clanbrassil, who caused them to be repaired.

of turning it, with few alterations, into the style of the present age, as may be seen by comparing them. This was done on its first appearance, and I had laid it aside, reserving it for a second edition of my *Noble Authors*, if I should ever produce one, which now at my very advanced age is not mighty likely; and therefore, if your Lordship should think proper to add the original, as it deserves, to Lord Surrey's poems, I should have no objection to your giving my version too; not that it would do me any honour, but as it would prove how a poet of taste, and with a good ear, could anticipate the elegance of a more polished age, though he could not work miracles, as some, who are no conjurers themselves, believe Rowley did, even though nobody knows that Rowley ever existed. I enclose the verses, and have the honour of being

Your Lordship's
Most respectful and
Most obedient humble servant,
ORFORD.

P.S. I have made a mistake; for I this moment recollect that the ancient Countess of Northumberland was second wife and widow of the Lord Admiral Algernon, and consequently not mother-in-law but grandmother-in-law of the Duke of Somerset.

I am not sure that Lord Rochford's verses were in the first edition of the *Nugae*, which I have not here; I rather think not. I know the pages of the two editions are not the same.

Verses by G. Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, from Dr. Harrington's *Nugae Antiquae*, vol. ii. p. 252.

Awake, my Lute, perform the last
And only service we will waste;
Repeat the strain in sighs begun:
And when the vocal moment's past,
Be still, my Lute, for I have done.

Is music heard, where ear is none?
Can crayons grave on marble stone?
My notes may pierce her heart as soon!
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my Lute, we must have done.

The rock unmov'd when ocean raves
As soon shall yield to dashing waves
As Juliet by my suit be won:
My vows she scorns, thy soothing braves;
Then pray, sweet Lute, let us have done.

Yet Venus shall assert her reign,
Proud Nymph, and punish thy disdain;
Thro' that cold breast a flame shall run,
And me revenge some other swain,
Although my Lute and I have done.

Sad in thy turn, the live-long hour
Of solemn night shall hear thee pour
Thy plaintive descant to the moon;
While thy fair face's fading flow'r
Shall touch me not, for I have done.

Then Juliet shall perhaps repent
Of youth unprofitably spent,
And sigh in vain o'er moments gone;
And finding beauty was but lent,
Shall weep its scorn as I have done.

Then cease, my Lute; be this the last
And only service we will waste,
Here end my love as it begun:
Be from my heart her name eras'd,
As from thy strings when thou hast done.

2869. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Sept. 24, 1792.

You do me too much honour, dear Sir, in proposing to me to furnish you with observations on ——, which you are

Letter 2869.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 282.

so much more capable of executing yourself. I flatter myself you do not think me vain enough to attempt it. Your own learning, and your familiarity with all the classic authors, render you more proper for the task than any man. I, on the contrary, am most unqualified. It is long since I have been conversant with classic literature —Greek I have quite forgotten; but above all, I hold seventy-five so debilitating an age to whatever may have been taken for parts, and have so long pitied authors of *senilia,* that I am sure I will not degrade your work by mixing my dregs with it; nor lay your good nature and good breeding under the difficulty of admitting or rejecting what you probably would find unworthy of being adopted. I have great satisfaction in reading what you write; but beg to be excused from writing for you to read.

Most entirely do I agree with you, Sir, on all French politics, and their consequences here—it is indeed to be forced to call assassinations and massacres, politics. It is my opinion, like yours, that homicides should be received nowhere, much less monsters who proclaim rewards for murderers.—What can put a stop to such horrors sooner than shutting every country upon earth against unparalleled criminals?

There may be inconveniences, no doubt, from a vast influx of the present poor refugees, but I confess I see more advantages. They will spread their own, and the calamities of their country—a necessary service, when some newspapers, paid by Jacobin, perhaps by Presbyterian, money, labour to defend, or conceal, or palliate such infernal scenes, which can only be done by men who would kindle like tragedies here. The sufferers that arrive, many being conscientious ecclesiastics, must, I should hope, be a warning to the Catholics in Ireland not to be the tools of the Dissenters there, and of another use they may certainly

be: they will be the fittest and surest detectors of their diabolic countrymen, who are labouring mischief here, both openly and covertly. Of their covert transactions you, Sir, have given me a glaring proof in the drawer, who having subscribed a guinea to the defence of Poland, and redemanding it, received a guinea's worth of Paine's pamphlet in return. This fact evinces that the opening of that subscription was not, as it seemed to be, the most ridiculously impotent attempt that ever was made, but a deep laid plan of political swindling. Had it produced a thousand or five hundred pounds, it would have removed Mount Athos as soon as have stopped one Russian soldier. No! under colour of pity towards the honest and to be lamented Poles, it is evident that it was a scheme for raising a new sum for disseminating sedition, and therefore I wish the vile trick might be made public.—It may warn well-meaning persons against being drawn into sham subscriptions; and such a base trick of political swindling should be laid open and exposed in severe colours.

I am just going to General Conway for a few days, and am Dear Sir,

Your most sincere and obliged

Humble servant,

ORFORD.

2870. To EARL HARCOURT.

MY DEAR LORD, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1792.

If I am taking too great a liberty, I trust your Lordship will forgive it, as I flatter myself its object will contribute to your satisfaction, since its consequence will be doing—I will not say honour, but justice to Nuneham.

Mr. Farrington[1] the painter (who married a cousin of

LETTER 2870.—[1] Joseph Farington (1747–1821). In 1794 he published a series of seventy-six plates illustrating a *History of the River Thames*. He

mine) is, as your Lordship already knows, engaged on making drawings for a superb set of views on the course of the Thames. Nuneham being one of his loveliest features, it would be pity that you yourself, my Lord, should not point out and preside over what he shall execute, and therefore I hope I do not ask too much, my Lord, in begging a patronage for him.

I do not know how soon his progress will allow him to arrive at Nuneham, but I know his purpose is to reach it in this, the painter's month, and if four months of deluge bid one expect four weeks of good weather, he may see Nuneham in all its autumnal charms: a month sooner, he would only have painted pictures for Noah's new house after the Flood.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

2871. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1792.

Oh, Madam, your Ladyship, and even I, did not wait for my own favourite echo. I did stay before I replied, till I was certain of the capture of Dumouriez's[1] army. Alas, echo has responsed in a very different tone! It is the Duke of Brunswick who has retired[2]! What a thunder-

married Susan, daughter of Horace Hammond, Prebendary of York. Mrs. Farington's mother was Dorothy Turner, niece of Sir Robert Walpole.

LETTER 2871.—[1] Charles François Dumouriez (1739–1823), who was now in command of the French army in succession to Lafayette. The latter had been obliged to fly from his own troops and was made prisoner by the Austrians.

[2] The allied armies of Prussia and Austria, with bodies of troops sent by the Electors of Treves and Mayence and the Landgrave of Hesse (the whole under the command of the Duke of Brunswick), crossed the French frontier on Aug. 19. They took Longwy and Verdun and laid siege to Thionville. The slowness and vacillation of the Duke, however, gave the French time to receive reinforcements, and to take up better

clap! The cannibals triumph, and unless they devour one another, behold a republic of 20,000,000 of assassins! This retreat is so astonishing, that one can only stare! How unlike to his campaign in Holland[3]! What massacres may it not produce in France, and what mischiefs in Europe! Even that wretch, Philippe l'Égalité, will triumph, and be proud of the trousers he wears, that he may be *sans culottes*.

I have seen the Duchesse de Fleury, who is much the prettiest Frenchwoman I ever beheld. Though little, and more than nut-brown, she is perfect of her size, with very fine eyes and nose, and a most beautiful mouth and teeth, and natural colour. She is but two and twenty, very lively, and very sensible. I could not help describing her, she struck me so much; but I mentioned her because she told me she lived close to the Abbaie, and heard the cries and groans of 120 priests that were butchered there: what will become of her and all the fugitives! She gave a watch of thirty guineas for a passport to the director of the municipality; for their thirst for blood *can* be stanched by their thirst of gain; and one may trust that thirst of power and of gain will whet their daggers against one another.

You are in the right, Madam, not to wade into your forest. Though the rain is abated, the sun has not dried his rays, for he has not appeared even in his usual October.

I know not a syllable of English news; and am afraid of going to Richmond to see the poor French colony since this fatal piece of news.—What an era! Adieu, Madam. Your Ladyship's most devoted.

positions. On Sept. 20 Dumouriez defeated the allies at Valmy. Ten days later they began their retreat, and before the end of October all the troops had recrossed the Rhine.

[3] In 1787, when the Duke commanded the Prussian troops sent to the assistance of the Prince and Princess of Orange by the King of Prussia, brother of the Princess. The campaign was both rapid and successful.

2872. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Sunday night late, Oct. 14, 1792.

I have been two or three times going to answer your letter, Madam, but what can I say that you have not thought, or conjectured? And of news I know not a tittle. The French mail was yesterday thought to be stopped, and to-day the eternal rain has prevented my seeing anybody but Mrs. Damer, who came from Goodwood, and has left me. Nor am I impatient to learn what cannot be good—whence can good come *now*? The dragon's teeth are drawn and on the ground, but will not produce new armed men! I wish I could avoid thinking, for I hate to wade into new chaos, or form fresh conjectures, after being so wofully disappointed in the most promising—or why should I? It is no longer probable that I should live to see but a short way into the confusions that may open. May I be deceived on one hand, as I have been on the other! Whether there have been quarrels, treachery, ignorance, folly, or sheer misfortune, how can I pretend to know? Who will own any but the last? And when so many thousands are interested to propagate falsehood, and so many more will coin their own guesses into assertions, or affirm from the slightest authorities, simple as I sit here, I must wait for facts, for reason, I am sure, cannot help one.

I have heard what your Ladyship hints about Ireland, and think the proceeding most abominable and most absurd, and far more likely to bring on the mischief they pretend to apprehend. The Dissenters will embrace the Catholics there, though persecuting and decrying them here. I differ so much from the remonstrants, that I should have thought it wise in government to disperse the poor fugitive priests amongst their Irish brethren, to exhibit and detail their

own woes and sufferings, and warn the Catholics against aiding the Dissenters to demolish all government, all religion, and all professions—indeed, everything! For the French priests, I own I honour them—they preferred beggary to perjury, and have died, or fled to preserve the integrity of their consciences. It certainly was not the French clergy, but the philosophers, that have trained up their countrymen to be the most bloody monsters upon earth. To the persecuted priest, I am half ready to say with Felix, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be—a Catholic.'

Now I am forced by the subject to turn to what is ludicrous, Lord Cliefden's[1] fraction of a subscription—surely the Duchess must have dictated it, or nobly given some old quarter moidores that would not go. I have reserved my donation for the second subscription, for charity is apt to cool before the second call, and then the second may be wanted, and the first has been noble and ample.

I did not mention Miss Knight's[2] *Marcus Flaminius* to your Ladyship *because* it is dedicated to me, and my very just commendation of it would have looked like vanity, at least like partiality—since I must name it, I do protest I think it a wonderful performance. There is so much learning and good sense well digested, such exact knowledge of Roman characters and manners, and the barbarian simplicity so well painted and made so interesting, that it is impossible not to admire the judgement and excellent understanding of the authoress, though as a novel, which it can scarce be called, it is not very amusing. There is an

LETTER 2872.—[1] Henry Welbore Agar (1761–1836), second Viscount Clifden; he married (March 10, 1792) Lady Caroline Spencer, eldest daughter of fourth Duke of Marlborough. The 'Duchess,' Lord Clifden's mother-in-law, was somewhat parsimonious.

[2] Ellis Cornelia (1757–1837), daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight by his second wife. Her sequel to *Rasselas* (called *Dinarbas*) was published in 1790.

old Gothic chieftain, whose story is very affecting; and there is a Greek who, you will find, Madam, is the most faulty part of the book, *though well levelled*, but he achieves extreme improbabilities—I will not forestall how. I ought not to omit how Roman the style is, without pedantry. You will wonder, Madam, how the book came to be addressed to me by a lady I never saw, and barely knew existed in Italy by hearing Miss Berry talk of a mad Lady Knight, with a learned daughter there. Last winter Lord Aylesbury brought me the MS., begged I would read it, and give him my opinion of it, which I was most unwilling to undertake. Yet as his Lordship has at different times, though little acquainted with him, shown me much partiality and many civilities, I could not refuse. I did read, and was so surprised at a work so far above what I expected, that I declared my approbation in strong terms. I was much more astonished when his Lordship said, that if I liked it, he was commissioned to ask my consent to its being dedicated to me. I pleaded every argument I could devise against such a destination. At last I thought of one that seemed infallible *vis-à-vis* a favourite servant of the Queen[3]. I said Miss Knight was such an honour to her sex that *Flaminius* deserved the patronage of her Majesty. Alas! Miss Knight had already enjoyed that honour—I suppose through the same godfather—she had written a sequel to *Rasselas*, and it had the Queen's sanction—I had no subterfuge left.

Monday noon.

The newspaper is just arrived as the post is going out, and has brought such a load of bad news, and I know nothing else, that this time I *will* wait for the echo—adieu! Madam.

[3] Lord Ailesbury was Treasurer to Queen Charlotte.

2873. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Oct. 16, 1792.

I agree most sincerely and sadly with you, dear Sir, in being shocked at the lamentable change of scene, but am far from knowing more than you do, which are general reports; nor whether there have been other causes than the evident, constant deluge, which have annihilated, for all good purposes, the Duke of Brunswick's army. It is not less horrid to hear that the abominations of France, which had made us so rich, and promised such security to us, should now tend to threaten us with *something* of similar evils. I say with *something*, for, till this year, I did not conceive human nature capable of going such execrable lengths as it has done in France; and therefore I grow diffident, and dare not pronounce anything impossible. But, alas! the subject is too vast for a letter.—May our apprehensions be too quick—may a favourable turn happen! Foresight and conjecture we find are most fallible; and I have on all emergencies found them so. In my long life I have seen very black eras, but they vanished, and the sky cleared again.

I am very sorry I cannot directly accept the kind offer you and Mr. K. are so good as to make me, but you shall hear from me again as soon as I am sure of my own movements.

I am, dear Sir,
Most sincerely,
Orford.

Letter 2873.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 285.

2874. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Dear Sir, Nov. 2, 1792.

I thank you for your information on *confectum* and *fictum*, and am persuaded you are perfectly right. Xenophon might be so too in his solution of the Spartan permission of robbery. As he was very sensible, it is no wonder he tried to explain so seemingly gross a contradiction, as an allowance of theft where there was a community of property—but to say the truth I little regard the assertions of most ancient authors, especially in their accounts of other countries than their own; and even about their own I do not give them implicit credit. They dealt little in the spirit of criticism; information was difficult to be obtained, nor did they pique themselves on accuracy, but set down whatever they heard without examination. With many of the contrary advantages how little historic truth is to be gleaned even now! I wish the report of the delivery of the King and Queen of France were not still unauthenticated. One did wish to believe it, not only for their sakes, but as some excuse for the otherwise inexplicable conduct of the King of Prussia—he still wants a Xenophon—so do the Austrians too, who with four times his numbers do not make quite so sagacious a retreat.

I am exceedingly obliged to your excessive partiality, Sir, but indeed I shall not encourage it, nor by any means consent to your throwing away your talents and time on such a transient bauble as my house and collection. A mere antiquarian drudge, supposing they could last even a century, would be fitter for the task. The house is too slightly built for duration, and the trifles in it too errant minutiæ for the exercise of your poetic abilities. How vain should

Letter 2874.—Not in C.; reprinted from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

I be if I accepted such a sacrifice! indeed, I blush at the proposal, and hope that at seventy-five I have unlearnt vanity, and know the emptiness of it. Even that age must tell me that I may be gone before your poem could be finished, and vainglory shall not be one of my last acts. Visions I have certainly had—but they have been amply dispelled—I have seen a noble seat built by a very wise man, who thought he had reason to expect it would remain to his posterity as long as human foundations do in the ordinary course of things—alas, Sir, I have lived to be the last of that posterity, and to see the glorious collection of pictures, that were the principal ornaments of the house, gone to the North Pole, and to have the house remaining half a ruin on my hands!

Think, Sir, what my reflections must be, if I have common sense left, when you are so kind as to offer me to preserve the memory of my pasteboard dwelling! Drop the idea, I beg you: I feel your friendship, but it hurts me more than it soothes me—and though I trust I am free from vanity, I have wounded pride; and reverencing so profoundly as I do my father's memory, I could not bear to have my cottage receive an honour which his palace wanted!

Forgive me, dear Sir, for dwelling so long on this article —not too long for my gratitude, which is perfect, but perhaps too full on my own sentiments—yet how could I decline your too kind proposal, but by opening the real state of my mind? and to so obliging a friend, from whom I cannot conceal weaknesses to which both my nature and my age have made me liable; but they have not numbed my sensibility, and while I do exist, I shall be,

Dear Sir,
Your most obliged
And obedient humble servant,
ORFORD.

2875. To the Rev. Robert Nares.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 14, 1792.

I was much pleased, dear Sir, at seeing your handwriting again, and have been grieved on Mr. Beloe's telling me that you was called into the country by melancholy duties. I have long wished to converse with you on the marvellous events of these last months, which have contradicted all experience and all reasoning, and consequently all conjecture. How long the delirium will last, and how wide destruction it will spread before it is dissipated or checked, I do not pretend to guess—but I am not yet so beaten out of my common sense as to suppose that anarchy can become a permanent state, or that when everything tends to augment it, it will consolidate into duration—and yet hitherto this argument has proved fallacious! The French affront all their generals, yet do not provoke them; their assassins quarrel, yet cut anybody's throat but each other's; they order the nation to choose their own representatives, and then reduce them to under half their number, and yet the people continue to believe themselves represented, though even the reduced number tremble for their own safety, and are dictated to by a club that is not the Assembly—I could go on with antithesis—but to what purpose—it is fitter that I should reply to your letter, than detail what your own reflections must have anticipated.

Much as I wished to see what you intended, I perfectly agree with you that medicines more adapted *ad homines* are necessary now. The artillery must be pointed *lower*—property cannot want to be alarmed—I rather fear its being alarmed too much, and desponding. Your idea of

Letter 2875.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. R. Smith.

dispersing cheap essays is just: I would have them of that calibre that substantial farmers and tradesmen might not only be convinced by them, but do what for their own sakes is as necessary, expound and enforce them to their dependents. Our domestic enemies have done much mischief by that practice, and will do more if their own arms are not turned against them. I have sent for an excellent short piece of that kind which was lent to me last week; it is called *Ten Minutes Caution*—pray get it.

I am also persuaded with you that ridicule and ballads might operate wonders—and I have wondered that the government has not attempted to employ that engine, if they have any artificers. I have wished that the masterly author of the *Baviad* would spend some of his shafts on the centurions of the mob: he certainly drove that bombast and unintelligible rhapsodist, Merry, to hide his head in the confusions of Paris.

In short, Sir, a multitude of projects have floated on my mind—but they are too numerous for a letter; and would be too long for one—but I should like to talk over the subject with you. If you could spare me a day, I am quite alone here, and a winter's evening would give us time. I have a well-aired bed for you, and, which your *experience* would perhaps make you not expect, I will have a *dinner* ready for you[1]. I have not a single day engaged but

[1] The *experience* to which Horace Walpole alludes is possibly that related by Beloe (a close friend of Nares) in *The Sexagenarian* (vol. i. p. 277):—'Upon one occasion, a gentleman of no small literary distinction, who had a sort of general invitation to his villa, was induced by a fine summer morning to pay his respects to Lord O. On his arrival, he was kindly greeted, and invited to stay and dine. The invitation was accepted. The noble Lord rang his bell, and on the appearance of his Swiss, enquired what there was for dinner. "Hashed mutton, my Lord," was the reply. "Let there be hashed mutton for two, as Mr. —— is to dine with me." In a very short time, the Swiss returned with a long face—"My Lord, there is only hashed mutton for one." The visitor made his apologies, engaged to come at a more favourable opportunity, and left T——m *impransus*.—N.B. His Lordship's servants were always on board wages.'

Saturday, when I am to stand godfather to a child at Richmond. If you are so kind, name your own day, and I will certainly be here either in this week or the next, and shall be Your most obliged

Humble servant,

ORFORD.

2876. To RICHARD GOUGH.

SIR, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 14, 1792.

I have a portrait of Law[1], and should not object to letting a copy of it be taken; but I doubt that could not be done, being in crayons, by Rosalba, under a glass; and any shaking being very prejudicial to crayons, I fixed the picture in one of the niches of my gallery under a network of carving, whence it cannot possibly be removed without pulling the niche to pieces. The picture too being placed over the famous statue of the eagle, there is no getting near to it, and I certainly could not venture to let a ladder be set against the statue. Indeed, as there are extant at least three prints of Law, there does not seem to be another wanting.

I am sorry, Sir, I cannot give you a more satisfactory answer about Lady Wallingford. I have met her at two or three places, but I did not visit her, nor have the least knowledge of her husband's family, nor to whom she left anything she had; nor can I direct you at all where to inquire. I did not even know that there is an Earl of Banbury[2] living.

Your account, Sir, of the Cornwall monument is very

LETTER 2876.—Not in C.; reprinted from Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 292.

[1] The financier. See letter to the Earl of Buchan of May 12, 1783.

[2] That title was at this time assumed by Thomas Woods Knollys, as a descendant of Nicholas Knollys or Vaux. The latter on the death of the first Earl of Banbury in 1632 claimed to be his legitimate descendant. This claim was disallowed, but the title was assumed by his descendants in succession till the end of the eighteenth century.

curious. I never met with the painter's name, and thank you for it. I am with great regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

2877. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 29, 1792.

I did conclude, Madam, that the gloomy complexion of the times was the cause of your Ladyship's silence, as it has been of mine. Not possessing Ovid's flow of expression, I cannot vary my phrases *de Tristibus*; and my reasoning and experience have been so baffled for these last three months, that I scarce allow myself to form a conjecture; and if I do, I resolve not to vent it; but to compose my patience, and wait—not only for events, but for their confirmation, as truth seems to have taken flight, as much as common sense, and, which I regret still more, humanity! Was it possible to imagine that philosophy was to plunge the dagger into the entrails of civilization; and that assassination was to grow contagious? This is such a bloody anatomy of human nature, and unfolds such horrid seeds in its darkest recesses, that from thinking ill of this or that nation, I am driven to shudder for our species, and if I could be content with the speculation, would fain persuade myself that some blasting influence has blown over Europe, and that the plague has assumed a new modification. But this is a rhapsody breathed from the shocks my feelings have received.—When I cool, I have better hopes. I trust that the abominable have rashly let out indications of their intentions. I did not doubt but that their secret machinations were eager and industrious, and I feared they would not appear openly, till fully prepared. I feared, too, that despondency prevailed—but, as evident symptoms of

what has been meditated have appeared, I trust a firm spirit is arising, and that men will be prepared to meet the danger with courage and resolution. Dejection is the colour that must encourage the evil-minded. This is a brief abstract, Madam, of my thoughts; whole pages more would but turn on the same axis; and I am too weary of my own thoughts to have pleasure in spreading them on paper.

I am still here, and very well. The weather, which your Ladyship dislikes, has been so mild here, after the worst of all summers, that whole November has appeared to me delightful; and if December is not worse tempered, I shall not think of removing to London yet, where I have outlived most of my particular acquaintance, and I cannot form new amongst those whom I cannot meet till midnight. I have here society enough around me, and at home I have always amusements. In town I have nothing to employ me, nor anything I wish to do.

I remember the St. Legers your Ladyship recollects, but know nothing of the present breed.

I am sorry you are so little satisfied with *Marcus Flaminius*: it has faults, yet I own I thought it would have been more successful. Perhaps in the former part of my letter I may have been talking what will look like sense, as it coincides with your Ladyship's sentiments. I have now a mind, according to my old propensity, to utter a little nonsense; and what is more foolish than to prophesy? In short, from much meditation on the present aspect of the world, and from looking a good deal forwarder than the actual conflict of chaos, and its settlement into the Lord knows what—but subside at last the jarring elements of anarchy must—I have taken it into my head that some totally new religion will start up. The crimes and distresses of mankind will fit them for receiving some new impression, if violent and novel enough; and when they have had all

morality and justice eradicated out of their hearts, and shall find that promised liberty and equality have made them but more uncomfortable than they were, with the additional load of guilt on their consciences, they will listen to any new-fashioned plan of repentance, and still more readily to any new-built paradise that will compensate for the destruction of all that was desirable on the present earth. Having no system ready to offer to the world, and being quite content with the honour of prediction, I shall take my leave of your Ladyship, trusting that you will feel a little obliged to me for having selected you for the first communication of my *Novum Organum*, which, like Lord Bacon's, will certainly be dilated by future projectors, though without the credit of original discovery. Yours, &c.,

ORFORD.

2878. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 7, 1792.

YOUR Ladyship has made me smile beyond my Lord Chesterfield's allowed simper, by sending me to take my seat in the House of Lords out of tenderness for my character; if serious, I should not doubt your sincerity; but as you can look grave and soften your voice, when you have a mind to banter your friends, I rather think you were willing to try whether I have the lurking vanity of supposing myself of any importance. Indeed I have not; on the contrary, I know that having determined never to take that unwelcome seat, I should only make myself ridiculous, by fancying it could *signify* a straw whether I take it or not. If I have anything of character, it must dangle on my being consistent. I quitted and abjured Parliament near thirty years ago: I never repented, and I will not contradict myself now. It is not in the House

of Lords that I will *rise* again; I will keep my dry bones for the general review day. A good lady[1] last year was delighted at my becoming a peer, and said, 'I hope you will get an Act of Parliament for putting down faro.' As if *I* could make Acts of Parliament! and could I, it would be very consistent too in me, who for some years played more at faro than anybody.

A wholesome spirit is arisen, and no wonder. The French have given warnings enough to property to put it on its guard. I have been too precipitate in my predictions, and therefore am cautious of conjecturing; yet, if my reasoning was too quick, it was not ill-founded; and as famine is striding over France, delusion's holiday will stop short, and give place to bitter scenes at its native home, which may save Europe from returning to primitive desolation. Abominable as the government of France was, it is plain that speculative philosophers were the most unfit of all men to produce a salutary reformation. The French, by antecedent, as well as by recent proofs, have never been fit to be *unchained at once*, so innate is their savage barbarity. What ignorance of human nature to proclaim to twenty-four millions of people, that all laws are impositions; and what medium have those mad dictators[2] been able to find between laws and the violence of force? They will experience the reign of the latter; and perhaps go through all the revolutions of military despotism that have afflicted Egypt for so many ages. If my memory does not fail me, the *shepherd* kings of that country, who I suppose were *philosophers*, were the first tyrants deposed. Accustomed to cut the throats of their sheep, and versed in nothing but star-gazing, and hoisted from poverty to power,

LETTER 2878.—[1] The learned Mrs. Carter.

[2] Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and Collot-d'Herbois were the most prominent persons in France at this time.

I do not wonder they applied their butchering knife to their subjects, and massacred away, that the rest of their people and flocks might have fairer equality of pasture. Condorcet[3] is just such a shepherd.

The city of London does not seem at all disposed to be reformed by the *Académies de Sciences et de Belles-Lettres.* I always thought those tribunals most impertinent; but did not just conceive that they would spawn legions of Huns and Vandals; but extremes meet, and incense and assassination have sprung out of the same dunghill! The servility and gross adulation of that nation persuaded their kings that they were all-wise and omnipotent; and their kings being but men, and *French men,* no wonder they were intoxicated and arrogant. Is not Dumouriez already a sketch of Louis Quatorze? And is not every brawler in the National Assembly as vain and insolent as Marshal Villars, who, though having witnessed all the victories and modesty of the Duke of Marlborough, plumed himself more on one very inferior combat[4], gained after Marlborough was withdrawn, than our hero did after years of success!

Knowing a little of human nature, as I have lived to do, and how unfit one man or all are to be trusted with unlimited power (and consequently I remain neither a royalist nor a republican), I must admire our own constitution, that invented, or rather has formed, three powers, which battling one another with opinions, not with force, are more likely to keep the balance fluctuating than to make one scale preponderate by flinging the sword, like Brennus the Gaul, into the one that he chose should be the heaviest.

[3] Jean Antoine Nicolas de Caritat (1743–1794), Marquis de Condorcet, celebrated as a geometrician. He was arrested in April 1794, and committed suicide in prison.

[4] The battle of Denain (July 24, 1712), in which he defeated Prince Eugene.

I wish there were any other topic of discourse than politics; but as one can hear, one can talk nor think on anything else. It has pervaded all ranks and ages. A miss, not fourteen, asked Miss Agnes Berry lately whether she was aristocrat or democrat? And a waiter at the 'Toy,' at Hampton Court, said of a scraper at the last ball, that he had a fine finger on the organization of a violin. It is provoking that we should catch even their fashionable and absurd pedantry. Adieu! Madam.

2879. To the Rev. Robert Nares.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Dec. 14, 1792.

I am very glad that your anxiety about your brother and your mother too is relieved, and that the care of both is rewarded by success.

It is great satisfaction to me too, Sir, to hear that the Association has adopted your co-operation. I applauded and honoured their zeal, and now admire their good sense in the choice of a gentleman of such abilities and activity, and I am sure that I am one of the last men in England that would try or wish to seduce you for a single day from the service of our country. I shall be in town myself the beginning of next week, and happy to see you any morning or evening when you have half an hour's leisure.

The spirit of the Association, I see, catches rapidly round the capital: I hope it will spread as warmly into the counties, and dishearten at least, if it does not convert Scotland and Ireland, whence I fear more is to be apprehended than even was attempted and threatened here.

I do like this blaze of zeal—but then it must be nourished

Letter 2879.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. R. Smith.

and kept up, till it has quashed the danger. You and I, Sir (for though you are so much younger you too have seen and), know how easily addresses, subscriptions, associations, are obtained backwards and forwards; and some popular cry, grounded on any public misfortune, or artfully contrived by the enemy, may turn the torrent, and direct it the contrary way. The enemy is at this moment disappointed and provoked—consequently neither convinced nor softened—and therefore must be carefully watched. The people too must be made sensible that *the enemy* is so of the public, and that the success of their schemes would produce the same inundation of miseries as has fallen on France—and the teachers of such doctrines must be made odious, or will still gain proselytes. But proper measures to be taken for defence, and to keep *watch and ward* (with attention being kept awake as is necessary) would be much too long for a letter, and I am persuaded will be suggested and pursued. We shall have time, I trust, to talk on them, and observe their institution.

On the French I cannot speak with a grain of charity or patience. If all Mr. Bruce's hyenas had met in three National Assemblies, they could not have produced similar horrors, for hyenas tear both men and women to pieces at once, but do not torture and keep them in constant alarms for three years together—they do not butcher hundreds and thousands more than they can devour. They do not terrify men to flight, and then persecute the wives and daughters of those they have terrified. Hyenas do not promise bribes to tigers to massacre men of certain descriptions, viz. kings, when tigers are neither hungry nor provoked—no, Sir, hyenas are not French philosophers, nor claim a mission from hell to overturn all justice, laws, governments, morality, humanity, and religion, and then call themselves the most august senate in the world! From

their known vanity and insolence, which grew from Europe aping their trifling fashions, manners, and language, they have strided at once to being proud of being the legislators of assassination—will it be believed that one could write that last sentence, and be speaking strict truth! alas, alas, that there should be Englishmen capable of applauding such unparalleled monsters!

That the French government was bad, nobody will dispute—but at what moment did they overset it?—exactly when they had the most innocent and gentle King that ever sat on their throne! and who have been his persecutors and tormentors?—philosophers, geometricians, astronomers, reformers, united with the bloodiest of all murderers, Marats[1], Robertspierres[2], and such execrable wretches as Dr. Priestly thinks it an honour to be incorporated with[3]!

If the royal personages are actually massacred, their woes are at an end—a chance of comfort I see none for them in this world! If spared, a doleful prison must be their lot, for how could they escape through provinces sown with daggers—a manufacture our reformers were ambitious of introducing here—can Englishmen hear the sound and not quiver with indignation!

I check myself, or such scenes and unexampled ideas would hurry me into a volume. Tacitus could couch a single Nero in a few sentences—but a nation of Neros, with Prætorian Guards of Marseillois; patricians disguised like women and mixed with *poissardes*, insulting a young beautiful Queen; a Princess hewed into pieces for fidelity

[1] Jean Paul Marat, Deputy for Paris in the Convention. He was assassinated by Charlotte Corday July 13, 1793.

[2] Maximilien Marie Isidore de Robespierre (1758–1794), Deputy for Paris in the Convention, and chief of the party of the 'Montagne.'

[3] In Sept. 1792 Priestley was made a citizen of France, and elected a member for the department of Orne in the Convention.

to that Queen; an hundred and fifty priests stabbed for disdaining perjury; a Condorcet panegyricizing an Ankerström [4] who refined on murder by loading a pistol with crooked nails, and two more massacres of Paris in the compass of six weeks—history must be very penurious of its words, if it hoards them on such details; and consider that I have but hinted at a small number of the tragedies that have been acted, nor named the 4,000 butcheries in the prison at Paris, nor the fifty-four prisoners dragged from Orleans to have their throats cut in the Thuilleries, nor any of the massacres at Avignon, Nismes, Lyons, &c., &c., &c.

I am not sorry to recapitulate these atrocious crimes diffused through a vast country; because you hear *reformers* pronounce coolly, *that no revolution can be brought about without some blood being shed*—and has man, wretched man, a right for speculative opinions on government, to doom, to dispatch thousands and thousands of his fellow creatures to destruction? Who gave that authority, that decision to man? no God certainly: the Great Creator never inspired us to make experiments on the lives of our own species for the benefit of posterity. I should shudder to cut open a poor animal to trace the circulation of the blood—the French philosophic anti-legislators have given a new sense to the term, and pretend to discover equality and the rights of mankind in sluicing the veins of their countrymen and of any nation whom they can reach.

Adieu! Sir—I probably shall not live to see this anarchy terminate—you, I hope, will, and will continue to stave it off from this happy country, where true liberty is preserved—but it will not be one of the least demerits of the French innovators, that when the chaos they have produced shall be dispelled, for anarchy is not a lasting existence, mankind

[4] The assassin of Gustavus III of Sweden.

will dread the most wholesome and necessary corrections, and acquiescence will be preferred to alterations.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincerely obedient

Humble servant,

ORFORD.

2880. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 8, 1793.

I RETURN your Ladyship's kind wishes for the new year; and may it prove more felicitous to mankind, as well as to us individuals, than the last bloody months have been—not that I could feel commiseration for hosts of assassins, were the hour of punishment and retribution to arrive before this time twelvemonth. Orléans, Condorcet, and such monsters—for oh, there are many almost as execrable! —have dammed up every vein that would have throbbed; if they were doomed to execution, I should not feel for Marats and Robespierres; yet they were only low natural Frenchmen, and only wanted to be invited to massacre their countrymen. It is those on whom heaven had showered its best blessings and gifts, whom I abhor for their cool, premeditated, cowardly crimes. Mr. Crawfurd has brought over tales of new horrors. They now seize the estates of those they have butchered, as of Monsieur de Clermont[1], and say they do not know of their being dead, but believe they are *émigrés*. Condorcet, who is believed to have suggested, or been dipped in, the murder of the Duc de la Rochfoucauld, had fallen in love with a girl without a fortune, and whom he could not afford to marry;

LETTER 2880.—[1] Perhaps Stanislas (1747–1792), Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, prominent on the popular side in the early days of the Revolution. He was murdered by a mob headed by one of his former servants.

the Duchesse d'Anville, mother of the Duc, gave him a hundred thousand livres, that he might marry her, as he did. I should not believe this charge, if Condorcet, in the National Assembly, had not said, on their receiving a present of a bust of Brutus, 'Why send us a head of Brutus? We do not want that; why not rather give us a bust of Ankerström?' The basest of all assassins, who loaded his pistol with crooked nails! Can the extremest credulity of charity haggle about believing any villainy of such a fiend?

To complete the *trium diaboliad* of Ankerström and Condorcet, hear the claim of Orléans. Ten days ago General Conway dined at Lord Rawdon's[2] with the Prince of Wales, the Abbés de *St. Far* and St. Alban, natural brothers of Orléans, Monsieur de Bouillé and his son, and other French, some of whom told this anecdote; that early in the Revolution Orléans was concerting a plan for the murder of the King. One of the company said, 'But, Sir, you will certainly be detected.' 'No,' said Beelzebub, 'for I will have *St. Far* stabbed too, and nobody will suspect me of being concerned in the murder of my own brother too.' The two brothers neither contradicted the story, nor seemed sorry it was told; nor, doubtless, would it have been related in their presence, unless it had been certain that they would not be offended. Pray observe, Madam, that I never call his Serene Highness *Égalité*, for that pretended humility is presumption. *He* can have no equal, who is below all mankind.

I less wonder at their atheism than at all the rest; such infernals can believe in no hell, unless, like Belphegor, they came thence themselves.

If my mind broils with detestation, it has room left for

[2] Francis Rawdon-Hastings (1754–1826), eldest son of first Earl of Moira, whom he succeeded in 1793. He was created Marquis of Hastings in 1817, and was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, 1813–23.

admiration too. The poor King I have long thought the best-natured and most inoffensive of men; and what a recompense for restoring the ancient Parliaments, without which he might have remained despotic to this hour! On that recall somebody wrote under the statue of Henry Quatre, on the Pont Neuf, this beautiful word, *Resurrexit.* Henry was stabbed in the midst of that vile town. *Resurrexit* is forgot, and Louis has been tortured for above three years, and may be torn to pieces in the same shambles!

For the Queen, she has passed a like succession of ordeals, and come out whiter than snow. Though three National Inquisitions have had the members and papers of the Châtelet[3], and all evidences living or written in their hands; though every page and chambermaid of the unfortunate Antoinette has been in their power too, with the use of torture too, has a single stain been fixed on her—though scandal had spared none! I will not turn my eyes homewards, as I wish such scenes should be unparalleled out of France. But alas! have we not hands amongst us that have been ready to grasp daggers likewise?

Lord Edward[4] is certainly married to Pamela, and Mrs. Genlis, *alias* Sillery, *alias* Brulart, as she would be styled at the Old Bailey, is going to live with them in Ireland. Did you hear Lord Darnley's[5] answer to Lord Henry, who told him he had expunged his supporters on his chariot, and asked, 'if he would not do so too?' 'No,' said Lord Darnley, 'I would not blot out my supporters, unless they were *monkeys*'—the real supporters of the Fitzgeralds—how lucky!

[3] 'On appelait ainsi avant la Révolution l'édifice où divers tribunaux de première instance tenaient leurs audiences. . . . Il se composait de diverses chambres, appelées la prévôté au parc civil, le présidial, la chambre du conseil, la chambre civile, la chambre de police, la chambre criminelle, le parquet des gens du roi, etc. et d'un très grand nombre de magistrats ou officiers.' (Lalanne, *Dict. Hist.*)

[4] Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

[5] John Bligh (1767–1831), fourth Earl of Darnley.

Of my own health, I thank your Ladyship, I have no reason to complain: I slept last night near ten hours, though three times twenty-five years of age; is not that being well enough? I hope you and yours, Madam, will be wished happy new years at as late a period!

2881. To Miss Hannah More.

My holy Hannah, Berkeley Square, Feb. 9, 1793.

With your innate and usual goodness and sense, you have done me justice by guessing exactly at the cause of my long silence. You have been apt to tell me that my letters diverted you. How then could I write, when it was impossible but to attrist you! when I could speak of nothing but unparalleled horrors! and but awaken your sensibility, if it slumbered for a moment! What mind could forget the 10th of August and the 2nd of September; and that the black and bloody year 1792 has plunged its murderous dagger still deeper, and already made 1793 still more detestably memorable! though its victim[1] has at last been rewarded for four years of torture by forcing from him every kind of proof of the most perfect character that ever sat on a throne. Were these, alas! themes for letters? Nay, am I not sure that *you* have been still more shocked by a crime that passes even the guilt of shedding the blood of poor Louis, to hear of atheism avowed, and the avowal tolerated by monsters calling themselves a National Assembly! But I have no words that can reach the criminality of such *inferno-human* beings, but must compose a term that aims at conveying my idea of them. For the future it will be sufficient to call them *the French*; I hope no other nation will ever deserve to be confounded with them!

Letter 2881.—[1] Louis XVI was executed on Jan. 21, 1793.

Indeed, my dear friend, I have another reason for wishing to burn my pen entirely: all my ideas are confounded and overturned; I do not know whether all I ever learned in the seventy-first years of my seventy-five was not wrong and false: common sense, reasoning, calculation, conjecture from analogy and from history of past events, all, all have been baffled; nor am I sure that what used to be thought the result of experience and wisdom was not a mass of mistakes. Have I not found, do I not find, that the invention of establishing metals as the *signs* of property was an useless discovery, or at least only useful till the art of making paper was found out? Nay, the latter is preferable to gold and silver. If the ores were adulterated and cried down, nobody would take them in exchange. Depreciate paper as much as you will, and it will still serve all the purposes of barter. Tradesmen still keep shops, stock them with goods, and deliver their commodities for those coined rags.—Poor Reason, where art thou?

To show you that memory and argument are of no value, at least with me, I thought a year or two [ago] that this paper-mint would soon blow up, because I remembered that when Mr. Charles Fox and one or two more youths of brilliant genius first came to light, and into vast debts at play, they imparted to the world an important secret which they had discovered. It was, that nobody needed to want money, if they would pay enough for it. Accordingly, they borrowed of Jews at vast usury; but as they had made but an incomplete calculation, the interest so soon exceeded the principal, that the system did not maintain its ground for above two or three years. Faro has proved a more substantial speculation. But I miscarried in applying my remembrance to the *assignats*, which still maintain their ground against that long-decried but as long-adored corrupter of virtue, gold. Alack, I do not hear that

virtue has flourished more for the destruction of its old enemy!

Shall I add another truth? I have been so disgusted and fatigued by hearing of nothing but French massacres, &c., and found it so impossible to shift conversation to any other topic, that before I had been a month in town, I wished Miss Gunning would revive, that people might have at least one other subject to interest the ears and tongues of the public. But no wonder universal attention is engrossed by the present portentous scene! It seems to draw to a question, whether Europe or France is to be depopulated; whether civilization can be recovered, or the republic of chaos can be supported by assassination. We have heard of the golden, silver, and iron ages; the brazen one existed while the French were only predominantly insolent. What the present age will be denominated, I cannot guess. Though the paper age would be characteristic, it is not emphatic enough, nor specifies the enormous sins of the fiends that are the agents. I think it may be styled the diabolic age: the Duke of Orléans has dethroned Satan, who since his fall has never instigated such crimes as Orléans has perpetrated.

Let me soften my tone a little, and harmonize your poor mind by sweeter accents. In this deluge of triumphant enormities, what traits of the sublime and beautiful may be gleaned! Did you hear of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister? a saint like yourself. She doted on her brother, for she certainly knew his soul. In the tumult in July, hearing the populace and the *poissardes* had broken into the palace, she flew to the King, and by embracing him tried to shield his person. The populace took her for the Queen, cried out 'Voilà cette chienne, cette Autrichienne!' and were proceeding to violence. Somebody, to save her, screamed, 'Ce n'est pas la Reine, c'est——.' The Princess

said, 'Ah! mon Dieu! ne les détrompez pas.' If that was not the most sublime instance of perfect innocence ready prepared for death, I know not where to find one. Sublime indeed, too, was the sentence of good Father Edgeworth[2], the King's confessor, who, thinking his royal penitent a little dismayed just before the fatal stroke, cried out, 'Montez, digne fils de Saint Louis! Le ciel vous est ouvert.' The holy martyr's countenance brightened up, and he submitted at once. Such victims, such confessors as those, and Monsieur de Malesherbes, repair some of the breaches in human nature made by Orléans, Condorcet, Santerre[3], and a legion of evil spirits.

The tide of horrors has hurried me much too far, before I have vented a note of my most sincere concern for your bad account of your health. I feel for it heartily, and wish your frame were as sound as your soul and understanding. What can I recommend? I am no physician but for my own flimsy texture; which, by studying, and by contradicting all advice, I have drawn to this great age. Patience, temperance, nay, abstinence, are already yours; in short, you want to be corrected of nothing but too much piety, too much rigour towards yourself, and too much sensibility for others. Is not it possible to serve mankind, without feeling too great pity? Perhaps I am a little too much hardened, I am grown too little alarmed for the health of my friends, from being become far more indifferent to life; I look to the nearness of my end, as a delivery from spectacles of woe. We have even amongst us monsters

[2] Henry Essex Edgeworth de Firmont (1745–1807). He had been confessor to Madame Élisabeth since 1791, but was not known to the King until after the sentence of death had been pronounced upon the latter. Edgeworth had no recollection of having uttered the words 'Fils de Saint Louis,' &c. He escaped from the scaffold, but did not leave Paris for some time after the execution.

[3] Antoine Joseph Santerre (1752–1809), Commandant of the National Guard at the execution of Louis XVI. He ordered the drums to be beaten in order to prevent the King from continuing a speech he had begun on the scaffold.

more criminal, in speculation at least, than the French. They had cause to wish for correction of a bad government; though, till *taught* to dislike it, three-fourths of the country, I maintain, adored theirs. We have the perfectest ever yet devised; but if to your numerous readings of little pamphlets you would add one more, called *Village Politics*[4], infinitely superior to anything on the subject, clearer, better stated, and comprehending the whole mass of matter in the shortest compass, you will be more mistress of the subject than any man in England. I know who wrote it, but will not tell you, because you did not tell me.

Your most faithful humble servant and friend,

ORFORD.

2882. To MISS HANNAH MORE.

Berkeley Square, March 23, 1793.

I SHALL certainly not leave off taunting your virtues, my excellent friend, for I find it sometimes makes you correct them. I scolded you for your modesty in not acquainting me with your *Village Politics* even after they were published; and you have already conquered that unfriendly delicacy, and announced another piece[1] of which you are in labour. Still I see there wanted your ghostly father, the Bishop of London, to enjoin you to be *quite* shameless and avow your natural child. I do approve his doctrine: calling it by your own name will make its fortune. If, like Rousseau, you had left your babe among the *enfans trouvés*, it might never be heard of more than his poor issue have been; for I can but observe that the French patriots, who have made such a fuss with his ashes, have not taken the smallest pains to attempt to discover his real progeny, which might

[4] See the following letter.

LETTER 2882.—Incomplete in C.; now printed from original in possession of Miss Drage.

[1] *Remarks on the speech of M. Dupont* in the Convention, in which he had avowed atheism.

not have been impossible by collating dates and circumstances.

I am proud of having imitated you at a great distance, and been persuaded, much against my will and practice, to let my name be put to the second subscription for the poor French clergy, as it was thought it might tend to animate that consumptive contribution.

I am impatient for your pamphlet, not only as being yours, but hoping it will invigorate horror against French atheism, which I am grieved to say did not by any means make due impression. I did very early apply to *your confessor*, to beg he would enjoin his clergy to denounce that shocking impiety; I could almost recommend to you to add a slight postscript on the massacre of that wretch *Manuel*[2]. I do not love such insects as we are dispensing *judgements*; yet, if the punishment of that just victim might startle such profane criminals, it might be charity to suggest the hint to them.

24th.

I was interrupted and could not finish my letter in a breath, as I meant, the moment I had received yours, from eagerness to thank you for the notice of your pregnancy. I wish you had added the name of your man-midwife the printer: but I trust to seeing you stand in a black and white sheet, the newspaper. Mrs. Boscawen was so kind as to call on me the same day with the same information from your letter to her—but in hers were some words on the late bankruptcies, more than were in mine, that alarm us, and that, though not explicit, look as if you yourself have suffered by those failures. You have such a friendly and feeling a heart, that it is impossible to discern whether any grief is not rather on account of others than on your own. Pray, be confidential enough to tell me,

[2] Pierre Louis Manuel (1751–1793), politician.

for *I* have not such universal charity, as to lament the loss of others, as I should yours.

I must modify the massacre of Manuel; he has been a good deal stabbed, but will, they say, recover. Perhaps it is better that some of those assassins should live to acknowledge, that 'Do not to others what you would not have done to you' is not so silly a maxim as most of the precepts of morality and justice have lately been deemed by *philosophers and legislators*—titles self-assumed by men who have abolished all other titles; and who have disgraced and debased the former denomination, and under the latter have enjoined triple perjuries, and at last cannot fix on any code which should exact more forswearing. I own I am pleased that that ruffian pedant Condorcet's new constitution was too clumsy and unwieldy to go down the throats of those who have swallowed everything else. I did but just cast my eyes on the beginning and end, and was so lucky as to observe the hypocrite's contradiction: he sets out with declaration of equality, and winds up with security of property; that is, we will plunder everybody, and then entail the spoils on ourselves and our (wrong) heirs.

Well, that bloody chaos seems recoiling on themselves! It looks as if civil war was bursting out in many provinces, and will precipitate approaching famine. When, till *now*, could one make such a reflection without horror at oneself! But, alas! have not the French brought it to the question, whether Europe or France should be laid desolate? Religion, morality, justice, have been stabbed, torn up by the roots: every right has been trampled underfoot. Marriage has been profaned and undermined by law; and no wonder, that amidst such excesses, the poor arts have shared in the common ruin! And who have been the perpetrators of, or advocates for, such universal devastation? Philosophers, geometricians, astronomers—a Condorcet, a

Bailly, a Bishop of Autun, and a Doctor *Priestley*, and the latter the worst. The French had seen grievances, crying grievances! yet not under the good late King. But what calamities or dangers threatened or had fallen on *Priestley*, but want of papal power, like his predecessor Calvin? If you say Priestley's house was burnt—but did he intend the fire should blaze on that side of the street? *Your* charity may believe him innocent, but your understanding does not. Well! I am glad to hear he is going to America; I hope he will not bring back scalping—even to that National Assembly of which he was proud of being elected a member! I doubt if Cartouche would have thought it an honour.

It was stuck up in Lloyd's coffee-house lately, that the Duke of Orléans was named 'Chef de la République'—I thought it should be 'Chef de la Lie publique.'

Some windows of the poor French *émigrés* at Richmond have been broken; but you will say with the Archbishop of Aix[3], who is there, 'I am sorry for the fact, but I like the motive,' for the mob declared it was for their having murdered their King.

I wish I had any other topic but France, and all that is the consequence. A few more victories will at least gild the subject, and I think we may expect them now—it was more than I did a month ago.

For the best and most comfortable part of your letter I have not thanked you yet, my dear friend; I mean the prospect of seeing you next month, and, thank the zodiac, next month is very near. I must now for my own sake as well as yours hope that your health will *continue* to improve, as it is the condition of the bond—a pleasant word, that *continue*; it implies you have been mending.

[3] Jean-de-Dieu Raymond de Cucé de Boisgelin (1732–1804), deprived of his archbishopric in 1790. He became Archbishop of Tours in 1802.

Your postscript said you had been telling me a lie—so have I, for on reading your letter again, I find you had named your accoucheur, Cadell. I do not wonder he has been slow—I was told lately that he has said that the public is so totally engrossed by politics (and many pieces of that sort I conclude come from his press) that the receipts of his shop, which used to be fifteen thousand a year, have this year decreased two-thirds—so the French *par bricole* have destroyed *our* literature too.

Adieu! I long to see both you and your pamphlet, and am

Most cordially yours,

ORFORD.

2883. To RICHARD GOUGH.

DEAR SIR, Berkeley Square, March 29, 1793.

The estate at Piddletown[1] is not mine, but belongs to Lord Walpole's son. I never was there but in the year 1745, and did not recollect that the picture was there; but I asked my niece Mrs. Walpole about it last night, and she says it is there, and does not doubt but Mr. Walpole would willingly allow it to be copied; but it is a whole length and cannot be sent to town. If Mr. Hutchings's[2] representative will send a person down to make a drawing of the portrait, and will apply to me, I will obtain the permission.

I am with great regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

LETTER 2883.—Not in C.; now printed from original in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

[1] Five miles from Dorchester.

[2] John Hutchins (d. 1773), the historian of Dorsetshire.

2884. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, April 6 (old style), May 29 (new style).

'Tenez, mon enfant, il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison.' Was I not in the right to take a fancy to Dumourier? He has declared himself Duke of Albemarle; and sent to the regicides, that all the armies France could raise now would not be able to resist the mighty powers coming against them; that there must be an end of folly, and kingly government must be restored. The municipality got wind of his intentions, and stormed the National Assembly, demanding vengeance on Dumourier. They answered they were apprised of his treachery[1], and had actually named Commissioners to fetch him to justice, with many bloody resolutions. Those five Commissioners, of whom Bournonville[2] was the chief, arrived, and were instantly clapped in chains by Moncke the second, and sent by him, with his compliments, to General Clairfait[3], only desiring a receipt for them, which he granted, and has sent them to Mons.

Dumourier harangued his army, whose pulses, to be sure, he had previously felt; and tearing his tricolour cockade out of his hat, took a white one from his pocket, and hoisted it above his damaged laurels, and was followed by the whole army, at least with bits of white paper; and he and they are on full trot to Paris[4], denouncing bitter

Letter 2884.—Not in C.

[1] Dumouriez was extremely unpopular with the Convention. After his defeat at Neerwinden (March 18, 1793) by the Austrians under the Prince of Saxe-Coburg he entered into negotiations with the Prince, with a view to combined action.

[2] Pierre Riel (1752–1821), Marquis de Beurnonville, Minister for War. Together with Camus, Lamarque, Bancal, and Quinette he was arrested by Dumouriez (whom he had been sent to arrest) and handed over to the Austrians. The five remained in prison till 1795, when they were exchanged for Madame, the daughter of Louis XVI (afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême).

[3] One of the Austrian commanders.

[4] This was not the case; the troops refused to follow Dumouriez, who, on April 4, escaped to the Austrians with part of his staff.

revenge for any mischief that may ensue there. I hope this menace will not have the consequences that the Duke of Brunswick's had! The notorious chiefs will probably prefer the Dauphin for King to the pinchbeck Regent[5], or carry him and the Queen away as hostages to the south; but what may one not fear from the brutal madness of the mob!

You may depend on what I have been relating. General Conway heard the particulars from Sir Robert Keith[6], who has seen Lord Auckland's[7] letter, which cites Clairfait's dispatch to Metternich[8], Governor of Brussels. Macbride[9] has sent the same account from Ostend, and a like is come from Dunkirk.

As soon as I heard the news, I went to the Duc de Fleury, and to the Duchesse de la Tremouille, who was dressing, but her servant said the Duc de Choiseul had been before me, and I met Madame de Gand going to her. I called on Mrs. Buller, too, but she and her Bishop[10] are gone to Windsor. On you, you may swear, I called, not expecting to find you, but as you are to come at six, I shall come up to you soon after, but write this for you to find, that I may have the pleasure of being the first to acquaint you with such welcome news. Oh, it is not the smallest part of my joy that the *brave et loyale noblesse françoise* will now leave us. I hope *we* shall not be to help reinstate them; nor desire to have Aquitaine and Normandy again when the high allies are paying themselves for their trouble and expense by dismembering that monarchy, as I am persuaded and trust they will do, especially as the

[5] The Comte de Provence had declared himself Regent on the King's death.

[6] The diplomatist.

[7] Ambassador at the Hague.

[8] Franz Georg Joseph Karl (1746–1818), Prince of Metternich-Winneburg.

[9] Rear-Admiral John Macbride (d. 1800), at this time in command of a frigate squadron off Brest.

[10] William Buller, Bishop of Exeter, d. 1796; uncle of Mrs. Buller's husband.

King of Prussia and Dantzig[11] has declared he will not. A bauble or two, such as a Pitt's diamond, might be accepted *here*, if they were not already gone the Lord knows whither. Adieu! for half an hour.

2885. To Richard Gough.

May 2, 1793.

Lord Orford has the pleasure of acquainting Mr. Gough that the picture of Mr. Hastings is arrived; and may be seen whenever Mr. Gough shall happen to be in town.

2886. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Dear Sir,

You would have heard of me before this time, but I have not been well since I came hither, and I am going to London to-morrow for a few days, as I am sorry to say the atmosphere of the town agrees better with me than the air of the country; at least, I find that change now and then is of use. However, I think of coming back on Monday, and if you have half an hour to spare before that day, I shall be very glad to see you in Berkeley Square.

I approve extremely of the *Critic*[1], and its temper, which will contribute to establish its reputation; though I do not doubt but he will sometimes be provoked to sting those who would wield daggers, if they dared.—Though perhaps ridicule may have more effect than nettles.—Teach the people to laugh at incendiaries, and they will hiss, not huzza them. Montesquieu's brief answer to the critics of

[11] Dantzig had only recently become part of Prussia.

Letter 2885.—Not in C.; now printed from original in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Letter 2886.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 289.

[1] Horace Walpole probably means the *British Critic*, established in 1793 by Beloe's friend, Robert Nares. Beloe was joint editor with Nares.

his *Esprit des Lois*, and Voltaire's short summary of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, were more felt and tasted than regular confutations, and are oftener resumed; for the world does not supply readers enough for the daily mass of new publications: it must expect to be deserted, I mean at times, for it has not quick digestion enough to feed long on solid food only. Nay, men who have sense to comprehend sound reasoning are too few and too sedate to trumpet the reputation of grave authors; and by pronouncing just and temperate judgements (for such men do not exaggerate), they excite no curiosity in the herd of idle readers. The deepest works that have become standards, owe their characters to length of time; but periodic publications must make rapid impression, or are shoved aside by their own tribe; and to acquire popularity must gain noisy voices to their side. This is not the most eligible; but as the object of the —— is to serve his country by stemming error, and exposing its apostles, the favour of the multitude must be gained, and it is necessary to tickle them before they will bite.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

2887. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 13, 1793.

I THANK you much for all your information—some parts made me smile; yet, if what you heard of your brother proves true, I rather think it deplorable! How can love of money, or the still vainer of all vanities, ambition of wearing a high but most insignificant office[1], which even poor Lord Salisbury could execute, tempt a very old man, who

LETTER 2887. — [1] That of Lord Chamberlain. Lord Hertford was created a Marquis in July 1793, and died in June 1794.

loves his ease and his own way, to stoop to wait like a footman behind a chair, for hours, and in a court whence he had been cast ignominiously? I believe I have more pride than most men alive: I could be flattered by honours acquired by merit, or by some singular action of *éclat*; but for titles, ribands, offices of no business, which anybody can fill, and must be given to many, I should just as soon be proud of being the top 'squire in a country village. It is only worse to have waded to distinction through dirt, like Lord Auckland.

All this shifting of scenes may, as you say, be food to the *Fronde—Sed defendit numerus.* It is perfectly ridiculous to use any distinction of parties but the *ins* and the *outs.* Many years ago I thought that the wisest appellations for contending factions ever assumed were those in the Roman empire, who called themselves *the greens* and *the blues*: it was so easy, when they changed sides, to slide from one colour to the other; and then a blue might plead that he had never been *true blue,* but always a *greenish blue*; and *vice versa.* I allow that the steadiest party-man may be staggered by novel and unforeseen circumstances. The outrageous proceedings of the French republicans have wounded the cause of liberty, and will, I fear, have shaken it for centuries; for Condorcet and such fiends are worse than the imperial and royal dividers of Poland. But I do not see why detestation of anarchy and assassination must immediately make one fall in love with Garters and Seals.

I am sitting by the fire, as I have done ever since I came hither; and since I do not expect warm weather in June, I am wishing for rain, or I shall not have a mouthful of hay, nor a noseful of roses. Indeed, as I have seen several fields of hay cut, I wonder it has not brought rain, as usual. My creed is, that rain is good for hay, as I con-

clude every climate and its productions are suited to each other. Providence did not trouble itself about its being more expensive to us to make our hay over and over; it only took care it should not want water enough. Adieu!

2888. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday night, late, July 17, 1793.

I am just come from dining with the Bishop of London at Fulham, where I found Lord and Lady Frederick Campbell, who told me of the alarm you had from hearing some screams that you thought Lady Ailesbury's, and the disorder brought upon you by flying to assist her. I do not at all wonder at your panic, and rejoice it was not founded, and that you recovered so soon. I am not going to preach against your acting so naturally: but as you have some complaint on your breast, I must hope you will remember this accident, and be upon your guard against both sudden and rapid exertions, when you have not a tantamount call. I conclude the excessive heat we have had for twelve complete days contributed to overpower you.

It is much cooler to-day, yet still delicious; for be it known to you that I have enjoyed weather worthy of Africa, and yet without swallowing mouthfuls of musquitos, nor expecting to hear hyenas howl in the village, nor to find scorpions in my bed. Indeed, all the way I came home, I could but gaze at the felicity of my countrymen. The road was one string of stage-coaches loaded within and without with noisy jolly folks, and chaises and gigs that had been pleasuring in clouds of dust; every door and every window of every house was open, lights in every shop, every door with women sitting in the street, every inn crowded with jaded horses, and every alehouse full of drunken topers; for you know the English always an-

nounce their sense of heat or cold by drinking. Well! it was impossible not to enjoy such a scene of happiness and affluence in every village, and amongst the lowest of the people; and who are told by villainous scribblers that they are oppressed and miserable. New streets, new towns, are rising every day and everywhere; the earth is covered with gardens and crops of grain.

How bitter to turn from this Elysium to the Temple at Paris! The fiends there have now torn her son from the Queen! Can one believe that they are human beings, who 'midst all their confusions sit coolly meditating new tortures, new anguish for that poor, helpless, miserable woman, after four years of unexampled sufferings? Oh, if such crimes are not made a dreadful lesson, this world might become a theatre of cannibals!

I hope the checks in Bretagne are legends coined by miscreants at Paris. What can one believe? Well, I will go to bed, and try to dream of peace and plenty; and though my lawn is burnt, and my peas and beans, and roses and strawberries parched, I will bear it with patience till the harvest is got in. Saint Swithin can never hold his water for forty days, though he can do the contrary. Good night!

Yours ever,

O.

2889. To Samuel Lysons.

Strawberry Hill, [July 1793].

I gladly accept your offer, dear Sir, and shall be glad to receive Mr. and Mrs. Farrington on Sunday: and if they would see Strawberry well they had better be here by one o'clock with you. Yours, &c.,

Orford.

Letter 2889.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mr. John D. Enys).

2890. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 6, 1793.

I was not sorry, Madam, at not hearing from your Ladyship for some time, as I was totally unable to have answered you with my own hand, and not much more capable of dictating to Kirgate. I have been very ill with the gout for above a month: it began in my right hand, a middle finger of which opened, and discharged a sharp-pointed chalkstone, that literally weighs four grains and a half; but it is quite healed, and as you see I am writing with it. It was more provoking that the left hand, that had nothing to do in the quarrel, would meddle too, yes, and produce chalk from the middle finger likewise, but scarce having wherewithal revenged itself upon the whole hand, wrist, elbow, and shoulder, on that side; and it was but this morning that I moulted my bootikin, and could get on a warm glove.

These are the miserable anecdotes of the prison-house of your correspondent, Madam! Judge then if I can make any other reply to your kind invitation to Houghton Ampthill, but that I am not likely to make any more journeys but my last! A travelling quarry would be a great natural curiosity—but I am not ambitious of being recorded in the Philosophical Transactions—my executors, if they please, may contribute a print of my singular specimen of chalk.

For the sake of others I am sorry that pretty outside is demolished, and that Mr. Holland has so much of the spirit of a lucrative profession in him, as to prefer destroying to not being employed.

The portrait, shooting with a cross-bow, I should rather suppose, not having seen it, to represent Prince Henry than

King James. The Prince is often drawn as using some activity. There are two pictures of him, one at St. James's and the other at Lord Guildford's, at Wroxton, where with Lord Harrington of Exton he has just killed a deer. At the other painting it is impossible I should guess; and if it exhibits any of Dante's extravagances, I wish not to see it.

The letter, which I return by the help of Mr. Lysons the divine, who is with me to-day, I can inform your Ladyship is a most insignificant, grandmotherly epistle to Lord Bruce (afterwards first Earl of Ailesbury) from his Grannum Magdalen, daughter of Sir Alexander Clarke, and talks of his lady mother, and lady aunt, and of his tutor, though he had a lady wife.

Of the nation of infernal monsters I desire to talk no more than your Ladyship. Would I could avoid thinking on them! Oh, what would I not give to hear the Queen was dead without being murdered!

An account is come of the sudden death of Lord Buckinghamshire[1]: he had the gout in his foot, dipped it in cold water, and killed himself; nobody can play such tricks with impunity but I. Mrs. Hobart is now Countess, with a coronet I believe little gilt: Norfolk coronets scarce pay for the fashion.

I have railed at our summers to your Ladyship: this has been a superb one, and has constantly, contrary to the practice of its predecessors, recovered its temper instantly after the hardest showers of rain; consequently the verdure and leafage are in the highest perfection: my eyes have been delighted, though my limbs suffered; one must comfort oneself with what one can. I hope you have no occasion, Madam, to search for succedaneums!

LETTER 2890.—[1] The second Earl.

2891. To Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry.

My beloved Spouses, Tuesday night, 8 o'clock, Sept. 17, 1793.

Whom I love better than Solomon loved his one spouse—or his one thousand. I lament that the summer is over; not because of its uniquity, but because you two made it so delightful to me, that six weeks of gout could not sour it. Pray take care of yourselves, not for your own sakes, but for mine; for, as I have just had my quota of gout, I may, possibly, expect to see another summer; and, as you allow that I do know my own [mind], and when I wish for anything and have it, am entirely satisfied, you may depend upon it that I shall be as happy with a third summer, if I reach it, as I have been with the two last.

Consider, that I have been threescore years and ten looking for a society that I perfectly like; and at last there dropped out of the clouds into Lady Herries's room two young gentlewomen, who I so little thought were sent thither on purpose for me, that when I was told they were the charming Miss Berrys, I would not even go to the side of the chamber where they sat. But, as fortune never throws anything at one's head without hitting one, I soon found that the charming Berrys were precisely *ce qu'il me fallait*; and that though young enough to be my great-granddaughters, lovely enough to turn the heads of all our youths, and sensible enough, if said youths have any brains, to set all their heads to rights again, yes, sweet damsels, I have found that you can bear to pass half your time with an antediluvian, without discovering any *ennui* or disgust; though his greatest merit towards you is that he is not one of those old fools who fancy they are in love in their dotage. I have no such vagary; though I am not sorry that some folks think I am so absurd, since it frets their selfishness.

The Mackinsys, Onslows, Miss Pelham, and Madame de Cambis have dined here; and to-morrow I shall have the Hamptonians and other Richmondists.

Lord Buckingham has left but 600*l.* a year additional to the Countess's jointure of 1,200*l.* and a small house near Blickling, provided she lives there some months in the year. The same absurd condition is tacked to the possession of Blickling by his son-in-law, Mr. Harbord[1]. His plate, house, and furniture in town to be sold, and Lady Emily[2] is residuary legatee, so it is supposed she will have more than her half-sisters. To Lady Valetort[3] he gives estates in the west, but so encumbered, that if she has a son he alone may hereafter be benefited.

I must repeat it; keep in mind that both of you are delicate, and not strong. If you return in better health, I shall not repine at your journey. Good night!

P.S. Tell me as you change places whither I am to direct.

Wdn. The enclosed came this morning.

2892. To Miss Mary Berry.

Tuesday, 3 o'clock, Sept. 24, 1793.

You ordered me to write to-morrow, that you may receive this on Friday. I begin to obey you on St. Morrow's vigil —a good deal out of humour—not with you, more than I always am, but with that hen-Belial, Mrs. Ankerström, and a bit higher too. As the busybody had told me that

Letter 2891.—[1] Hon. William Assheton Harbord, eldest son of first Baron Suffield, whom he succeeded in 1810. He married in 1792 Lady Caroline Hobart, second daughter of the Earl by his first wife.

[2] Only daughter of Lord Buckinghamshire by his second wife; m. (1794) Robert Stewart, afterwards Viscount Castlereagh and Marquis of Londonderry.

[3] Third daughter by the Earl's first wife.

Letter 2892.—Not in C.

the Duchess of York talked of coming hither to-day, I could not help being prepared, though I did not trust to such authority, and had received no formal notice as I had been promised. In short, I was ready by noon, my fires lighted, and my whole house made as spruce as beer. You will scold me for having believed what I did not believe, for can any truth come out of Nazareth? But consider, I had a better motive for credulity than *young Nick's*. I had been told the visit should be made at the end of last week, or at the *beginning* of this. Now pray, ladies, when a week never yet contained more than seven days, by what almanac can its beginning last longer than Tuesday? Wednesday or Thursday may quarrel for the middle, but should it be given even for the former, your argument will not be a jot the better, for here at a good three of the clock I have received no notice to expect her Royal Highness to-morrow, and which of the three last days are to be created the first, I do not pretend to guess. The sum total is that I am extremely distressed and kept in suspense, and cannot go to town, as I want to do, and yet must wait till I am delivered of my Princess.

The *Gazette* will reach you sooner than this, and will have told several welcome articles, as Elphinstone's[1] noble preservation of Toulon, the reprisal of Menin[2], and the reveil of the Duke of Brunswick, whom the French were so silly as to awaken by a drum at his ear, and paid for disturbing him[3]. To-day's *True Briton* says O'Hara is to command at Toulon. No mortal more fit, but I hope he will not be wanted. The honest men of the Convention, who speak truth as conscientiously as Mrs. Ankerström, have

[1] Hon. George Keith Elphinstone (1746–1823), fifth son of tenth Lord Elphinstone; afterwards Baron and Viscount Keith. Keith, on Aug. 30, 1793, routed a body of French near Toulon.

[2] The Dutch were defeated by the French outside Menin in Sept. 1793.

[3] He defeated the French at Pirmasens on Sept. 14, 1793.

told the Parisians that Carteaux[4] was marching to the relief of Toulon with forty *thousand* men. Captain Elphinstone, who had no very obvious reason for depreciating his own victory, reduces that beaten army to about eight hundred. One may presume that the Convention are a little nearer to the truth when they paint so deplorably the annihilation of their marine by the capture of their fleet at Toulon.

This is all I know or am likely to know before this sets out to-morrow. I do not mind its brevity; you will have long ones enough before two months are gone and over!

I am impatient for the account of your journey. It rained outrageously yesterday from two to four, and has not been dry this afternoon. How did Agnes bear travelling? Well, I long to hear. How did you find good grandmama?

Well, I will add no more, when I have really nothing to say; but let it be a precedent, when you have anything better or else to do—as you must have—I have not; and when I take up so much of your time here, it would be most unjust and unfair to keep you employed, when in the midst of your family and old friends, of whom you see so little. Adieu!

P.S. Voltaire used to conclude every letter to D'Alembert with 'E. L. T.' My constant injunction shall be, 'Take care of yourselves! Do not over-fatigue, nor get wet and catch cold.'

Ditto, P.S. at night.

Just as I had begun my dinner, I received a note from General Budé to tell me the Duchess of York was but then returned from Windsor (whither, I suppose, she had been to see her Augustan[5] and Adolphian[5] brothers-in-law), and, recollecting her engagement with me, would come to-morrow

[4] Jean François Carteaux (d. 1813), one of the generals of the Republican army.

[5] Afterwards Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.

about noon, if not a very bad morning, and if not inconvenient to me. Padrona—but I shall pray for fair weather, for it will be sad to put off my going to London again. I tried at my dessert to have eaten your healths in your melon. I hope they are better than it, for it was as hard as a stone and as white. I did not attempt to save the seeds, for I believe they would thrive nowhere but in a quarry.

P.S. the I don't know how *manyth.*

I had a few lines to-day from your philander, Mr. P——[6]. He wants me to assist him in consulting Bishop Douglas about some point of Scottish history.

There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends;
Salisbury and I are luckily no friends!

He does not notify his marriage[7] to me, nor begs my interest with any wife of mine.

Should to-morrow be ever so brilliant, I shall scarce have time, before the post goes out, to give you an account of the royal visit. It has rained again all the evening; I hope instead of to-morrow. I am sitting at home comfortably, writing postscripts to Yorkshire without end.

Pray, grandmama, pray to God to bless me and make me a good boy! and pray keep my wives as long as you please, and pray send them directly.

2893. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1793, Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

Everything has gone *au mieux.* The rain vented itself to the last drop yesterday; and the sun, as bright as in the Belvidere, has not had a wrinkle on his brow since eight

[6] Pinkerton; see letter 2894.

[7] He married, in 1793, a Miss Burgess, from whom he afterwards separated.

o'clock this morning; nay, has been warm, and gilded the gallery and tribune with sterling rays; the Thames quite full with the last deluges, and the verdure never fresher since it was born. The Duchess[1] arrived punctually at twelve, in a high phaeton, with Mrs. Ewert and Budé on horseback, and no *young Nick*. On the step of the gate was a carpet, and the court matted. I received the Princess at the side of her chaise, and, when entered, kissed her hand. She had meant to ride; but had hurt her foot, and was forced to sit most of the time she was here. We had many civil contests about my sitting too; but I resisted, and held out till after she had seen the house and drank chocolate in the round drawing-room; and then she commanded General Budé to sit, that I might have no excuse: yet I rose and fetched a salver, to give her the chocolate myself, and then a glass of water. She seemed much pleased, and commended much; I can do no less of her, and with the strictest truth. She is not near so small as I had expected; her face is very agreeable and lively; and she is so good-humoured, and so gracious, and so natural, that I do not believe Lady Mary Coke would have made a quarter so pleasing a Duchess of York; nor have been in half so sweet a temper, unless by my attentions *de vieille cour*. I was sorry my eagle had been forced to hold its tongue[2]. To-morrow I shall go to Oatlands, with my thanks for the honour; and there, probably, will end my connections with courts, begun with George the First, great-great-great-grandfather[3] to the Duchess of York—it sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more between her and Adam.

LETTER 2893.—[1] The Duchess of York.

[2] The antique marble eagle in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, round the neck of which were to have been suspended some lines which Lord Orford had written, extolling the Duke of York's military fame and conquests in Holland, which the unfortunate issue of the campaign obliged him to suppress. *Wright.*

[3] George I was in fact only the great-great-grandfather of the Duchess of York.

Great news! How eager Mr. B. will look!—but it is not from armies or navies; not from the murderers at Paris, nor from the victims at Grodno. No! it is only an event in the little world of me. This morning, to receive my Princess, I put on a silver waistcoat that I made three years ago for Lord Cholmondeley's wedding, and have not worn since. Considering my late illness, and how many hundredweight of chalk I have been venting these ten years, I concluded my wedding garment would wrap round me like my night-gown; but, lo! it was grown too tight for me. I shall be less surprised if, in my next century, and under George the Tenth, I grow as plump as Mrs. Ellis.

Methinks I pity you, when all the world is in arms and you expect to hear that Saul Duke of Brunswick has slain his thousands, and David Prince of Coburg his ten thousands, to be forced to read the platitudes that I send you, because I have nothing better to amuse me than writing to you. Well! you know how to get rid of my *letters*.

At night, very late.

I am just come from Lady Betty Mackinsey's at Petersham, where I found the French in great spirits, and everybody full of an account come to a great house in the City, of Besançon having hoisted the white cockade and declared for the young King. Mr. Mackinsey had a letter of it last night. It is believed—but I do not swear to the *true truth* of it.

I shall send this away to-morrow, as you will be curious for the particulars of my royal visit.

Good night. I reckon you are at Brompton[4], and have had no accidents, I hope, on the road.

[4] Near Scarborough, the seat of Miss Berry's uncle, Sir George Cayley.

2894. To John Pinkerton.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1793.

I believe I did see the Bishop of Salisbury a great many years ago, but had not the smallest acquaintance with him, even by words; and it is so long since, that I do not believe I should recollect him, were we to meet, which is not likely, as I go so little anywhere, and therefore it is quite out of my power to assist you in consulting him. Indeed, Sir, I am a most infirm and almost worn-out old man, fit for nothing. I have been very ill with the gout, as you heard, and voided, from a finger of the right hand, with which, however, as you see, I can still write, though very slowly, a chalkstone that literally weighs four grains and a half; and I have others near coming forth: the other hand and arm too are gouty all over. One cannot expect health and strength, if one will live to seventy-six. I do not complain of a natural lot; and I only mention these circumstances as the cause of my little connection with the world. If decrepitude exposes itself, it must be laughed at or pitied; and neither is pleasant.

2895. To Miss Mary Berry.

Sept. 26, Thursday evening.

Don't be frightened; I am not going to send this away this evening, having already sent one to you this morning; but I find I cannot reconcile myself to your absence, unless I am always talking to you, and that is not so comfortable as your talking to me.

I have been at Oatlands this morning, but the Duchess

Letter 2894.—Not in C.; reprinted from Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. i. pp. 335–6.

Letter 2895.—Not in C.

was gone to the Drawing-room at St. James's, as in truth I hoped she would be, unless prevented by her foot; yet as fairy as it is[1], it is well again. On the lawn before the palace I found Budé and *young Nick* just going to mount their horses. I suppose she had come to learn the particulars of yesterday, that she may pretend at the Pavilions to have been of the party, as she did about Jerningham. I am sorry for Budé; she probably will hook him into some scrape by lies that she will tell him, or say that he told her.

Just as I was setting out I received a note from the Princesse d'Hennin, desiring to come to me with a niece of hers just arrived from Paris, who had brought something for me that the Prince de Beauvau had ordered by his will to be delivered to me. Surprised and impatient as I was to know what, I was forced to beg to be excused till I should have made my court, but went the moment I got back to Twickenham.

What! thought I to myself, has he been seized with a penitent pang, and restored the papers of which he defrauded me on Madame du Deffand's death? I beg pardon of a Frenchman for suspecting him of conscience, or of doing justice to an Englishman. I never knew one of the nation but that dear old woman who thought there was any more justice due to us than—at last, they have shown they think they owe to one another.

So you have been guessing at my legacy—never were two young ladies wider from the mark. The Princess and the Prince de Poix, putting on funereal faces for the loss of so worthy a relation as the Maréchal, for whose death you know they have not been sorry this month, delivered me a transcript of the article of the will and—a picture.

[1] She had very small feet; one of her shoes is preserved as a curiosity in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

It is an indifferent copy of the washed drawing that I have of Madame du Deffand (but which copy the judicious testator calls a print), but instead of the figure of the Duchess of Choiseul in the original, there is a servant in livery presenting to my dear old friend a portrait of the Maréchal de Beauvau, not a whit the better, as she was stone blind, for its being very like—but in short it was a present to himself of his own resemblance, and now one to me, who value it no more than if I were blind too. Here are the words of the curious bequest:—

'J'ai à cœur que l'on fasse tenir par la première occasion à Monsieur Valpol une estampe représentant Madame du Deffand qui est à côté de la cheminée de ma chambre: on mandera à Monsieur Valpole, que cette dame nous ayant aimés tous deux, et ayant été aimée de nous, j'ai pensé que son image devoit appartenir au survivant.'

I loved her writings too, and she left them all to me; the Prince, it seems, loved them better, detained several, and did not think that the survivor ought to have them even after him.

Sept. 27, 1793, at night.

In my disconsolate widowhood I have been this evening with the Cambridges, and I am glad I have, for I have transacted important business with them. George was at home, and he as well as the farrier are decidedly of opinion that Agnes's mare, which is worse for going to London, will infallibly relapse if she sets out for Yorkshire before next Wednesday; and then all riding would be lost during your journey, from which I hope so much benefit to your sister. I, as lord and master in my own domestic, have authorized Mr. George to lay an embargo on the mare's progress till farther orders and advice of the faculty; and I think this order of council of so much consequence, that I shall send this away to-morrow, though I had intended to

reserve it till I had collected some news for you in town, whither I go to-morrow.

I have heard no more of Besançon, and therefore doubt of its revolt; but Miss Cambridge told me news, for which I am truly concerned. That loveliest and perfectest of all ancient mansions, Cowdry, was on Monday night last totally burnt to the ground in six hours! The Dowager Lady Montagu was at Brighthelmstone, the young Lord [2] abroad, and probably only a few unintelligent servants in the house. It is a grievous loss to us Goths!

This summer, the sweetest-tempered ever born in England, has quite recovered its good humour, and to-day been enchanting with primæval verdure. I hope it has accompanied you to Brompton. I long to hear of your being arrived there. Good night. I finish without any douceurs; my letters *par cy, par là,* have enough of them, I believe.

P.S. Friday morning, half-past ten.

Oh, thank you, thank you! I this moment receive your note from Ferrybridge; your half delights me, the other half afflicts me, to find my sweet Agnes is not better, but worse for travelling. What would she have done had not you found post-horses at Doncaster? How I wish her under the wing of grandmama! who I hope will send her back to me quite well again.

The post office, I believe, will think it our honeymoon still: you have been gone but five days, and I have written to you on three of them running. As you know I am not partial to the *moon,* I shall desire to christen the era of my double marriage our *honey sun*; but then you must both be in good health, and that, alas, both of you seldom are for

[2] George Samuel Browne (1769–1793), eighth Viscount Montagu, drowned in the falls of Schaffhausen in the month following the burning of his house. A curse is said to have been pronounced on the race, threatening it with destruction by fire and water.

two days together! As your last night's letter will arrive here to-morrow when I shall be in town, I leave orders for it to be sent after me by the coach, but then I shall not receive it till too late to answer it before Monday.

2896. To Miss Mary Berry.

Sunday night, Sept. 29, 1793.

Having written to the bone all I had to say, I have let my pen rest for three days—ay, but why? Not from a fit of idleness, but I have not received your second letter, and which now I cannot get before Tuesday. I expected it yesterday, and your servant expected one too, but neither arrived. He may bear his disappointment as stoically as he pleases, I have no such apathy. You know how apt I am to be alarmed when I do not hear from you at the moment I intend; I imagine that one of you is ill, or that both have been overturned. I can no more persuade myself out of all fears than any one else could persuade me out of them, nobody's reason being half so eloquent as one's own feelings; for words only go into the ear, die of their own sound, and never sink to the heart. The post never miscarries, but when it has nothing to carry, though persons pretend to have written when they have not. As you promised to write again as soon as you arrived at Brompton, I can only suppose that something (the Lord knows what) detained you, and that you did not get thither till Friday, too late to save the post; or that it is too far from the post-town; or that a Yorkshire Sunday is as prudish as Mrs. Cambridge, and will let nobody move hand or foot, though the tongue may gallop as fast as it lists, and fetch and carry scandal all over the parish. My chief dread is lest Agnes should have been forced to stop on the road:

Letter 2896.—Not in C.

the moment your letter comes my eye will hurry over it to look for her name; and as usual, till I read it a second time, I shall scarce know what it contains.

I went to town on Friday to give orders about new papering and distempering my dining-room, and it would be finished in ten days, if there were one tradesman in London that ever spoke truth. In half an hour after my landing, walked into my room General Conway, come only for a single day. In the evening we went together to Miss Farren's, and besides her duenna-mother, found her at piquet with her unalterable Earl.—Apropos, I have observed of late years, that when *Earls* take strong attachments, they are more steady than other men.

The next evening I sat with Mrs. Buller above two hours; there was her Unique[1], who soon went down to his violin, and Mr. Cocks, a banker. Mr. Churchill called on me before dinner; but from none did I gather one tittle of news, military or naval. Rumours there have been for some days, and still are, of overtures having been made from Brest to Lord Howe—but his Lordship is not rapid; he moves like a king at chess at the end of a game, one square inch from Torbay, and the next back again. I do not love to censure men of a profession I do not at all understand, and therefore suppose there are good reasons for his stationary inactivity. Our friend O'Hara is certainly made Governor at Toulon. Good night for to-night—I hope some of the most unimportant of my guesses at having no letter may be the true one!

Monday night.

Your man James has been here—how I thank him! and has relieved my mind, and will send me tranquil to bed. He had been in town this morning, and before seven this evening brought me your letter to him, which mentioning

[1] Her only child.

no mishap, I trust none happened; and now I am confident of receiving a letter myself to-morrow, and will reserve the rest of my paper for answering that.

Tuesday morning, 10 o'clock, Oct. 1.

The letter is come, and tells me all I wished to hear, except of Agnes's cold; however, as she carried it with her, I hope the country will soon cure it, and do everything else it possibly can for you both. Don't purloin much of your time from your good family for me. My numerous letters to you are my chief amusement, and rob nobody of anything that is at their service. You can have few events to relate that I am curious to hear, but what regards yourselves, and those are of consequence to me to know. All Europe is engaged to furnish *me* with articles—it has not presented me with one to-day yet. The changes you wot of were of the town's making, not the King's. Nobody is gone out or in, but Sir Gilbert Elliot[2], and he is made commissioner at Toulon.

I am glad you approve of our transactions about the mare. James thought last night that she will be able to set out on Wednesday, but he is to call on me after seeing the Cambridge junto, and then I shall know more, which shall be in the postscript. Adieu, *mes belles voyageuses*!

Your devoted
Le survivant de M. le Maréchal de Beauvau—
His principality I outlived four years ago[3].

P.S. James is come, and the *savii* hold that the mare may safely go to London on Wednesday, and set out for Brompton on Thursday; but *the Infallible* is to be at Twickenham to-night, and to decide on the soundity or risk

[2] The fourth Baronet, afterwards Earl of Minto; d. 1814.

[3] When titles were abolished in France.

of the journey—but all that you will learn fully from Miss Cambridge's letter to your sister, which she has sent me to frank, as I have.

2897. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2, 1793.

James brought me most favourable testimonials of the mare this morning, and Mr. George Infallible came afterwards and confirmed the report, and gave very prudent directions, and it was settled that she should go gingerly to London this evening, and proceed to you by easy stages, which may take up about ten days. All this I determined to notify to you to-day. It was as fine a morning for writing as heart could wish; but trifling away the time in reading the newspaper, and finding nothing to-day to tell you from it, the neat old Lady Murrays[1] came, and brought their friend, Lady Charlotte Wentworth, with whom I was acquainted *vicesimo sexto Georgii Secundi*, to show her my house; but before I could begin my tale, hark! a most violent clap of thunder came out of an extempore dark cloud, intended, no doubt, for the sultry weather in July, or that should have fallen on the French Convention, and such swinging hail and rain, that we could scarce see one another. However, according to the unexampled good humour of this singular year, it grew fine again, and they saw the house. By that time the post was gone, and luckily, for behold, I have not a word more to say, and my letter must wait till some good Christian tells me some truth or lie, which you shall have faithfully without addition or diminution.

Letter 2897.—Not in C.

[1] Sisters of the first Earl of Mansfield.

Thursday night, 3rd.

Your letter of the 30th, and not of this month, for a certain reason that shall be nameless, arrived this morning in statutable time; yet I could not continue this. First came my steward from Crostwick[2] with accounts and a lease to be signed. Then the good Wheelers from Richmond, where they are to stay about a week, and then she goes to the seaside; and last, the Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Mary Mordaunt. The former told me she had sent to invite you two to the Pavilions about a week ago, but found you were going to Yorkshire, whither I think I remember you talked of going. By the time I became alone again, the post must have been got half-way to London, and there did not seem anything so important in this letter, or likely to be in it, as to create a necessity of sending a messenger to town with it, notwithstanding my alacrity at sending one; but I should have been ashamed now, when I had so heroically conquered that inclination last week, on being disappointed for two days of your first letter from Yorkshire. You have accounted for that delay pretty much as I did; and therefore, having discovered that I have a little sense of reasoning when I allow myself time, I will try my hand at it another time—though I had rather have no occasion for it.

How very happy I am that you think my dear Agnes a little mended already, and that even your kind grandmother, who is too fond not to have keen eyes, found her much less altered than you expected—but you are like me, and too easily alarmed for those you love so much. Mrs. Seton is like me too (in short, there is a sort of family likeness amongst us) in consenting so readily to parting with you to Scarborough. I hope it will answer to her, and

[2] About five miles from Norwich.

am persuaded it will. I have experienced such benefit, and so astonishingly sudden, from sea air, that I have great trust in it being salutary to your sister.

Don't talk of sending me letters not worth a farthing. What are any letters worth but according to the person from whom they come? Do you think that if I had expected last week one of the best letters that Madame de Sévigné ever wrote, and that I had never seen, but had heard it was coming, I should have been wretched for two days because it was not arrived?—pho! don't tell me of letters not worth a farthing—let me but have those I desire, and leave it to me to see the value of them.

If the want of matter and news, and of everything foreign to the writer and receiver, constitutes a trumpery letter, behold one that John Nichols would not print in the *London Magazine*, where he has condescended to preserve even Dr. Johnson's notes to his printer, with a number of others equally illustrating nothing. It is certain that from the different persons that I have seen for these two days I have not learnt a single new fact, either from London or the Continent; but from their own papers I have seen articles proposed in the Convention that stiffen one with horror. Would you have believed, even three months ago, that that *repaire* of two-legged hyenas could have invented new atrocities to add to their mass of crimes? Oh, but they could, they have! have proposed to thrust all *suspected* persons—that is, all against whom they have no proofs—into large buildings undermined on purpose for blowing them up if a counter-revolution happens! I hope this Pandæmoniac proposal was suggested by the last sob of despair!

How mankind is improved in the manufacture of malice and mischief since the Greeks, inspired by the goddess of wisdom herself, contrived so silly and untoward a project

as to present to a besieged town of their enemies a Brobdingnag mare full of armed men!

Well, to-morrow is a new day, and the *True Briton* may help me to something more to say; if not, *dixi.*

2898. To the Rev. Robert Nares.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1793.

I have thought it long, Sir, since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and should have asked that satisfaction here, with the company of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, who promised to acquaint me with their return; yet had they done so within these last ten or twelve weeks, I could not have profited by it. I have been ill of the gout in four or five parts, and produced from one of my fingers a chalkstone, that I believe is worthy of a place in Mr. Hunter's collection of human miseries—he best knows whether it is qualified to be a candidate there—I do know that on *delivery,* I had it weighed, and its weight was four grains and half; and with two detached bits, five grains. I little thought when I began my own museum that it would be increased by curiosities from my own person—nor is this the first, though the most magnificent; nor would probably be the last, were I likely *to go my full time* with two- or three-and-twenty others, of which I am *pregnant*—I must not say *big,* as a word unsuitable to my skeleton—my fingers literally resembling the bag of eggs in a fowl, as you may have observed.

I did justice, dear Sir, to the *cause* of your silence, and in that light was very glad of it, as far as it respects what you are *writing*; but when I reflect that before you review, you must *read,* alas! I pity you. What an Augean labour

Letter 2898.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. R. Smith.

to examine the productions of a whole month, nay, of every whole month in London, and *alibi*! I remember, when I showed Mr. Gray the MS. of my *Royal and Noble Authors*, he said, 'But you should give an account of their works as well as of them.' 'Oh, thank you for nothing,' said I; 'I tell people what they wrote, and they may read their works if they please, but deuce take me if I do, except a few, which, from what I know of the authors, are probably very good or very ridiculous, and both will entertain me.'

If Dr. Henry's[1] sixth volume has been never published but since the Doctor's death,—I certainly have not seen it, nor knew of it as recent. I have his former volumes, and did read his separate illustrations at the end of each volume, though few of the reigns themselves, as I found them but summaries to introduce the Dissertations; and of the reigns I know enough.

Of Dr. Henry's opinions of the guilt or innocence of Richard III, I confess he left a different impression on my mind from what you now report, Sir. If I formed a wrong judgement, I can assign two causes. First, self-partiality: if one has convinced oneself, one is still more likely to expect to convince others. Any man's prepossession in favour of his own judgement, makes him think that what could influence his own strong mind ought to be demonstration to others. This I conclude was my course of reasoning, when, as I confess, I thought I had sufficiently converted Dr. Henry—but here my second cause may have come in play, a departing memory. I am not positively sure of what I have been saying—

> The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Becomes more weak by cracks that time has made.

[1] Dr. Robert Henry (1718–1790), minister of Old Grey Friars Church, Edinburgh, and author of a History of England.

Consider, dear Sir, that it was seventy-six years yesterday that so many winters have been pelting this straw-built tenement; then how many facts must have escaped through the flaws in the battered roof! In short, I seem to remember that Dr. Henry not only, though very civilly, disagreed with me in some points, but that I answered a few of his arguments in a private letter. All this I may have dreamt—and now I know not how to ascertain what I say. At present I cannot even have recourse to the volumes of Dr. Henry that I have, as they are in my library in town, and I have many workmen in the house new papering and painting: for the sixth volume I will send.

In truth, Sir, I was so questioned about Richard many years ago, especially by one gentleman, who would in spite of my pen's teeth discuss the subject with me by letters, that I resolved not to talk or write about it any more during my life, though I had prepared and have ready printed four or five answers, to Mr. Hume, Dr. Milles, and others, besides an Appendix with some new and strong arguments, two of which are curious indeed! All those pieces you shall see, if you desire it, should you have leisure from *your* really useful labours to attend to such uninteresting trifles.

I cannot mention your useful engagements without saying that I apprehend that they are towards growing a little as necessary as they were last year, and it is already incumbent upon the Associations to bestir their most beneficial zeal and activity. Of late I have heard a good deal of the revived machinations of our French and domestic enemies. From my own county, as from Norwich and its neighbourhood, a good deal; at Bury the spirit is predominant; but I heard a circumstance yesterday that shows, I believe you will think, conclusively, that the

unhappy and mischievous disturbances at Bristol[2] were suggested, and most probably fomented, by the same domestic Jacobin spirit that actuated the disorders at Birmingham; the conclusion is drawn from a fact; that the *mob* are not affected by the new toll, for *foot* passengers were *not* to pay it. The magistrates were in the wrong, especially in so critical a season, to persevere in it—they have since abandoned it—I wish the mischief may end there.

I could suggest one or two more ideas, but they are not pressing; I must have tired you, and I have my own lame hand; a proof of the pleasure I have, dear Sir, in conversing with you, and of how sincerely I am

Your obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

P.S. I have had so bad a pen, and employed such a vile sheet of paper, and had made so many blots and omissions and interlineations, that not having courage to copy it fairly, I attempted to correct it, for which my poor fingers being too awkward, I have made it so much worse, that I doubt it will be illegible—don't take the trouble, but do as I would have done, but for the duty I owed you of an answer, and fling it into the fire.

2899. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1793.

You are welcome to Scarborough both, and *buon pro vi faccia!* As you, Mrs. Mary, have been so mistaken about your sister, I shall allow nobody for the future to take

[2] Serious riots took place at Bristol at the end of Sept. 1793, where the magistrates had irritated the people by laying on for the second time a toll which had been abolished. The mob destroyed the toll-gates on the bridge on several successive days. Soldiers were called in, who fired on the crowd, killing and wounding many people. The collection of the toll was abandoned.

a panic about either, but myself. I am rejoiced the journey seems hitherto to answer so well; but, do you know, 'it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer.' I am forced to eat all the game of your purparties, as well as my own thirds.

Pray did not you think that the object of the grand alliance was to reduce France? No such thing! at least their views have changed ever since they heard of your setting out. Without refining too much, it is clear to me that all they think on now, is to prevent my sending you news. Does any army stir? Is not the Duke of Brunswick gone to sleep again, like a paroli at faro, or like a paroli at Torbay, which cocks one corner, but never wins a septleva? That Lord Admiral reminds me of a trait of poor Don Carlos, which helped on his dead-warrant. He one day made a little book, which he intituled *The Travels of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* It contained his Majesty's removals from his capital to his country palaces, and back again. Well! if all those monarchs are so pitiful as to set their wits against you, I will balk them. I will do as other folks do; I will make news myself—not to-night; for I have no invention by me at present: besides, you are apt to sift news too shrewdly.

But, before I coin a report for you, I must contradict one. If you should hear in Yorkshire that I am appointed aide de camp to the Duke of York, you may safely contradict it. It could only arise from the Duchess of York's visit to me; just as, the year before you came to Cliveden, your predecessor, Sir Robert Goodere, literally *told* me, that he *heard* that Princess Elizabeth had been sent to me for two days for the air. On questioning him roundly, I discovered that he had *heard* no such thing; but had conjectured so, on seeing two of the Duchess of Gloucester's servants pass before his door from or to the Pavilions;

which ought not to have puzzled the goose's imagination a moment—but thus reports originate!

Monday night, 7th.

I come from Mrs. Jeffries at Richmond, but return not a battle richer than I went; though I saw the Secretary-at-War there, and even the panic-master-general[1], who had not a single alarm to bestow on a poor soul who is hungering and thirsting for news, good or bad, to send you. Sir George Yonge, indeed, did tell us, that thirty Jacobins, who had disguised themselves as priests, to bring scandal on their countrymen of that profession, but who, the Bishop of Léon[2] declares, are none of their clergy, have been detected and seized, and are to be sent away to-morrow. Home news from Richmond. Your friend Mr. Dundas was robbed this morning at eleven o'clock at Cranford Bridge[3]. I asked what was become of Earl Berkeley, who has shot so many highwaymen there near his own house? Dundas happened to tell them he is a surgeon; on which they insisted on his giving them his case of instruments. I suspect they are French surgeons, and will poison the instruments for the first wound they dress.

You see how I labour in your service, though my crops are small. An old Duchess of Rutland, mother of the late Duchess of Montrose, whenever a visitor told her some news or scandal, cried to her daughter, 'Lucy, do step into next room, and make a memorandum of what Lady Greenwich, or Lady M.M. or N.N. has been telling us.' 'Lord! Madam, to be sure it cannot be true.' 'No matter, child; it will do for news into the country.' It is for want of such prudent *provision pour le couvent*, that so many people are forced to invent offhand. You cannot say I am so

Letter 2899. — [1] Probably Lord Onslow.
[2] Jean François de la Marche, Bishop of St. Pol de Léon.
[3] About five miles from Hounslow.

thoughtless: you receive every morsel piping-hot as it comes from the bakers. One word about our glorious weather, and I have done. It even improves every day. I kept the window wide open till dinner-time to-day, and could do nothing but gaze at the brilliant beauty of the verdure. It is so equal to ordinary Julys, that one is surprised to see the sun set before six o'clock. Good night!

Tuesday noon.

P.S. Nothing but skirmishes in to-day's paper, and distressed letters to the Convention.

2900. To Miss Hannah More.

Strawberry Hill, 1793.

Though it would make me happy, my dear Madam, if you were more corresponding, yet I must not reproach your silence, nor wish it were less; for all your moments are so dedicated to goodness, and to unwearied acts of benevolence, that you must steal from charity, or purloin from the repose you want, any that you bestow on me. Do not I know, too, alas! how indifferent your health is? You sacrifice that to your duties: but can a friend, who esteems you so highly as I do, be so selfish as to desire to cost you half an hour's headache? No, never send me a line that you can employ better; or that would trespass on your ease.

Of the trash written against you I had never even heard. Nor do I believe that they gave you any other disquiet than what arose from seeing that the worthiest and most *humane* intentions are poison to some *human* beings. Oh, have not the last five years brought to light such infernal malevolence, such monstrous crimes, as mankind had grown civilized enough to disbelieve when they read anything similar in former ages—if, indeed, anything similar

has been recorded. But I must not enter into what I dare not fathom. Catherine Slay-Czar triumphs over the good honest Poles; and Louis Seize perishes on a scaffold, the best of men: while whole assemblies of fiends, calling themselves *men*, are from day to day meditating torment and torture for his heroic widow; on whom, with all their power and malice, and with every page, footman, and chambermaid of hers in their reach, and with the rack in their hands, they have not been able to fix a speck. Nay, do they not now talk of the inutility of evidence? What other virtue ever sustained such an ordeal? But who can wonder, when the Almighty himself is called by one of those wretches the *soi-disant* God!

You say their outrageous folly tempts you to smile—yes, yes: at times I should have laughed too, if I could have dragged my muscles at once from the zenith of horror to the nadir of contempt: but their abominations leave one not leisure enough to leap from indignation to mirth. I abhor war and bloodshed as much as you do; but unless the earth is purged of such monsters, peace and morality will never return. This is not a war of nation and nation; it is the cause of everything dear and sacred to civilized men, against the unbounded licentiousness of assassins, who massacre even the generals who fight for them—not that I pity the latter; but to whom can a country be just that rewards its tools with the axe? What animal is so horrible as one that devours its own young ones?

That execrable nation overwhelms all moralizing. At any other minute the unexpected death of Lady Falmouth[1] would be striking: yet I am sorry for Mrs. Boscawen. I have been ill for six weeks with the gout, and am just

LETTER 2900.—[1] Elizabeth Anne, daughter of John Crewe, of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire; m. (1784) George Evelyn Boscawen, third Viscount Falmouth. He was the son of the Mrs. Boscawen mentioned in the text.

recovered: yet I remember it less than the atrocities of France; and I remember, if possible, with greater indignation, their traitors here at home; amongst whom are your antagonists. Do not apologize for talking of them and yourself. Punish them not by answering, but by supporting the good cause, and by stigmatizing the most impudent impiety that ever was avowed.

Mrs. Garrick dined here to-day, with some of the quality of Hampton and Richmond. She appears quite well, and was very cheerful: I wish you were as well recovered. Do you remember how ill I found you both last year in the Adelphi? Adieu! thou excellent champion, as well as practiser, of all goodness. Let the vile abuse vented against you be balm to your mind: your writings must have done great service, when they have so much provoked the enemy. All who have religion or principle must revere your name. Who would not be hated by Duponts and Dantons?—and if abhorrence of atheism implies Popery, reckon it a compliment to be called Papist. The French have gone such extravagant lengths, that to preach or practise massacres is, with them, the sole test of merit—of patriotism. Just in one point only they have merit; they sacrifice the blackest criminals with as much alacrity as the most innocent or the most virtuous: but I beg your pardon; I know not how to stop when I talk of these ruffians.

Yours most cordially and most sincerely,

ORFORD.

2901. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1793.

As far as I can foresee, this will be a dwarf letter in proportion to its predecessors, for I do not know a *haputh* of

LETTER 2901.—Not in C.

news, and only begin mine to tell you I have just received yours of Sunday last from Scarborough, and it gives me vast pleasure to hear your sister continues to mend, though her mare be not arrived. I calculate that she will have it by Saturday at farthest, and I hope in good rideability. In consideration of their zeal about her, I went again last night to the Cambridges, but found him alone. His wife was confined above in her own cherry-tree, with her rheumatism and an additional fever.

To my home gazette I have but one article to add: while it lasted it was vexatious. The panic- or blunder-master-general had asked me for a ticket for some French, though it is a fortnight past my exhibitory season, but said, with a petitioning face, 'I think you allow only four at a time.' 'Why,' said I, 'my Lord, to tell you the truth, I am not so strict about foreigners; they may have but a day or two, and may not know my rules'—in short, I allowed him to add to four—give him an inch, and guess how many ells he will take—five, six, seven—and when you have counted seventeen you will not have exceeded the number! Nanny's cap stood on end! I thought the invasion of 100,000, that the Convention have decreed, were come over in balloons, as they formerly intended. The little parlour would not hold them, the green closet less, the star-chamber still less—and the poor cabinet! I trembled, and so had Nanny; for the moment they were gone, she came running to me, and said, 'Well, they have broke nothing!' Recollect that these seventeen dozen have passed the whole summer at Richmond, and might have come in detail.

Ah! your good grandmother! I shall be jealous, and think she loves you both better than I do—but come, I will be noble too, and think you ought to stay longer in the north, and repay her the fortnight you have filched from her.

Pray was not your sea monster like the Duke of Orléans, or one of the Convention?

At night.

I have been at Lady Betty Mackinsy's, where were both politicians and French, but I did not learn one new military event. The poor old Duc de Nivernois was ten days under arrest, but has been acquitted and released. The Duchesse de Grammont and Madame du Châtelet, the latter in a bad state of health, are seized also. All these, it is supposed, it was only meant to squeeze. It is hoped they will soon squeeze the plunderers amongst themselves, and spare them no more than they do their own generals. You justly scoff at their re-baptizing the days of the week; but in everything they do is not there a layer of horror and a layer of folly? I hope they have opened the eyes of mankind, and that it will be remarked at last that the nation never did possess sound sense. Their egregious vanity was the consequence of their extreme ignorance. They would not condescend to know what was out of their own country, scarce what was out of Paris; and each Frenchman, master of their own usages, thought himself qualified to dictate to the rest of the world. They sent dolls dressed in their own fashions to other countries, and imagined they were communicating universal knowledge; and indeed there was little difference between the jointed baby and the prototype. The *Mémoires* of Monsieur de Maurepas, so veteran a minister, show of what shreds, and patches, and trifles, like a harlequin's jacket, a French statesman's head is composed. Their women, who had sense, found out the futility of the men, and governed them universally; but they were Frenchwomen, and *le pays s'en ressentoit.*

Saturday.

My letter shall set out, for probably it has got its com-

plement. The Prince of Cobourg is endeavouring to hem in the French army at Maubeuge, and the King of Prussia is returned to Berlin. I hope he has not *taken* or given the Duke of Brunswick another sleeping draught!

John St. John[1] is dead. I expect Stumpity Stump[2] to dine with me to-day and stay till to-morrow, and the Churchills on Sunday—are not these very important pieces of intelligence to send to the north of England? It is making bricks *with* straws. Adieu!

P.S. My sweet Agnes, Mrs. Seton is not happier than I am that you took this journey, since Scarborough agrees so well with you.

2902. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock, Oct. 15, 1793.

Though I do not know when it will have its whole lading, I must begin my letter this very moment, to tell you what I have just heard. I called on the Princesse d'Hennin, who has been in town a week. I found her quite alone, and I thought she did not answer quite clearly about her two knights: the Prince de Poix has taken a lodging in town, and she talks of letting her house here, if she can. In short, I thought she had a little of an Ariadne air—but this was not what I was in such a hurry to tell you. She showed me several pieces of letters, I think from the Duchesse de Bouillon: one says, the poor Duchesse de Biron is again arrested and at the Jacobins, and with her 'une jeune étourdie, qui ne fait que chanter toute la journée'; and who, think you, may that be?—only our pretty little wicked Duchesse de Fleury! by her singing and not sobbing,

[1] Third son of second Viscount Bolingbroke, and Surveyor-General of the Crown Lands.

[2] The Rev. Daniel Lysons.

I suppose she was weary of her Tircis, and is glad to be rid of him. This new blow, I fear, will overset Madame de Biron again. The rage at Paris seems to increase daily or hourly; they either despair, or are now avowed banditti. I tremble so much for the great and most suffering victim of all, the Queen, that one cannot feel so much for many, as several perhaps deserve: but her tortures have been of far longer duration than any martyr's, and more various; and her courage and patience equal to her woes!

My poor old friend, the Duchesse de la Vallière, past ninety and stone-deaf, has a guard set upon her, but in her own house; her daughter, the Duchesse de Châtillon, mother of the Duchesse de la Trémouille, is arrested; and thus the last, with her attachment to the Queen, must be miserable indeed!—but one would think I feel for nothing but Duchesses: the crisis has crowded them together into my letter, and into prison—and to be a prisoner among cannibals is pitiable indeed!

Wednesday morning, 11 o'clock.

As the summer improves every day this autumn, I have just been at Cliveden, lest it should grow so hot that I should be tanned if I stayed till November. I went to see the second festoon over Agnes's door, and am glad I did, for it is much too small and too faint. Kirgate will carry both to the poor painter at Richmond, and have them made to resemble. Cliveden never looked more like paradise, and Mrs. Richardson[1], with all her poultry about her, made a very matron-like Eve. I received your father's letter, and franked and forwarded it as you ordered.

The nymph of the cherry-tree[2] continues ill, and I think her mate looks on her as in a declining way.

I have had a letter from the Bishop of Dromore of seven

Letter 2902.—[1] Housekeeper to the Miss Berrys.
[2] Mrs. Cambridge.

sides of paper, the object of which was to induce me to add to my *Noble Authors* some Meditations by a foolish Countess of Northumberland, and to set me to inquire after a MS. tract of Earl Algernon; with neither of which I have complied or shall. The Bishop having created himself a Percy, is gone mad about that family, though the Percys are more remembered for having lost their heads, than for ever having had a head that was a loss to lose.

Thursday morning, 17th, past ten.

I this moment receive the very comfortable twin letter, and assure my twin wives that as much as I delight in their being and liking to be at Cliveden, I am much happier in having contributed to persuade their northern journey. What can please me so much as to see them return in health? It was perpetual suffering to see one or the other out of order. The safe arrival of the mare is a great codicil to my satisfaction, and with a longer stay at Scarborough, which I beg may be protracted as long as this miraculous season will please to last, I shall hope that you will both be fortified to support a winter campaign in London. Surely the good grandam will come to you. I will send you to her no more, if she prefers anything to re-establishing your healths.

I am so conjugal, and so much in earnest upon the article of recovery, that I cannot think of *a pretty thing* to say to very pretty Mrs. St.[3]; nor do I know what would be *a pretty thing* in these days. I might come out with some old-fashioned compliment, that would have been very genteel

In good Queen Bess's golden days, when I was a dame of honour.

Let Mrs. St. imagine that I have said all she deserves:

[3] Hon. Mrs. Stanhope—*née* Eliza Falconer, wife of second son of second Earl of Harrington.

I certainly think it, and will ratify it, when I have learnt the language of the nineteenth century; but I really am so ancient, that as Pythagoras imagined he had been Panthoides Euphorbus in the Trojan war, I am not sure that I did not ride upon a pillion behind a Gentleman-Usher, when her Majesty Elizabeth went in procession to St. Paul's on the defeat of the Armada!

You are very kind in being content with my letters, uninteresting as they are, for here I learn nothing till it has been mangled in the newspapers, and commonly proved to have been false there. To-day's *True Briton* talks of prodigious success crowning the royalists in Bretagne. Yesterday there seemed to be some stop put to the breaking up of our camps, but no reason assigned. The papers choose too to make the Prince de Saxe-Cobourg meditate an attack on the strong camp at Maubeuge; but I have been told, and think it more probable, that he will endeavour to starve them to a surrender. He did not approve of the last vivacity at Dunkirk; and as the French affairs become more desperate every day, some patience may be the wisest measure; but I will not reason upon what I do not understand, nor on what I do not know authentically. I see I mistake something or other every post. I thought the King of Prussia going off—to-day he has made a new treaty with us—if that is any security. Adieu!

Adieu! the postman puts an end to my idle speculations—but, Scarborough for ever! with three huzzas!

2903. To Miss Agnes Berry.

My sweet Lamb, Thursday evening, Oct. 17, 1793.

I am not content with having only thanked you in my bigamy letter, which was almost finished when your

Letter 2903.—Not in C.

postscript arrived, which made me so happy, and for which I am the more obliged, as you do not love writing. Your great amendment I fully believe, for your sister assures me of it too. She is more apt to be alarmed about you than anybody, and would not be satisfied with a trifling improvement! I rejoice in the arrival of your mare; yet I have still more confidence in the sea air, and shall now be impatient to hear Mrs. Seton has joined you at Scarborough, where I hope she will keep you as long as the weather remains tolerable. You say kindly, you hope I am not better pleased with your absence than I was: indeed and in good deed but I am, since it has had such prosperous effect. Though it should last longer than I expected, as I now most seriously wish it may, I shall be amply repaid by seeing you both return looking perfectly well. Absence is charming to lament in ditties of *Lovers*, but when founded on the best reasons, it goes to none of *Friendship's* tunes. I can quote but one poetic line that suits my present mood, and to which I hope *you* will bring back the most satisfactory answer:—

> Rose, what is become of your delicate hue[1]?
> REPLY: La voici.

Whether I am as comfortable as when you are at Cliveden, you may judge by my innumerable letters. Mary cites an authority, that I have not the assurance to adopt, that a man proves his affection to a woman that gives up his time to her. Ah me! I doubt my being constantly writing to you both entertains myself much more than it does you two. In short, I feel conversing with you, and prefer it to going to Richmond and Hampton Court, which used to be my resources formerly, when I was tired of sitting whole

[1] From John Byrom's verses beginning 'My time, O ye muses, was happily spent.'

evenings alone. I now return to my letters of the common of two genders.

Miss Hotham has given warning to Mr. Pigou to quit the smaller and far more beautiful house at Marble Hill, intending to inhabit it herself. Poor Sir Charles[2] does not come to town this winter, thinking himself too ill; but his staying where he is and leading the dismal life he does, is, I believe, his chief illness: but am not I sending you coals to Newcastle? I will pause till I have better fuel.

Friday morning, after breakfast.

The coach has just brought me from Park Place a grove of lavender plants for you, of which Mrs. Damer had given me notice. My gardener is gone to distribute them about Cliveden, which I hope next summer will be as odoriferous as Mount Carmel. They have brought to my recollection the tag of an old song that I learnt in my first babyhood, that I am sure has not been in my head these threescore years and ten, but suits incomparably with my second infancy:—

Rosemary's green, diddle diddle, lavender's blue;
If you'll love me, diddle diddle, I will love you.

Were Mrs. Stanhope to know what *pretty things* I say to my wives, I believe she would not covet such a superannuated galant—but you will not expose our curtain-douceurs!

At noon.

I have had no letters to-day, and the newspapers tell nothing but new distresses announced to the vile Convention, and which they only pretend to combat by new bravados, yet evidently tremble for Maubeuge. I trust their inhuman career approaches to its termination!

This is a *hors-d'œuvre*, and so shall go away. Adieu, both!

[2] Sir Charles Hotham-Thompson, father of Miss Hotham; he died in 1794.

2904. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1793.

As I wrote to Agnes and you yesterday, and to you and Agnes the day before, I shall say but few words now, and only in answer to yours of Wednesday last about my health. It is true I have had the common disorder of the season in my bowels, and not violently; but as I am weaker than anybody, it seemed to weaken me more than others. I had no fever with it, and knowing it would be over in a few days, as it was, I had no idea of sending word of it so far, more than of a cold in my head. Such trifles seem serious at a distance, and one is receiving and writing letters about them after one has forgot them. I am quite vexed that Mrs. D. sent you word of my disorder, having begged her not. I did go to Lady Betty Mackinsy's as soon as I was much better, but surely that was very different from going to Park Place, naturally the coldest house in the world, and now unroofed and unceiled, and whither, before my disorder, you know I had no mind to go this year, and which I hope I shall avoid, as they are gone to Nuneham to-day; and next week Mr. Conway must go and kiss hands for his idle truncheon[1], and by that time I conclude this immortal summer will go into winter quarters, and I shall have no inclination to commence a campaign in November. You will smile at my remedy; but I was cured by port wine, which is as nauseous to me as anything from the apothecary's, and therefore I suppose it succeeded.

I have just heard that Dr. Hunter[2] is dead suddenly at St. George's Hospital in a fit, to which he was subject. It is a great blow to his family, as he was in such repute.

Letter 2904.—Not in C.

[1] He had become a Field Marshal.

[2] John Hunter, the surgeon.

I am heartily concerned for her, who you know is a great favourite with me. You will not see me soon sitting between Lady Louisa and Mrs. Carter!

The Churchills dined here last Sunday, but could not stay, as they have bought a house at Lewisham, in Kent, and were to go to it next morning. Lady Mount-Edgcumbe is to have a pap-party on Monday, as it will be my god-daughter's first birthday that can be kept.

Little Edge,
Can I hedge
In a rhyme
By that time?
If you cry,
Granny and I
Will sing nought but lullaby.

I know nothing else, as you may have perceived by all my late silly letters. I have a true regard for nonsense, on which I have lived man and boy for longer than I will say; but as you are worthy of better food, I had rather have something to tell you that you would care to read. The newspaper is just come, and brings not a tittle. Adieu!

2905. To the Rev. Robert Nares.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1793.

I am exceedingly grieved for the great misfortune[1] that has happened to Mrs. Hunter, and I heartily regret the very amiable Doctor. This is what I must in truth and justice say to everybody on this melancholy occasion, though I hope less necessary to say to you than to most persons, as I trust you are persuaded of the sincere regard I had

Letter 2905.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. R. Smith.

[1] The sudden death of her husband.

for both. But I am so circumstanced, that I flatter myself you will forgive me as my friend for consulting you in my distress. Mrs. Hunter (for which I shall always acknowledge myself infinitely obliged to her, as it proves her being convinced of my perfect esteem and friendship for her) has ordered me to be acquainted with her great loss. The letter is signed *M. Baillie*—unfortunately I do not know whether the notice comes to me from a lady or a gentleman, and I should be miserable to return an improper answer—indeed I am more miserable not to be able to return an immediate answer. It would be too presuming to write to Mrs. Hunter herself, though my heart is warm with grief and gratitude. Be so good, dear Sir, as to advise me what to do; and allow me earnestly to entreat you whenever you shall have an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Hunter, and of naming me without impropriety, to assure her that nothing but delicacy and respect for her unhappy situation, prevents my endeavouring this very moment to express the part I take in this sad event. Mrs. Hunter before and now has honoured me by distinguished goodness; and I should be ungrateful indeed, and insensible too, if I did not feel her kindness as thankfully, as I thoroughly honour and respect her virtues and talents.

Excuse my giving you this trouble, dear Sir, and believe me with most true regard

Your most obedient
Humble servant,
Orford.

2906. To Miss Mary Berry.

Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1793.

I am glad for your sakes, since you would not complain of it yourselves, that I am grown tired of my own nonsense;

Letter 2906.—Not in C.

for the future I will send you nothing but matters of fact—that is, while they remain matters of fact, which, indeed, they seldom do longer than a rainbow. Last night, as I told you I should, I went to the birthday of the youngest *Edging*. I found dismal countenances! The panic-master had just heard that the siege of Maubeuge was raised, and Lyons taken[1]—neither entirely true nor false. Mackinsy came in, who had dined with Dundas,—'No, no, the siege is not raised; but part of the Austrian army has been attacked, and somewhat beaten.'

Of Lyons the story is strange indeed! not taken, but evacuated—by thirty thousand—whether men or persons I don't know, and with all their artillery, ammunition—and goods. They are marched to the Gevaudan—and then—I know nothing more—but this is called good news. When I can tell why, I will tell you.

A Don Ricardos, who sounds like a hero out of a comedy of Mrs. Behn, has slain 7,000 French and taken ten pieces of cannon. I hope he is an officer of the St. Hermandad, who pursue and hang the banditti—they may have fine sport at Paris.

There is again a notion of great anti-revolutionary disturbances at Brest. I have not settled my creed about all these articles, so believe them or not, as you please. Lord George Conway has galloped home with some success of General Wurmser[2], who is as punctual and circumstantial as an English member of Parliament who sends his constituents a faithful account of every step he takes.

I shall go to town to-morrow to see my room, the papering and painting of which is finished, and, as the weather has not frowned yet, I shall return hither on Friday.

[1] Lyons had risen against the Convention. The town was besieged from Aug.–Oct. 1793. The Republican troops entered it on Oct. 9.

[2] Dagobert Sigismund (d. 1797), Count Wurmser; on Oct. 13 he had forced the lines of Weissenburg.

As I was finishing the last line, the Princess[3] and Lally came in; they know and comprehend the evacuation of Lyons no more than I do; nay, the Convention stares as much as we do, for on the fact everybody agrees—as if it was common for a whole large city to be turned inside outwards! How many hundred generals will be guillotined for it!

Lady Mount-Edgcumbe had lent her coach this morning to Madame de Cambis to come to the Princesse d'Hennin; but sent for it back in great haste, having received an account of her Lord being very ill, and she is going to him at the Mount. I am alarmed for him; he has had some bad attacks of late.

Lally inquired with interest about you both. I had the satisfaction of telling him that one is quite well, and the other much better—I hope I spoke exact truth; I never wished less to deceive.

Wednesday, 3 o'clock, Berkeley Square.

I am just arrived, and most unluckily can find nobody that can give me any certain information on anything, especially on what I am infinitely anxious to know, the fate of the Queen of France[4]! The *True Briton*, before I came away, had told me she had been tried, acquitted, and massacred by the mob. My servants, whom I have sent about to learn what they could, bring me word that she was tried on the 15th and executed on the 16th. I am so wretched for her that it will be a kind of relief to know that she is dead, and at the period of her miseries—the most dreadful that ever human being suffered for so long a term!

I must send away my letter, or it will be too late for the post, but I will write again to-morrow, but when I may be able to know better what I say.

[3] The Princesse d'Hennin.

[4] The trial of Marie Antoinette took place on Oct. 14 and 15; she was beheaded on Oct. 16.

There was a long gazette last night, making the most of Wurmser's success—mumbling about Maubeuge, silent about Lyons, and assuring us about Toulon, which seems to have been in peril—but I have not time for details, and you will see the gazette in to-morrow's paper.

2907. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 24, 1793.

The horrible tragedy of the Queen of France is but too true! Our royal family put off going to the play last night, and the Queen has no Drawing-room to-day as was appointed. I do not know any of the shocking circumstances. I saw nobody last night but Lady Bute, whom I found confined to her room with the gout, and old Mrs. Walkinshaw with her, and they knew no particulars—in truth, now the protracted martyrdom is completed, I shall be curious to learn nothing of that bloody and atrocious nation but its punishment—indeed they seem to meditate it themselves, and to intend to lay it waste—it is fit for nothing but a desert inhabited by wild beasts—Lyons they have ordered to be destroyed—of that history I am as ignorant as I was yesterday. The siege of Maubeuge the *True Briton* owns is raised. I expect *Marshal* Conway in town to-day; he was to have kissed the Queen's hand presently, but will find himself disappointed. If he calls here before half an hour after four (when our letters go to the post) and has picked up anything material, I will keep this open to add it, and I will not go out before dinner lest I should miss him.

The Duchess of Ancaster died at Lausanne on the 7th of this month: her daughter and Lord Cholmondeley are on their road to England.

The Marshal has been here. He believes the Convention's

Letter 2907.—Not in C.

account of Lyons, and that the fugitives[1]—far from being multitudes—were pursued and cut to pieces—the siege of Maubeuge is—oh no, not raised—see how big my pen is grown in a moment—before I could write *is raised*, Mr. Conway, who had left me but while I wrote these two lines and half, stepped back to tell me much better news—before he had got out of the square the Prince of Wales, whom with his blindness he did not know, but took for his nephew, Lord George, stopped him, took him by the hand and wished him joy, telling him an officer is just arrived from the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, [who] has completely defeated the army of the fiends[2]—the *True Briton* said so this morning—but who dares believe anything under a Prince of Wales?—Oh, I should be transported if I could in a moment forget the Queen of France—but grief and joy cannot so soon mix, and her sufferings will long lie heavy at my heart. I will this evening go and inquire after the Duchesse de la Trémouille, who is almost the sole French person that I had almost rather never behold again—I have not a moment for more.

2908. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 25, 1793.

I HAVE abjured nonsense, and now I think I shall renounce my senses. In this romancing age it is not safe to believe anything *under a King*; and when I believe one of *them*, it shall not be him of Prussia, who has sworn like an Irish evidence through *thick* and *Poland*, and perjured himself in every article. I observe it is the universal usage to say *search for truth*, which implies that truth is, or was, a simple individual, extremely concealed, and who was either

[1] Précy, who commanded in Lyons, cut his way out with some 1,500 others, intending to escape to Switzerland. Almost the whole body was massacred.

[2] A false report; see the next letter.

LETTER 2908.—Not in C.

never found or died a virgin and left no progeny. We do know who was the Adam to that Eve, the father of lies, but as the marriage was never solemnized, it must be his bastards who have stocked the globe. Those imps have misled me, who have been one of the fools *in search of truth*, to pester you with daily letters for this last week—not so much even for the sake of sending you events, as to contradict the falsehoods I had too impatiently dispatched, from eagerness to communicate with you any momentary pleasure I tasted. I must now lower your victorious sails, and recall the Prince of Cobourg's laurels. It is certain that they were most generally believed all yesterday, not only by the source of my information, but by very cool reasoners; and a brother of Lord Mornington[1] was cited as the express—he was come, but was messenger of nothing, and early this morning the Flanders mail is arrived, and has not brought a leaf that would cover a silver penny.

Well, here I disclaim gazetteering. The worst news of all, the death of the Queen of France, is true—the particular horrors I do not know—but as the execrable hyenas cannot staunch their thirst of innocent blood, they have offered a large reward for discovering (with dispersing his likeness) Hedworth[2], the excellent confessor of the murdered King. Louis and Antoinette are butchered, Catherine Slayczar and Prussian Frederick live and triumph! It is a pity that they are not King and Queen of France, then the sovereigns and the nation would be properly adapted. Well! I will endeavour to remove these horrible images which haunt my imagination, and will talk only within my own little sphere.

Last night I supped with the first Marshal[3] (thank my stars it was not with the second[4] on the new list) at my

[1] Richard Wellesley (1760–1842), second Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley.

[2] The Abbé Edgeworth.

[3] Marshal Conway.

[4] The Duke of Gloucester, Walpole's nephew by marriage.

sister's—besides her and her husband there were her daughter Sophia, Mr. Fawkener, Lady Englefield and Sir Harry. The son was most importantly instructive. Her I am always glad to see, and was particularly so last night, as she has so lately left you two. She said she left you both very well, and as a proof, that she had seen you at a ball—the evidence did not entirely convince me; I have known you both go to balls when not remarkably in health—the proof grew still weaker when I came home at twelve and found your letter of the 21st, in which you do not speak so sanguinely of your sister's looks—but your constant anxiety about her is apt to make you think her worse than she is, and I trust to those who do not see her so constantly as you do. Still, I wish Mrs. Seton had not been so impatient for your leaving Scarborough. I, who will not allow that she loves you better than I do, would gladly consent to her paying herself for your longer stay there, by deducting from your return as much time as you should stay more than you intended near the sea. I fear I am too late to propose this now, but I did hint it before.

I own I was exceedingly vexed at Mrs. D.'s acquainting you with my transient indisposition. She and you have both handsomely confessed that you had exacted the promise from her. The consequence will be, that should you be at a great distance from me again, I should take the greatest care to conceal from her too any disorder, which like my late one was in no degree a dangerous one, and during which I had not one moment's fever nor lost half an hour's sleep. Where could be the use or good of acquainting two persons, who were gone a long journey, partly for health, and who were very happy and gay, with the indisposition of one whom I am convinced they love—yes, I am—and who was sure of being soon recovered from a temporary disorder, not even violent of its sort. It was teasing yourselves

and me, and sure of augmenting in a nature like mine, that abhors talking of my complaints, a greater degree of that reserve.

I found my room quite finished, and clean and smug, but I have found the town so totally empty, that I shall return to Strawberry to-morrow; and nobody's Bible oath shall make me believe any news again, till St. Thomas, who was no giddy credulous person, assures me he has had digital proof of the fact. Adieu!

2909. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, 1793.

I have had some company with me, and some private business, which altogether prevented my answering the favour of your letter sooner.

I certainly approve of your mode of composing your translation; your notes are very satisfactory, and certainly requisite to almost all your readers, as few men, I believe, are so versed in the minutiæ handled by Gellius as not to want an expounder of many of them. We are certainly obliged to him for having acquainted us with many niceties of a very great people. They are not very important, nor has he shown great abilities in treating of them; but they familiarize us with the private ideas of the Romans on criticism, and their own language in particular; and few things are quite indifferent that relate to a nation that mastered the then known world. Fortunately for us *you* do know what he left obscure.

In one of your last sheets there is a passage that to me seems imperfect: it is in p. 82, beginning 'In like manner,' and then says, 'persuading a young man,' but does not

Letter 2909.—Not in C.; printed from original in possession of Mr. F. Barker.

specify what he persuaded him to do or refrain from—surely the sentence is incomplete.

I am very glad Mr. Wilkes is writing his own life; I dare to say it will be very ably executed and very entertaining—I only wish it may appear during my life—but that is very improbable. Alexander VIII, advising him to enrich himself as fast as he could during the papacy, said to his nephew, Cardinal Ottoboni, 'Petruccio, bisogna spedirvi, sono sonate le venti tre e mezza'—one would think that all avaricious old men say the same to themselves. Adieu! dear Sir,

I am

Your most obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

2910. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1793.

I HAVE just received yours of the 26th, and begin to answer it directly, though not knowing when I shall dispatch it, as I cannot satisfy you nor myself in half we want to know about the most interesting of all events, and my greatest astonishment consists in the execrable monsters having let enough be known to consecrate Marie Antoinette to immortal glory, and to devote Paris and all its fiends to the horror and detestation of posterity.

You bid me go to the Princesse d'Hennin and learn what I can. No, indeed; I must be well convinced of the purity of sentiments of any French man or woman, before I would go to them. I would rather fly their sight!—yet mine is not grief *now*. No, it is all admiration and enthusiasm! The last days of that unparalleled Princess were so superior to any death ever exhibited or recorded, that for the sake of her glory, I think, unless I could restore her to happiness, to her children, to her untainted friends, and could see her

LETTER 2910.—Not in C.

triumph over the murderous mobs that have massacred her, I would not revive her if I could. When did there ever exist such august simplicity! What mind was ever, I will not say so firm, but so perfectly mistress of its own thoughts and intentions, that could be attentive to every circumstance and distracted by none? Think of all that was comprehended in that question to the monsters called her counsellors, but certainly allotted to her as defamatory spies, 'Had she assumed too much dignity, as she passed to her trial, for she had noticed one of the furies, who said, "How proud she is"?' It proved her unaltered presence of mind, and that she was ready to condescend, if it would better become her. What hero, philosopher, or martyr had equal possession of himself in similar moments? None, none, not one! And then recollect the length of her sufferings, her education, exaltation to happiness, and supreme power, her sudden fall, the disappointments she had met, the ingratitude and treachery she had experienced, the mortifications and insults heaped upon her, and studiously, maliciously, aggravated for five years together; the murder of husband, the miseries of and terrors for her children: the total deprivation of all decent comforts, and, perhaps the greatest cruelty of all, not to have had one friend; but a thousand times worse, to have been at every moment in the hands of the most unfeeling jailors. Sum up all this mass of woes, and perhaps thousands more of which we never heard, and then see this phœnix rise superior to hosts of torturing spiteful fiends, and hear her pronounce the most sublime word that ever passed through human lips. When *they* (I have no adequate epithet for them) had declared sentence and asked her what she had to say, she said, 'Rien.' Too calm, too sensible, too collected, and unshaken, she was above fear, indignation, and solicitation, and accountable only to herself, she showed that such a host of miscreants was not worthy of knowing a syllable

of what passed in perhaps the greatest mind that ever existed. Her invincible patience was all that appeared, and that was a negative, but as unvaried as all her illustrious virtues and great qualities, on which rancour and persecution have not been able to fix a speck of stain—let history or legend produce a similar model!

These are the effusions of my heart, not dictated by the impulse of the moment, but the result of my cool reflections of three days. I trust them in perfect confidence to your honour, and exact from the fidelity of your friendship that you will not communicate nor read them to any mortal but your father and sister, nor let this paper pass out of your own hands, nor suffer a tittle of it to be transcribed. I like that you two should know my sentiments on all important topics, but I extend this confidence not a jot farther. I firmly believe every word I have asserted, because all the facts come from the barbarians themselves—but as I cannot be positively sure they are true I will not place my veracity on a possibility of having been misinformed, and therefore I depend on your not committing me by showing my letter —I repeat it earnestly, *to nobody but your father and sister*, and beg you will assure me that you have not. I do not mind your reading trifles out of my dispatches, though certainly calculated for nobody but you two—but this letter I do most seriously restrain from all other eyes.

Tuesday, midnight.

Mrs. Damer came to me at dinner to-day, and goes to London to-morrow. I was engaged to Lady Betty Mackinsy, and she went thither with me in the most deplorable of all nights—as bad as that when the Conways and I were detained so late at Cliveden and I stepped over my shoes into the water. We heard nothing quite new: Nieuport is reckoned safe and Ostend safer, both which were reported

taken. Mr. Batt, whom I met last night at Cambridge's, is as confident of the safety of Toulon. He, not Lord Hood, inquired much after you. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe is recovered. The *Charming man* has actually a tragedy just coming forth at Covent Garden [1].

I like your account of yourselves, but hope your grandam will not *sit too close*, but let you both have air and exercise enough. *In everything else* I quite agree with her.

Lady Waldegrave and her daughter come to me to-day from the Pavilions, where they have been this week, and will stay till next morning. Good night.

P.S. I fear you have lost your poor friend Mr. Sept. West [2].

2911. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 2, 1793.

I certainly, Madam, told you nothing about the Queen of France but what you did or might know as well as I, that is from the newspapers, my sole channel of intelligence. How it should be possible for me to tell you any destination on the fate of Madame Elizabeth I cannot divine: who can do more than guess? And that must be in one of the extremes—no possible reason for murdering her there can be; but as whatever can be conceived of most horrible is most probable to happen from the frantic fiends at Paris, the more shocking the crime the more it is to be expected, and therefore I beg to say no more on so horrible a subject. I do nothing but try to read whatever I can suppose will lead my thoughts a moment from such detestable scenes.

Your Ladyship knows well how hastily and inconsiderately

[1] Edward Jerningham's tragedy *The Siege of Berwick* was produced on Dec. 13, 1793.

[2] He died on Oct. 20.

I write; it is generally as impossible for me to recollect the next day what I have said in a letter of the preceding, as what I wrote a twelvemonth ago. I have been trying to recall what I could say about Richmond Park, and I do suppose that on your telling me of the havoc made round Farming Woods, I replied that I conceived how I should feel if the wood in the Park was to be cut down.

Lady Waldegrave has been with me two or three days, and left me yesterday morning. I have seen nobody else since Tuesday.—What can I have to say?

2912. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 5, 1793.

You can, I trust, guess how happy your letter of Friday last makes me, by telling me how much better you are than usual at this time of year, and that Agnes is getting, I hope, as well too. I am not *weaning* myself, but I do wish you to stay in Yorkshire as long as you continue to find any amendment. I will even call it a selfish wish, for it certainly is misery to me to see you both so perpetually indisposed. Can I love you so much, and so sincerely, and not be anxious in the very first place for your healths? Though your society is the great comfort of my life, I would not have you sacrifice a moment to it that you can employ better. I continually reproach myself with having drawn you from Italy sooner than you intended—I had, indeed, some strong reasons then—yet I shall not repeat that eagerness.

Enjoy the fine weather as long as it will meet you half way. We had one or two wet evenings, but the mornings are frosty and beautiful, and the elms are still perfectly green. Unless great rains or snow come I shall remain

Letter 2912.—Not in C.

here, where I am warm and comfortable. I am quite free from my late indisposition, have no apprehension of the gout, and, as you know, never catch cold; so that though I pass three evenings in four quite alone they are not at all irksome, which they would be in London, where I have neither acquaintance nor amusements.

Since the most deplorable of all tragedies, I have heard no great event. The wolves, in great droves, came out and attempted Nieuport and Ostend, but were driven back. The Convention pretends that the Royalists in La Vendée are utterly defeated, but I do not receive *assignats* at first sight. It is true that there was great slaughter of French *noblesse* under the Prince of Condé, when Wurmser stormed the lines of Weissemberg. This was more to their credit than haggling for rank. To-day's paper is not come in yet, so my intelligence is not very fresh—but I will wait for it before I send this to the post. The Convention have lost a good friend—Lord George Gordon[1].

Mrs. Damer passed Tuesday with me, and Lady Waldegrave and her daughter two days. General Johnstone is returned from camp; he and Lady Cecilia and Mrs. Johnstone were here on Monday. These lean articles are all I have to send.

What cousin of yours is wounded? is it Sir G. Caley's brother?—whichever, I hope he will do well.

You have had such a mass of my letters lately, that I hope you will not catch cold with receiving only this thin one. In truth, my mind is not at all in tune. The Queen of France is never for three minutes out of my head. Long as I have lived I had not conceived that human nature was capable of such execrable barbarity and meditated wanton malice as the French have committed within these five years. As little, indeed, did I conceive that one human

[1] He died 'in his apartments on the master's side of the gaol of Newgate' on Nov. 1.

mind could rise to so exalted a pitch as that supernatural woman's! No legendary writer, no epic poet, could have dared to draw so perfect a character with such excellent sense! What propriety in her every answer! and how accurate a memory of every circumstance that was necessary for her to recollect, with no confusion even of dates! The monsters her murderers have made her some amends by deposing a thousand times more truth than could have been believed had it come only from her friends. I have no longer any doubt—what her bitterest foes report must be true. It was their business to blacken her—they have made her immortal.

The paper is arrived. You will see several advantages gained by us and allies. The Duke of York has had good success, and our prospect is better than you thought. I have not time to say more, if I had wherewithal. Adieu!

2913. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 7, 1793.

I OFTEN lay the egg of my journals two or three days before they are hatched. This may make some of my articles a little stale before you get them; but then you know they are the more authentic, if the echo has not told me to unsay them—and, if a Prince of Wales drops a thumping victory at my door as he goes by, you have it hot out of the oven—though, as happened lately, not half baked.

The three last newspapers are much more favourable than you seemed to expect. Nieuport has been saved; Ostend is safe. The Royalists in La Vendée are not demolished, as the Convention of Liars asserted. Strasbourg seems likely to fall. At Toulon even the Neapolitans, on whom you certainly did not reckon, have behaved like heroes. As

Admiral Gravina[1] is so hearty, though his master[2] makes no progress in France, I suspect that the sovereign of so many *home* kingdoms is a little afraid of trusting his army beyond the borders, lest the Catalans should have something of the old—or *new* leaven. In the meantime, it is still more provoking to hear of Catherine Slay-Czar sitting on her throne and playing with royal marriages, without sending a single ship or regiment to support the cause of Europe, and to punish the Men of the Mountain[3], who are really the assassins that the Crusaders supposed or believed existed in Asia! Oh, Marie Antoinette, what a contrast between you and Petruchia!

Domestic news are scanty, but dismal, and you have seen them anticipated; as the loss of the young Lord Montague and Mr. Burdett[4], drowned in a cataract in Switzerland by their own obstinate folly. Mr. Tickell's[5] death was a determined measure, and more shocking than the usual mode by a pistol. He threw himself from one of the uppermost windows of the palace at Hampton Court into the garden —an immense height! Some attribute his despair to debts; some to a breach with his political friends. I was not acquainted with, but am sorry for him, as I liked his writings—but admire another impression his death made! As soon as Nixon announced it, young Nick's mother went in her coach and very good-naturedly offered to take the

LETTER 2913.—[1] Charles, Duke of Gravina, at this time in command of the Spanish fleet. He died in 1806 of a wound received at the battle of Trafalgar.

[2] Charles IV of Spain. After the execution of Louis XVI Charles joined the coalition against France, and sent an army into that country. Owing to the neglect and incompetence of the Spanish government the expedition failed miserably.

[3] 'La Montagne' was the name given to the most extreme members of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention. They were so called because they occupied the highest benches in the Chamber.

[4] Charles Sedley Burdett, second son of Francis Burdett, who was second son of Sir Robert Burdett, fourth Baronet, of Foremark in Derbyshire and Ramsbury in Wiltshire.

[5] Richard Tickell, a Commissioner of the Stamp Office, and a minor poet.

widow and her sister to her house, and lodge them there, but they declined it. Nick's brother has distinguished himself in the affair at Menin[6], which must be a great comfort to the good General[7].

Our weather remains unparagoned; Mrs. Hastings is not more brilliant: the elms are evergreen. I a little regret your not seeing how beautiful Cliveden can be on the 7th of November; ay, and how warm. Then the pheasants, partridges, and hares from Houghton that you lose: they would have exceeded Camacho's wedding, and Sancho Panza would have talked chapters about them. I am forced to send them about the neighbourhood, as if I were making interest to be chosen for the united royal burghs of Richmond and Hampton Court.—But all this is not worth sending: I must wait for a better *bouche*. I want Wurmser to be Cæsar, and send me more Commentaries *de Bello Gallico*. What do you say to those wretches who have created *Death an endless Sleep*, that nobody may boggle at any crime for fear of hell? Methinks they have no reason to dread the terrors of conscience in any Frenchman!

When you return to London, if you spy from Highgate a vast edifice peeping over the shoulder of St. Paul's, don't imagine that the Pope has sent St. Peter's over hither to secure it from French atheists. No, it is the new Temple of Venus in Drury Lane. I assure you that Lord Derby told me a fortnight ago that he had seen it that morning from Westminster Bridge towering above all the buildings but St. Paul's. They say the frontispiece of the scaffolding is a most beautiful sight.

November 10th.

Hiatus non deflendus; for I have neither heard a word nor had a word to say these three days. Victories do not

[6] Taken by the French on Oct. 28, 1793.

[7] General Johnston. 'Young Nick' apparently was his daughter.

come every tide, like mackerel, or prizes in the Irish lottery. Yesterday's paper discounted a little of Neapolitan valour; but, as even the Dutch sometimes fight upon recollection, and as there was no account yet of O'Hara's arrival at Toulon, I hope he will laugh or example *loro Signori* into spirit.

You will wonder at my resuming my letter, when I profess having nothing to add to it; but yours of the 7th is just arrived, and I could not make this commenced sheet lie quiet in my writing-box: it would begin gossiping with your letter, though I vowed it shall not set out till to-morrow. 'Why, you empty thing,' said I, 'how do you know but there may have been a *Gazette* last night, crammed with vast news, which, as no paper comes out on Sundays, we shall not learn here; and would you be such a goose as to creep through Brentford and Hammersmith and Kensington, where the bells may be drinking some general's health, and will scoff you for asking whose? Indeed you shall not stir before to-morrow. S. Lysons is returned from Gloucestershire, and is to dine here to-day; and he will at least bring us a brick, like Harlequin, as a pattern of any town that we may have taken. Moreover, no post sets out from London on Sunday nights, and you would only sit guzzling—I don't mean you, Miss Berry, but you, my letter—with the clerks of the post office, who might be tempted to take some improper liberty with a matrimonial sheet. Patience till to-morrow.'

I do confirm my assent to your staying in Yorkshire as long as either of you are the better for it. As for the horse, I am not so fond of young ladies riding in the King's roads. Mr. *Fitz*patrick, the uncle, was once, in a high chaise, near oversetting the Duchess of Queensberry, who was on horseback there, and she called out, 'Oh, pray, Mr. *Kill*patrick, don't ride over me.'

I am not so consentful about going to town myself yet. We have had some rain, even this last night; but the weather is fine all day, and quite warm. I believe it has made an assignation with the Glastonbury Thorn, and that they are to dance together on old Christmas Day. What could I do with myself in London? All my playthings are here, and I have no playfellows left there! Lady Herries's and poor Mrs. Hunter's are shut up. Even the 'one game more at cribbage[8]' after supper is on table, which is not my supreme felicity, though accompanied by the Tabor and Pipe[9], is in the country—or, to say all in a word, North Audley Street is in Yorkshire! Reading composes little of my pastime, either in town or country. A catalogue of books and prints, or a dull history of a county, amuse me sufficiently; for now I cannot open a French book, as it would keep alive ideas that I want to banish from my thoughts. When I am tired at home, I go and sit an hour or two with the ladies of Murray, or the Doyleys, and find them conversable and comfortable; and my *pessime aller* is Richmond.

Monday morning, 11th.

Lysons has been drawing churches in Gloucestershire, and digging out a Roman villa and mosaic pavement near Cirencester, which he means to publish: but he knew nothing *outlandish*; so if the newspaper does not bring me something fresh for you presently, this limping letter must set out with its empty wallet. L. says Sir Charles Blagdon is arrived, having been very ill, and looking so: the Palmerstons remain in Italy. Mrs. Piozzi is going to publish a book on English Synonymes. Methinks she had better have studied them before she stuffed her *Travels* with so many vulgarisms!

[8] A manner of designating the Countess of Ailesbury. *Berry.*

[9] Two old ladies of his society, whom he thus called. *Berry.*

One o'clock.

No newspaper is come, whether a symptom of no news, or rather of some very fresh, how can I tell? whichever, you must wait another day, for this must go to the post; and if you receive no codicil to it the next morning, you will be sure I had nothing more recent to send. Adieu!

P.S. By a symptom of no news, I mean that the newswriter was waiting for a mail, and that none was arrived; but it is not utterly impossible that the newspaper itself may have failed, a case that happened before to-day.

2914. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 10, 1793.

I return your Ladyship the lines, as you ordered, and do not recollect having seen them before. They may have been written by Mary, for I think she did write some French verses; and, if she did write these, very poorly too, both as to the language and poetry, as far as I can read them, for they are very badly transcribed. They ought to be well authenticated, if the original paper exists. Has it lain at Fotheringhay till now, and yet is preserved, and was never seen before? I am a little incredulous, and as incurious, for the lines only excite compassion, no admiration.

I am much obliged to your Ladyship's inquiries. I cannot say I am very well; yet as I am not likely at my age to improve, it is not worth a new paragraph: nor can I send you one that deserves to be sent. I have not seen a face these three days but of my own servants; and the wheelbarrow that carries away the dead leaves passes its time in a livelier manner than I do. I might *seek* for more diversion; yet not being at all convinced that I should find

it, I am content to let the days pass as they please; and when they bring me no disturbance, I am not of a temper to invent any for myself. If old folks would be satisfied with tranquillity, they would find more of it attainable than any former objects of their pursuits. Nature furnishes them with insensibility to others; but then they are often apt to substitute the love of money for the love of their friends, and are so foolish as not to reflect that every half-year's interest of their money costs them half a year of their life. I don't know whether any moralist ever made this reflection; if there did, it has been like other truths, of little effect. The French philosophers take another method; they do not demonstrate the inefficacy of moralizing. On the contrary, lest it should have any operation, they expunge all morality and attempt to establish universal liberty by destruction of all religion, and all the terrors of futurity. Men would certainly be perfectly free, if restrained by no government without, and by no apprehensions within. The system is a vast experiment. Fortunately, many of the inventors have been, and probably more of its propagators will be, the victims of such diabolic tenets: and as some axioms still maintain their solidity, that of *extremes meeting* grows every day more uncontrovertible. Turkish despotism, that depopulated so many beautiful provinces and islands for the mere luxury of retaining the useless soil, is copied continually by French democracy; and the Convention exults in the destruction of Lyons, and their own cities and towns, as if they had put all Vienna to the sword. It would be curious, could one know, of the supposed twenty-four millions of inhabitants of France five years ago, how many it has lost by emigrations, banishment, massacres, executions, battles, sieges, captives made, &c.; and by what is never counted in wars, the hosts of families of peasants whose cottages and hovels have been destroyed by foragers

and march of armies. Famine too, I suppose, could produce a long bill of those that have fallen in her department.

There is another item not yet felt, but that will be a heavy one. It is allowed that all the new levies that have been forced to the frontiers, especially to Maubeuge, are lads of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age. This is some drawback on population.

One might make some deduction from the extinction of the species by the cessation of monastic vows; but they had ceased to a considerable degree *before* the Revolution. When I was last at Paris, I had observed how rarely I met a monk or friar about the streets, and made the remark to a very intelligent person, asking him whether the writings of Voltaire and the philosophers had made the religious ashamed or unwilling to appear in public? 'No,' said he, 'but those writings have done much more: they have so damped professions, that few men make the vows. In that convent,' said he, pointing to a very large one in the Rue St. Denis, 'there are literally but two friars.' This is a curious fact, Madam, and I am glad I have scribbled till I recollected it. It will make you some amends for the rest of my commonplace.

2915. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, Nov. 14, 1793.

Were the time ever so fertile in entertaining events, still I had much rather talk them over with you than send them in journals. How irksome then must it be to interrupt your amusements by afflicting details! Not that I am now going to grieve you by any new specific horror, though some are apprehended; and the countenance of the age is so gloomy, that one can scarce expect to be the messenger

Letter 2915.—Not in C.

of glad tidings. Nay, I am shocked at being forced to speak of butcheries as welcome news. Yet what but the French turning their massacres on themselves can put a period to their frenzy and abominations? Every day they invent and propose crimes so incredible, that nobody can believe they will be practised till it is known that they have been committed. When rage has mounted to that excess, who can be sorry to hear that the savage Convention has at once destroyed one-and-twenty of their own murderers[1]? And how striking, that seventeen of those twenty-one beheaded had, not eleven months ago, voted for the death of the King! At the same time, who can comprehend their proceedings? Several of those sacrificed regicides died praying for the Republic—so the woman[2] who stabbed Marat seemed to be of the same faction, or near it. What does it show, but that the nation holds assassination due to the slightest variation in a neighbour's creed from the opinion of him who has a dagger in his pocket? In such a conflagration of all virtues, all feeling, all humanity, all justice, and of all religion, who can dare to flatter himself that the angelic Madame Elizabeth will escape? Oh, nothing but the monsters making their tyranny intolerable, even to one another, will extirpate the hydra. Poor Madame de Biron is still in prison, and is not allowed even a maid-servant; and the noble-minded generous Madame du Barry is in extreme danger of being put to death. It has been proposed to force every single woman to accept any man who offers to marry her; and this diabolic project is supposed to be aimed at the violation of the innocent young Princess[3], sister of the young King. But I load you with

[1] Twenty-one Girondin deputies were guillotined on Oct. 31.

[2] Charlotte Corday, executed on July 17, 1793.

[3] Marie Thérèse Charlotte, known as *Madame Royale*, only daughter of Louis XVI. She married, in 1799, her cousin the Duc d'Angoulême, and died in 1851.

too many horrors—but, alas, you would read them in the papers!

At night.

I have been with the Cambridges, and saw him and both sons; the hens were at roost, and did not appear. George had just heard that *Égalité* is actually beheaded[4]; comfortable news for the doctors of his sect, who may see that no crimes are a protection. Well, there is another atonement to the King and the Princesse de Lamballe, and no cordial to Madame de Sillery and Pamela Fitzgerald. No bloodshed, however, allays the national frenzy: they have now declared war with the Genoese. Oh, the more enemies they create the better—but I was grieved this morning to read in the papers that poor Jardin and his family have been taken by a French privateer, as they were going to Corunna.

I wish I could revive your spirits by any gayer scenes, but where to seek them, or how to blend them with the daily tragedies, with some of which one is forced to pay oneself for those one laments! Oh yes, one tragedy will furnish an agreeable paragraph. George Cambridge was last night at the first representation of Jerningham's new play, and I was delighted to hear that it was received with great applause and complete success, being very interesting. The *Baviad* has been useful to it, for there is no love in it. Mr. Cambridge desired me to tell you that there was one deficiency in it, i.e. your cousin *Miss Seton* should have played in it, for a Governor *Seton*, and his wife and two sons, are the principal personages.

You will perhaps ask why I am still here in the middle of November? because in any other year, such a day as this fourteenth of November would have been thought very fine and warm in the end of August. I remember that at

[4] He was guillotined on Nov. 6.

Florence they used to boast of their *Stagione di San Martino* —well, to be sure, the mornings were very clear and bright, but as cold and sharp as Greenland. Apropos, I see Lord Hood has been lecturing the little Great Duke—very proper —I wish he had not been complaisant to that dirty fellow Paoli. I would not send a man to the latter, unless it were his panegyrist Boswell, whose pigmies always are giants, as the geese of others are swans.

When your codicil of visits begins, I suppose you will prepare me for altering my directions. If I have no letter to-morrow, as I have no particular reason for expecting one, I shall send this away on its old route.

Friday noon.

I must close my letter, for I have none from you, nor is even the newspaper come yet; but what signifies whether the *True Briton* or I confirm or postpone the execution of Orléans? Stay, the paper arrives and says he is dead—ah! and so is a happy beauty at the top of her prosperity, Lady Westmorland[5]. The Doylies told me of her danger two days ago. I am sorry for her; I knew her a little before she went to Ireland[6], by seeing her often with my niece Lady Waldegrave, and liked her good humour, as well as admired her great beauty; but there is no moralizing more on change of fortune, after the enormous excess of it in the case of the Queen of France. Adieu!

2916. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Dear Sir, Nov. 17, 1793.

I have been so much out of order for near four months, that quiet is absolutely necessary for me, and I have re-

[5] Sarah, only child and heiress of Robert Child, of Osterley Park; m. (1782) John Fane, tenth Earl of Westmorland.

[6] Lord Westmorland was at this time Viceroy of Ireland.

Letter 2916.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 288.

mained here, to avoid everything that could agitate or disturb me, French politics especially, which are so shocking, that I avoid all discussion of them as much as possible, and have quite declined seeing any of the *émigrés* in my neighbourhood, that I may not hear details. Some of the most criminal have, indeed, brought swift destruction on themselves; and, as they have exceeded all former ages in guilt, we may trust they will leave a lesson to mankind that will prevent their fury from being imitated. Pray excuse my saying more than that I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

2917. To MISS MARY BERRY.

Tuesday morning, Nov. 19, 1793.

As fast as I hear events that are worth sending to you, I begin my next letter: that not having been the case since my last, I this moment receive yours of the 16th, which sets me to answering—I suppose you expected it would set me to crying, but I shall disappoint you. In short, without grimace or forced irony, I approve of your protracting your stay, and giving so much pleasure to your good family; and having never quite forgiven myself for dragging you from Italy, I shall take care not to be so unreasonable again; and as you then gave me at least six months, I shall certainly not haggle for about the same number of days.

My own motions are undecided yet. I was to have gone to Hampton last Saturday evening, the Johnstones celebrating their second grandson's baptism—no great occasion of joy, I think; but it rained so hard, and was so foggy, that I did not choose a voyage over the heath, and sent an

LETTER 2917.—Not in C.

excuse. Sunday was as bad, and I resolved to go to London on Thursday; but yesterday and to-day have fallen on their knees, and beseeched me to stay a week longer, promising to be as fine as it has been these six months, and so indeed they are—as soft, and of a rich golden colour over all the trees, that Golconda is not more magnificent; however, *Nolito Frondi credere*—I will determine nothing, I will wait and see, and the delay in your return does not increase my impatience to be in town.

I am very sorry the papers have been so spiteful to the house of *Seton*[1]; I have seen none of those criticisms; at Richmond all the reports have been very favourable.

The story of the Frenchman murdered and drowned is not fact, though founded in part; but you know that I maintain that three parts in four of the articles in our newspapers are lies; and if the writers do get hold of a truth, they are sure of mixing it up with a blunder. The case was this: a young Frenchman with a portmanteau came to Richmond (not to Cross Deep), and wanted to go to Kingston, but did not know the way; two or three blackguards offered to show him the road, but when out of the town, robbed him of his knapsack, which frighting him, and he being strong and active, ran away as hard as he could, and saved himself, if they did intend worse.

I have answered your letter, and Mr. Berry I see grows impatient for news, but as I said in the beginning, I know nothing specific: the *True Briton* is not come in, and I dread it, expecting nothing but new murders and massacres. There is a French gentleman at Richmond, who had remained quiet at Paris till just now, but perceiving the destroying angel abroad, applied to Barrère[2], with

[1] Jerningham's tragedy *The Siege of Berwick*, in which some of the characters bore that name. Miss Berry's mother was a Miss Seton.

[2] Bertrand Barrère de Vieuzac (1755–1841), at this time a prominent member of the party of the 'Montagne.'

whom he had been intimate, for a passport; Barrère, surprised at seeing him still there, felt a drop of pity on his red-hot heart, gave him the pass, but added, 'Depart directly, for we have gone so far, that *now* we must go through.' How far that may be, Moloch himself cannot guess. Of Orléans's exit I know no particulars, nor am I curious about so foul a wretch. The beheaded Sillery was husband of the too well-known woman of that name; she is in Switzerland, and so is that monster Condorcet, one of the worst of all, if there are any shades left in the hue of infernals.

It is believed that the Royalists in La Vendée have gained considerable advantages, though Barrère lately pronounced them demolished; but the Convention never utters a sentence of truth but when they publish their own barbarities. Lord Moira is said to be going on a secret expedition, and it is supposed to be to the coast of France, in hopes of assisting the avengers.

The aspect northward is not so propitious. The King of Prussia is much suspected of being cooled; Lord Malmsbury is going to him, but if he does not carry more weight than the French can send, I shall not expect much from his address. I shall be glad not to prove a true prophet, though I have apprehended these six months, that unless very *substantial* acquisitions were made that would compensate the expense, a grand alliance would not hold out another year. I shall lament any disunion, yet one must not judge immediately from events: how did we grieve last year for the Duke of Brunswick's pause, yet by the tedious difficulty we have had in taking Valenciennes and Condé, and in *not* taking Dunkirk and Maubeuge, is not it plain that if that Duke (whom still I do not admire) had attempted to march to Paris, he would either never have gotten thither, or never have gotten back? yet there is no excuse to be made

for his sacrificing the Emperor—and so his Highness seems to think himself, for he has made none.

O'Hara is arrived at Toulon; and if it can be preserved, he will keep it.

The *True Briton* is come in, but without an important article.

I have written to my last minute, and told you all I know. Lady Westmorland's vast, enormously vast, fortune goes to her eldest daughter[3], and will make Miss Scott[4] but a middling heiress. Adieu!

2918. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, Nov. 23, 2 o'clock, 1793.

There has been some delay or neglect, I don't know where or in whom, that I doubt may have occasioned some confusion. I received *here* on Tuesday last yours of the 16th announcing your present of yourselves to your Gr. M. for a week longer; I answered it with my approbation that very day, and told you I should go to London the next day but one for a couple of days; so I did, and am this moment returned, when I find on my table yours of the 14th, dirty and a little tumbled—so what happened to it, poor dear thing, I cannot tell; but suppose the postman or some servant had kept it in his pocket and forgotten it for half a week. It would be in vain to inquire; one never gets anything but lies on such accidents. I am glad at least that it has reached me at last! without it I should not have known that I am to direct this to Bransby—and super all, I would not lose one of your letters. I want no news;

[3] Lady Sarah Sophia Fane; m. (1804) George Villiers, Viscount Villiers, afterwards fifth Earl of Jersey; d. 1867.

[4] Henrietta, eldest daughter and coheir of Major-General John Scott, of Balcomie, a successful gambler; m. (1795) William Henry Cavendish, Marquis of Titchfield, afterwards fourth Duke of Portland; d. 1844.

Letter 2918.—Not in C.

what I contrive to learn is more than half for your sakes, and what I wish from you is to be told that you ride and are both better. My Agnes, I trust, continues improving, though I wish you had told me so oftener of late.

My jaunt to town seemed at first to have been barren indeed. I called at Mrs. Damer's. She was gone to the play with the Marshal her father—then to the Churchills; they were at their new purchase at Lewisham—then to Mrs. Buller, not at home—then to Miss Farren; found her and La Signora Madre only. From them to Lady Bute, and there only Lady Lonsdale and old Lady Clavering, and for a moment Lady Erskine and her daughter. With your leave I thought I might as well have stayed here. Things mended at night. I had been told in Sackvill Street that Mrs. Damer would probably bring her parent home to supper—and she did. Soon after arrived—oh no! I have jumbled the two evenings—on Thursday there were only father and daughter; it was last night that the latter had collected the rest for me, who were, my niece Sophia, Mrs. Buller and her son, 'Mistress Buller,' and the *Charming man*; and we had a pleasant supper. I congratulated the Charming highly on the success of his tragedy, and on his prologue, which I had seen in the papers and like; the epilogue they say is still better. All this put him in great spirits, and once or twice, *à propos de rien*, he blurted out one or two of his gross *naïvetés*. I believe you read nothing in your Yorkshire but Jacobin papers, for I have not seen a word against the tragedy on the story of your ancestors, and Mrs. D. says it has been abused only in two papers of that dye; and because there are compliments in the play or epilogue to the Duke of York, so fame's quota is handsome. The substantial I fear will answer worse. Mrs. Pope's illness has interrupted the career, and that is a disadvantage; and Harris the manager has behaved most shabbily,

and allows the poet but the sixth night instead of the third and sixth, because forsooth there are but four acts! This is an unprecedented innovation, to which the Charming should not have yielded; but he certainly was not born to squabble with a Jew—and besides, I could swear, would have given his play for nothing rather than not have it represented. It is to be played again on Wednesday, and the Marshal and I are to go to town on purpose; Mrs. Damer will have a box.

You will be happy, I am sure, to know—perhaps have seen in the papers already, unless you see none but Jacobin prints—that poor Jardin and his family were *retaken* by a Spanish privateer from the French one who had taken them, and have been carried to the spot of their destination, Corunna—*vulgaricè*, the Groyne.

Well! but do I say nothing of the war? What cares Mr. Berry how many visits I made and found nobody at home? he had rather I had gone to the coffee-house or to Lord Onslow—*patienza*, my good Sir. To-night is but the vigil of a great deal. It has been known for some days that, though the foul fiend Barrère proclaimed to the Pandemonium about a fortnight ago that the Royalists in La Vendée were totally demolished, they have a very large army and have taken some important places. Our ministers probably know much more than I do, for to-morrow Lord Moira is to sail with a great force for the coast of France. St. Malo is supposed the object, but no doubt that has not been told. He certainly carries ten thousand men and 400 *émigrés* from Jersey; the French *monoculus* General Conway goes with him; I heard of no other of the refugees. What fleet, military stores, &c., the papers will tell you; I cannot, who neither love details, nor remember them. Most anxious I shall be, and most zealous I am for the event—yet I am not sanguine. The ministers seem to

have waited till the crisis was mature—the measure of iniquity was certainly full, and I would hope has shocked thousands and ten thousands. Some of the wretches in the Convention you see have said they think they have gone far enough—I do not think they have, while they suffer one another to breathe; however, they have made a good beginning with Orléans, Brissot[1], &c., &c., &c.

Lord Moira's behaviour is noble; he offered himself for this service some months ago, and he has not, since his father's death, less, with the estates of Huntingdon, than 18,000*l.* a year. Oh, but it is a joke to talk of a great fortune—why, Miss Scott's is sunk to be of the second rate. The whole property of the Childs vests now in Lord Westmorland's eldest daughter; and Dent, Child's partner, says before she is of age (and she is not above six) the savings will be above a million, though Osterley and the seat in Staffordshire are to be kept up at the [same] great expense as in Mr. Child's life—the shop pays 25,000*l.* a year. I am glad the expense will continue, as the money will circulate, but I hope Catherine and the King of Prussia will not attempt a partition of the property.

Madame d'Arblay has written a pamphlet for the French clergy. I sent for it in town, and then forgot to bring it with me. I shall wait with patience till I go back, for Mrs. D. says it is a mere nothing.

Sunday night, 10 o'clock.

It cannot rain, but it thunders. I have had *another* letter from *you* to-day, and there is strong presumption that Lord Howe has taken six or seven French men-of-war of the line[2]. My heart takes joy on the first, and my head will on the second, if confirmed; for they are in different de-

[1] Jean Pierre Brissot de Warville (1754–1793), a celebrated member of the party of the Gironde, and a determined opponent of Robespierre.

[2] A false report.

partments, my heart presiding over *home* affairs, and my head over foreign. *Voici* the marrow of the rumour. A lieutenant arrived yesterday at the Admiralty from Lord Howe, who, learning that part of the Brest fleet had sailed to meet and convoy their West Indiamen, his Lordship, 26 strong, had set out post, and had actually got between the French and their coast, and last night and this morning all London was expecting a second dispatch, at least this evening. All I can do *here* is to listen for ringing of bells—they do not ring yet—well, in the meantime you may accept Sarlouis[3] on the authority of the *Gazette* and Lord George Conway.

Well, now for your letter, which, in compliment to your curiosity, I postponed answering till I had tapped Lord Howe.

Your dear good grandam! I hope you have told her over and over how much I approved of your visit to her; how constantly I have recommended your staying longer. Your gratitude and affection for her have always charmed me; and it is very natural that I should admire how two young women can show and feel such kindness and attentions to antediluvians!

Our weather it seems still continues better than yours; yesterday was as mild as April ought always to be, and to-day is better than most English Junes. The leaves all went at once, but being of so rich a hue, the garden looks like the country of El Dorado. You seem to apprehend that it will not be found intrinsically resembling; but I find that in your *Riding* of Yorkshire they read none but Jacobin journals. I like the account of your horse much better than of your politics. I shall not be able to report his health to your friends near the ferry, whom I am not likely to see again this season. I am still less likely to

[3] Saarlouis, in Rhenish Prussia.

connect with your Mrs. Osbaldiston—mercy on us! why, she has ten children—I would as soon visit a boarding dame at Eton School. Lady Poulet's house would not hold her and her brood, so she has hired Dr. Duval's [4] parsonage, which is much less, so her progeny, I suppose, are to go to grass upon the glebe. She can have the house but for seven months, and pays extravagantly for it, 100 guineas.

Monday.

I have waited to the last minute of the post time for news or the newspaper, and neither is come. Is this a good symptom or a bad one?

2919. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 30, 1793.

I will send you no more victories of Lord Howe till he sends them himself. In what a hubbub have we been kept—ay, and still are, ever since this day sennight, when we were told he was catching six of the Brest fleet. Every moment we expected to see him sailing into St. James's with six French men-of-war tied to his chariot's wheels, and dragging their West India fleet in tow. Then came an account from two of his own squadron that had left him actually boxing with two French ships, and then—and then—a dead silence. Not a cockboat as big as you can see from Dover Cliff has come in with a syllable for five days! All the town has been running about, asking, guessing, conjecturing, and spreading imaginary reports. 'Any news of Lord Howe? What! no news yet?' Well! this morning a Danish or Dutch ship has told somebody, who has told everybody, who have told the *True Briton*, who has

[4] Philip Du Val, D.D., F.R.S., Canon of Windsor, Secretary and Treasurer to the Duke of Gloucester, appointed vicar of Twickenham in Jan. 1792.

Letter 2919.—Not in C.

just told me, that Lord Howe has taken five men-of-war, and will be here with them presently. If they come by here before this must go to the post, you shall know; if not, you must scold the east wind, they say, or learn what you can from your Jacobin newspapers, who will not tell you a word of truth as long as they can help it. I must go talk of something that interests me more than random rumours.

I have seen your servant John, who gives me an excellent account of you both, and last night I received your short letter of the 25th. I thank you most cordially for letting me hear so frequently. My Agnes I know does not love writing, yet methinks I should like now and then to see a line from her dear hand, were it but in a postscript. The volumes I send you are my great occupation, yet I shall be most heartily glad when I shall have no longer occasion to dispatch them; besides the best cause of their cessation, my poor lame fingers have no great delight in the business, especially as the principal agent, the fore one that is actually moving the pen, has actually a fit of chalk, for which the surgeon has been dressing it this morning; but, as it does not confine me at home, for I supped at Mrs. Damer's last night with the Duchess of Richmond, Lord Derby, the Farrens, and your grandsire's historian[1], and shall go to Lady Lucan's this evening to meet Mr. Burke and Mr. Gibbon, I will not indulge its unwillingness, though I plead it to any other occasional correspondent and employ Kirgate; but I really should be ashamed to dictate even to him all the trumpery that I write to you, because I write to you two just as I should talk—the only comfortable kind of letters.

Poor Lady Harriot Conyers is dead. Sir Charles Blagden

[1] Jerningham the poet. See note 1 on letter to Miss Berry of Nov. 19, 1793.

Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond
from a print after John Downman.

is returned alone, having been extremely ill. He looks ill, and is much emaciated, yet recovered. He inquired after you both with great zeal, which I liked.

The night before last I met at Lady Bute's the Pope's Nuncio, Mr. Erskine[2], who told us this story. The Roman mob last year, when threatened by the fiends at Paris, rose and murdered a Frenchman. His Holiness sent a monsignore in his coach to appease the tumult, but he could not prevail. The people insisted on the expulsion of all the Gauls, and a very sensible *tribune* leant on the window of the coach, and argued with the legate, who at last said, 'But you should not confound all the French together; there are some good and some bad.' 'Very well,' said the plebeian orator, 'but you must tell our Holy Father, that unless he sends away all the French, we *will* dispatch them, and send the good to heaven and the bad to the devil.'

As soon as we *find* Lord Howe, we shall transfer our anxiety and curiosity to Lord Moira. An English captain of a sloop, who was one of the 250 prisoners of ours that were transferred from Dinant to St. Maloes before they were sent away to Guernsey, has deposed before our Cabinet that, complaining of the badness of the bread with which they were fed while confined at the latter, the chief of the guard said, 'You are not worse treated than we ourselves,' and showed him a black loaf composed half of sand.

Half an hour after three.

I have this moment seen a person who has just been at the Secretary's Office, where they know no more of Lord Howe than the man in the moon, or perhaps not so much, for there they say all *lost* things are deposited. So I will

[2] Monsignor Charles Erskine (1743–1811), of the family of the Earls of Mar and Kellie. In 1801 he succeeded Cardinal York as Cardinal Deacon of Sta. Maria in Campitelli. Erskine was in London as the diplomatic agent of Pope Pius VI.

go and be dressed, and you must satisfy yourself with being sure that you know as much as all London. Adieu!

2920. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1793.

I BEGIN my last letter to Bransby, that I may have it ready to send away the moment I shall have anything worth telling; which I certainly have not yet. What is become of Lord Howe and Co. you may guess if you please, as everybody is doing—

I am weary of conjectures—

but shall not end them like Cato, because I take the fate of a whole fleet a little more likely to come to a solution than doubts in metaphysics; and if Lord Howe should at last bring home two or three French men-of-war, one would not be out of the way to receive them. In the meantime, let us chat as if the destiny of half Europe were not at this moment in agitation.

I went on Monday evening with Mrs. Damer to the Little Haymarket, to see *The Children in the Wood*, having heard so much of my favourite, young Bannister[1], in that new piece; which, by the way, is well arranged, and near being fine. He more than answered my expectation, and all I had heard of him. It was one of the most admirable performances I ever saw: his transports of despair and joy are incomparable, and his various countenances would be adequate to the pencil of Salvator Rosa. He made me shed as many tears as I suppose the original old ballad did when I was six years old. Bannister's merit was the more

LETTER 2920.—[1] John Bannister (1760-1836), comedian. Lamb said of his performance of the part of Walter in *The Babes in the Wood* that it was a thing to 'stir your whole conscience.'

striking, as, before *The Children in the Wood*, he had been playing the sailor in *No Song no Supper*, with equal nature. I wish I could hope to be as much pleased to-morrow night, when I am to go to Jerningham's play; but there is no Bannister at Covent Garden!

On Sunday night I found the Comte de Coigni at Lady Lucan's. He was to set out the next morning with Lord Moira's expedition as *a common soldier*. This sounded decent and well; but you may guess that he had squeezed a little Frenchism into his intention, and had asked for a vessel and some soldiers to attend him. I don't know whether he has condescended to go without them. I asked him about his daughter: he said, he did not believe she was in prison. Others say, it is the Duchesse de Fleury, her mother-in-law. I have been surprised at not seeing or hearing anything of poor Fleury[2]; but I am told he has been forced to abscond, having narrowly escaped being arrested by a coachmaker, to whom he owed five hundred pounds for carriages: which, to be sure, he must have had, or bespoken, at Paris before the Revolution.

I don't know whether you was acquainted with Mr. Goldbourne[3]: he is dead in few hours. It seems he used his wife very ill, and that they were on the point of parting. So much for to-day.

Just as I had written the above, a ridiculous accident happened. The postman brought me a letter, directed as he thought to me, the predominant feature on which was Berkeley Square, with my name not quite so distinct. I opened, and found another within *for Lady Orford*, so plain as I thought, that though my surprise made me look at it again, I still saw nothing but *to Lady Orford.*

[2] The Duc de Fleury, son-in-law of the Comte de Coigny. His wife divorced him.

[3] Munbee Gouldbourn, a man of large fortune and a native of Jamaica. He died on Nov. 28. His wife was Susannah, daughter of fourth Viscount Chetwynd.

You know my extreme stupidity when I have taken anything into my head or my eyes. I had no more doubt of having seen *Lady Orford* than if I had written those words designedly myself. The next step was to conclude that this was some joke, and that *you* was the person meant. I tore it open, and though in the second line stood Lady *Oxford*, so strongly had my fancy taken possession of me, that though the letter consisting of four sides of congratulations on her Ladyship's [4] recent marriage, I could perceive nothing but a dull joke, as I still supposed it, till in the fourth page appeared *Lady Oxford* in still larger letters than all the rest. I have no excuse for my blunders, but that on both directions the *x* was so ill marked, or rather only half of it, that it looked on a reinspection more like an *r* than an *x*, and being coupled with Berkeley Square, where Lord Oxford does not live, it appeared indubitably designed for me: nor indeed did Lord Oxford, whom I never saw, nor ever heard mentioned, and whose late marriage which I think I did see in the papers, but did not in the least recollect, come into my head; though above a year ago something of the same kind happened, when his steward sent me accounts of the races at Hereford: but I am not apt to recollect things and people about whom I don't care a straw; for *you* are sensible how much I care, or not at all. I bundled up my blunders with a million of humble excuses to their Lordship and Ladyship; but I wish the man would have a house in London, or I am very capable of being in the scrape again, as I seldom remember to read a direction, nor can treasure up in mind I don't know who's colts or weddings.

Sophia [5] came to me just after I had sent my packet to

[4] The fifth Earl of Oxford, who was at this time single, did not marry until March 1794. The letter may have contained congratulations on his approaching marriage addressed to his mother (Susanna, daughter of William Archer, and widow of the fourth Earl of Oxford). See the following letter.

[5] Horace Walpole's niece, and wife of his cousin the Hon. Horatio Walpole.

the post. Had she arrived half an hour earlier, would it have been very unlike me to imagine that the letter to Lady *Orford* was wit of hers, and that she came to see what effect it had? I am very glad I did not make that mistake too; I fear I should not have been so indifferent about it.

Thursday, noon.

Yesterday came a letter to the Admiralty from Penzance, notifying that Lord Howe has taken five of the Brest squadron: but this intelligence is derived through so many somebodies, that handed it to somebodies, that I am not much inclined, except by wishing it true, to believe it. However, the wind is got much more to the west, and now we shall probably not remain much longer in total darkness.

Three o'clock.

Another account is come to Mrs. Nugent from her husband[6], with the same story of the five captive French men-of-war; and so that reading is admitted; but for my part, I will admit nothing but under Lord Howe's own hand. It is tiresome to be like the scene in Amphitryon, and cry one minute 'Obvious, obvious!' and the next 'Dubious, dubious!' Such fluctuability is fit only for a stockjobber. Adieu! I must dress and dine, or I shall not be ready to wait on your grandfather Seton.

2921. To Miss Mary Berry.

Wednesday, past 11 at night, Dec. 6, 1793.

That there may have been such persons as King Arthur, and the Wandering Jew, and Lord Howe and his fleet, I will not take on me to deny; yet as history is silent on

[6] Captain (afterwards Admiral) Charles Edmund Nugent (d. 1844), M.P. for Buckingham.

Letter 2921.—Not in C.

what became of them, I will not easily credit their re-existence. I know I have been told late this evening that signals of a fleet have been seen off Plymouth, supposed to be Lord Howe's; but as it is also supposed that he had no French captures with him, I don't see why this should be imagined, unless more is known than has come to my knowledge; and there I must leave this mystery till to-morrow.

I hope to have a letter from you then with a new direction, for that to Bransby I trust is obsolete. As no grandmother is any longer an obstacle, I unchain my impatience, which has behaved like an angel, and I shall begin to look for signals from Highgate Hill.

I went last night to the Charming's tragedy, and most sincerely found it much superior to my expectation. The language is very good; there are pretty similes and allusions, no bombast, nothing low, and *the ordonnance* well contrived. It seldom languishes, and a scene of generous contention between *your* two uncles really fine. Mrs. Pope plays admirably, and was extremely applauded; the men do not shine, but the whole was well received, without a single murmur against any part. Your pretty friend Mrs. Stanhope was in our box, and supped with us afterwards at Mrs. Damer's, charging me to say much for her to you. Well! there have I been twice at the play this week! I confess I felt very comfortably this morning, knowing I was not to go to the play again to-night. I had not the least difficulty in getting in or out at either theatre, nor was fatigued; but I do not like exhibiting my antiquity in public: it looks as if I forgot it.

Monday morning.

I had no letter from you on Saturday as I expected, with directions for a new direction; and if I receive none to-day, as I begin to fear I shall not, it being past twelve, I shall

not venture this till to-morrow, not being sure where you are, though Mrs. D. risked one on Saturday to York with the newspaper, and I desired her to say I would write to-day. If I do not, it is your fault who promised me a direction.

This letter, though begun three days ago, will clear up no mystery, for no news yet from Lord Howe. All we know is, that he did not get up with the five French ships, for they escaped him and are returned to Brest. You may perhaps expect a little from Lord Moira, the French having had time to guard all the coast, and the Royalists of La Vendée, though they have twice again very lately beaten the Republicans, being retired to the Loire. Not a tittle do I know of other news of foreign or home consumption.

Past one.

I this moment receive the double letter from Dear Both—but suppose I shall be able to say little to it, though its *doublicity* (for I had rather forge a word than use one so repugnant to our triple veracity as duplicity) makes it twice as welcome as its predecessors; but it is the hour when my coffee-house generally opens, and I expect to be interrupted, and have heard nothing to add within this half hour. My Agnes's letter is exactly like her modesty about her own drawings, always depreciating herself; but I am not blind to the merit of her pencil or pen, as I was to the letter for Lady Oxford, who I am told is not yet so. Had I known the marriage not yet solemnized, I should have been still more persuaded that it was levelled at one of you.

You bid me direct to the post office at York. Hark!—somebody knocks! It was the Duchess of Gloucester, and she has stayed till it is so late, I must hurry and finish, only that I cannot forget what it is so important to me to ask—

you bid me direct to York till I direct my coachman to Audley Street. Why? are you to arrive in a balloon? are you to stop nowhere? You tell me to expect you on Wednesday or Thursday sevennight; but there is no date to Agnes's or your half of the double letter, which I conclude was written on Saturday, but by not mentioning on what day you are to set out, nor how long you propose being on the road, can I guess how long I may direct to York? I am to sup in Sackville Street to-night, and will learn, if I can, greater certainty. Well, the middle or end of next week (for I will allow for accidental delays) will I trust put an end to difficulties of correspondence, and to correspondence *by letters*. Adieu!

2922. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 9, 1793.

Your Ladyship will forgive me for not thanking you for the paper you were so good as to send me, and for not answering your letter sooner, when you hear that for this fortnight I have had a surgeon daily attending one of the chalk-mines in my right hand, which though it does not absolutely hinder my writing, as you see, obliges me to write so slowly, and consequently better than I usually do, that I could engrave a letter in less time. I might have employed Kirgate; but I hate to dictate, when not actually forced.

Lady Compton's letter I saw many years ago, and think it has been in print since more than once, particularly, I believe, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

It will not sound much of a tone with my excuse, when I say that I have been twice at the play since I came to town the week before last; but not being yet reduced to walk on all fours or not walk at all, and getting a charitable

hand to lead me in and out, I did venture, and yet shall not commit such juvenilities again in haste; nor have I so little shame as to laugh at a much younger man thinking of mounting tiger, ridicule in myself appearing more terrible to me than in any other man, as I am always warning myself against it. I met Mr. G. about a week ago, and said to the person next me, 'I am glad no caricaturist is present; he would certainly draw Mr. G. and me like the old print for children of Somebody and Nobody[1].'

The Berrys are in Yorkshire, and have been so these four months. I have never so much as seen the person of Mallet du Pan's[2] book; I read very little now, and only for amusement, as it is too late to be improving myself for another world. I have found out another occupation that employs a good deal of my useless time, which is sleeping. As I have the happy gift of going to sleep whenever I shut my eyes, I do not throw it away, but prefer it to hundreds of books, which would only have the same effect, with more trouble to my lame fingers. These last implore your Ladyship's pardon for saying no more, and are your most devoted, though inactive servants, &c.

2923. To Miss Mary Berry.

[Friday, Dec. 13, 1793.]

You will not wonder at my dullness about the time of your setting out, and of the *gîtes* you are to make on the road: you are used to my fits of incomprehension; and, as is natural at my age, I believe they increase. What augmented them was my eagerness to be sure of every

Letter 2922.—[1] The clue to this remark is probably that as Horace Walpole was certainly extremely thin, 'Mr. G.' was most likely extremely fat.

[2] Jacques Mallet Dupan (1749–1800), who published in London in 1793 *Considérations sur la nature de la Révolution Française et sur les causes qui en prolongent la durée.*

opportunity of sending you the earliest intelligence of every event that may happen at this critical period. That impatience has sometimes made me too precipitate in my information. If I believed Lord Howe's success too rapidly, you have seen by all the newspapers that both the ministers and the public were equally credulous, from the collateral channels that imported such assertions! Well! if you have been disappointed of capturing five or six French men-of-war, you must at present stay your appetite by some handsome slices of St. Domingo[1], and by plentiful goblets of French blood shed by the Duke of Brunswick; which we firmly believe, though the official intelligence was not arrived last night (Thursday). His Highness, who has been so serene for above a year, seems to have waked to some purpose; and, which is not less propitious, his victory indicates that his principal, the King of Prussia, has added no more French jewels to his regalia. I shall like to hear the National Convention accuse him of being bribed by a contrary *Pitt's* diamond.

Here is another comfortable symptom: it looks as if Robespierre would give up Barrère. How fortunate that Beelzebubs and Molochs peach one another, like human highwaymen! I will tell you a reflection I have made, and which shows how the worst monsters counteract their own councils. Many formerly, who meant to undermine religion, began by sapping the belief of a devil. *Now*, by denying God, they have restored Satan to his throne, or will; though the present system is a republic of fiends. The Pandemonium below recalls its agents, as if they were only tribunes of the people elected by temporary factions. Barnave, called the Butcher in the first Convention, is gone, like Orléans and Brissot. If we do not presume to in-

LETTER 2923.—[1] An English force was landed in San Domingo in Sept. 1793. The troops gained some unimportant advantages, but suffered much from the climate. The island was evacuated by us in 1798.

terpret *judgements*, I wonder the monsters themselves do not: enough has happened already to warn them of their own fate!

If you have seen in the papers the relation of Lady Wallace's[2] brutality to Lady Dashwood[3], you know how well qualified she was to be an advocate for Dumourier: at Paris she might have been aide-de-camp to Mlle. Theroign[4]. Are such furies of the same species of the same sex with the unparalleled Marie Antoinette?

The Conways are in town for two or three days: they came for Jerningham's play. Harris had at last allowed him the fourth night; and he had a good night. I have a card from Lady Amherst for Monday; and shall certainly go, as my Lord behaved so nobly about your cousin[5]. I have another from the Margravine to sup at Hammersmith on Tuesday; whither I shall certainly not go, but plead the whole list of chronical distempers. Do you think, if the whole circle of Princes in Westphalia were to ask me for *next Thursday evening*[6], that I would accept the invitation?

You will wonder perhaps that I have tumbled to tittle-tattle, and not dropped a syllable on Lord Moira and Toulon: in fact I know nothing positive about either—am very sanguine about neither. My hopes are that the Convention will be distracted, and not know which of their

[2] Eglantine, youngest daughter of Sir William Maxwell, fourth Baronet, and wife of Sir Thomas Dunlop Wallace. Lady Wallace was a woman of violent temper, and had before this time been summoned for assault. She was on terms of friendship with Dumouriez.

[3] Mary Ellen, daughter of John Graham, a member of the Council in Bengal, and wife of Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, third Baronet, of Kirtlington.

[4] Anne Josèphe Terwagne, known as Théroigne de Méricourt (1762–1817), an active revolutionary. She was a prominent figure at the taking of the Bastille, and is said to have taken part in the massacres of September. Having, by her defence of the Girondins, roused the anger of a club of women, she was publicly flogged by them in the garden of the Tuileries. After this horrible experience she became mad, and died in the Salpêtrière Hospital at Paris.

[5] Lord Amherst had appointed a cousin of Miss Berry's to an ensigncy.

[6] When the persons addressed were to arrive in London. *Berry.*

armies they may venture to diminish to support the most urgent.

Saturday, Dec. 14, 1793.

I am glad this is to be the last of my gazettes. I am tired of notifying and recalling the articles of news: not that I am going to dis-laurel the Duke of Brunswick; but not a sprig is yet come in confirmation. Military critics even conjecture, by the journals from Mannheim and Frankfort, that the German victories have not been much more than repulses of the French, and have been bought dearly. I am inclined to believe the best from Wurmser; but I confess my best hopes are from the factions at Paris.—If the gangrene does not gain the core, how calculate the duration? It has already baffled all computation, all conjecture. One wonders now that France, in its totality, was not more fatal to Europe than even it was. Is not it astonishing, that after five years of such havoc, such emigrations, expulsions, massacres, annihilation of commerce, evanition of specie, and real or impending famine, they can still furnish and support armies against us and the Austrians in Flanders, against the Duke of Brunswick and Wurmser, against us at Toulon, against the King of Sardinia, against Spain, against the Royalists in La Vendée, and along the coast against our expedition under Lord Moira; and though we have got fifteen of their men-of-war at Toulon, they have sixteen, or more, at Brest, and are still impertinent with a fry of privateers? Consider, too, that all this spirit is kept up by the most extravagant lies, delusions, rodomontade; by the extirpation of the usual root of enthusiasm, religion; and by the terror of murder, that ought to revolt all mankind. If such a system of destruction does not destroy itself, there is an end of that *ignis fatuus*, human reason; and French policy must govern, or exterminate mankind.

I this moment received your Thursday's note, with that for your housekeeper, who is in town, and with those sweet words, 'You need not leave a card; we shall be at home.' I do not believe I shall send you an excuse.

The Marshal has stepped in to tell me he has just met his nephew, Lord Yarmouth, who has received a letter from a foreign minister at Mannheim, who asserts all the Duke of Brunswick's victories, and the destruction or dispersion of the French army in that quarter. The Earl maintains that the King of Prussia's politics are totally changed to the right, and that eighteen thousand more of his troops have joined the allies. I should like to know, and to have the Convention know, that the murder of the Queen of France has operated this revulsion.

I hope I send you no more falsehoods—at least, you must allow that it is not on bad authority. If Lord Howe has disappointed you, will you accept the prowess of the virago his sister, Mrs. Howe? As soon as it was known that her brother had failed, a Jacobin mob broke her windows, mistaking them for his. She lifted up the sash, and harangued them; told them that was not the house of her brother, who lives in the other part of Grafton Street, and that she herself is a widow, and that *that* house is hers. She stilled the waves, and they dispersed quietly.

There! There end my volumes, to my great satisfaction! If we are to have any bonfires or illuminations, you will be here to light them yourselves. Adieu to Yorkshire!

P.S. As I was going to fold my letter, Lord Derby and Miss Farren came in: from good breeding I was dumb on politics; at last, she asked if any news? I said coolly, as if relating some trifle, 'The Duke of Brunswick has totally dispersed the French army.' The Earl's circular

face became oblong. I added with the same composure, 'and the King of Prussia has taken his part decidedly.' The Earl said, 'I suppose he is well paid for it.' And then to comfort himself, added, 'Macbride says Lord Moira must return,'—which I do not believe.

2924. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 26, 1793.

You are too good, Madam, in giving yourself the trouble of inquiring after my decays. As they are not so rapid as I might reasonably expect, they are not worthy of interesting anybody; and, while seldom attended by pain, I have little cause for complaint.

I am glad Lord and Lady Warwick are pleased with their new villa[1]: it is a great favourite with me. In my brother's time I used to sit with delight in the bow-window in the great room, for besides the lovely scene of Richmond, with the river, park, and barges, there is an incessant ferry for foot passengers between Richmond and Isleworth, just under the Terrace; and on Sundays Lord Shrewsbury[2] pays for all the Catholics that come to his chapel from the former to the latter, and Mrs. Keppel has counted an hundred in one day, at a penny each. I have a passion for seeing passengers, provided they do pass; and though I have the river, the road, and two footpaths before my blue room at Strawberry, I used to think my own house dull whenever I came from my brother's. Such a partiality have I for moving objects, that in advertisements of country-houses I have thought it a recommendation when there was a N.B. of *three stage coaches pass by the door every day.* On

Letter 2924.—[1] The house at Isleworth formerly in possession of Sir Edward Walpole, and which he left to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Keppel.
[2] Charles Talbot (1753–1827), fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury.

the contrary, I have an aversion to a park, and especially for a walled park, in which the capital event is the coming of the cows to water. A park wall with ivy on it and fern near it, and a back parlour in London in summer, with a dead creeper and a couple of sooty sparrows, are my strongest ideas of melancholy solitude. *A pleasing melancholy* is a very august personage, but not at all good company. I am still worse, when I have so little to say; but indeed I only meant this as a letter of thanks for your kind inquiries after my lame hand, of which my surgeon has taken leave this morning.

Your Ladyship's most obliged, &c.

2925. To Earl Harcourt.

My dear Lord, Berkeley Square, Jan. 7, 1794.

I wish I knew how to distinguish my gratitude to your Lordship from vanity, but warm as the former is, you must allow me to say that the latter has not digestion strong enough to swallow the excessive compliments Mr. Hagget[1] has paid to my tragedy, which besides the gross fault in choosing such a subject, has many defects that deserve his censure. His too great partiality deprives me of the pleasure of doing full justice to his *Villeroi*, as that justice would in me be supposed to flow from the prejudice of self-love; yet it would be too unjust to the author not to confess his great merit and abilities, both in the construction and execution, and not to own how powerfully the interest rises the farther the plan is carried.

I am sorry for many reasons that it is not to be performed, both for the sake of the author and the public, though I see reasons why neither the managers might choose to venture

Letter 2925.—[1] Probably the Rev. Francis Haggitt, at this time Rector of Nuneham.

it, nor the Chamberlain's office; and I am sorry to think that the greater the author's merit, the more bitter enemies he would raise to himself, even in this country—to its shame! One or two passages I will take the liberty of saying I wish had been omitted, as the accusations urged by the Convention against the late King, for the breach of an oath he had been forced to take to save his life, when they had kept no oath taken to him, and especially the two last lines put into the mouth of the Queen, in page 14, as her murderers could not prove a speck in her whole character, the most pure ever demonstrated by the longest and most rigid ordeal ever sustained by a mortal. She herself, as a mortal, might to God have accused herself of past errors, but I think no one else has a right to tax her with errors, which no man now can substantiate.

Mr. Hagget I am sure will forgive my saying what truth compels me to hint, and I hope he will be assured of my respect and esteem, and your Lordship cannot doubt my being

Your Lordship's
Most obliged and most obedient humble servant,
ORFORD.

P.S. I cannot say how sensible I am of the great honour Lady Harcourt did me, in having the goodness to call on me, when I was gone to wait on her and your Lordship.

2926. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 10, 1794.

I CERTAINLY sympathize with you on the reversed and gloomy prospect of affairs, too extensive to detail in a letter; nor indeed do I know anything more than I collect from newspapers and public reports; and those are so overcharged

with falsehoods on all sides, that, if one waits for truth to emerge, one finds new subjects to draw one's attention before firm belief can settle its trust on any. That the mass and result are bad, is certain; and though I have great alacrity in searching for comforts and grounds of new hopes, I am puzzled as much in seeking resources as in giving present credit. Reasoning is out of the question: all calculation is baffled: nothing happens that sense or experience said was probable. I wait to see what will happen, without a guess at what is to be expected. A storm, when the Parliament meets, will no doubt be attempted. How the ministers are prepared to combat it, I don't know, but I hope sufficiently, if it spreads no farther: at least I think they have no cause to fear the new leader who is to make the attack. . . .[1]

I have neither seen Mr. Wilson's book[2] nor his answerers. So far from reading political pamphlets, I hunt for any books, except modern novels, that will not bring France to my mind, or that at least will put it out for a time. But every fresh person one sees revives the conversation: and, excepting a long succession of fogs, nobody talks of anything else; nor of private news do I know a tittle. Adieu!

Yours ever,

O.

2927. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Jan. 30, 1794.

Lord Ossory was so good as to lend me the enclosed amusing paper, and ordered me to send it to your Ladyship. I cannot take up my pen, which I have totally laid aside

Letter 2926.—[1] So in first printed (1798) edition.

[2] A letter to Pitt, written by Dr. James Currie (1756–1805) under the name of Jasper Wilson.

but for the most urgent letters of business (and yet most of those are consigned to Kirgate) without adding a few words, though when Lord Ossory is in town, he knows ten times more than I do, who only catch some rebounds from newspapers, and believe few or none till they have been repeated till they are stale.

Political news now occupying half the face of the globe, a great part of the geography of which I have forgotten, are much too extensive for my digestion; and the home manufacture of novelties are become almost indifferent to me, for living so much out of the world, the very persons of most of the actors are perfect strangers to me: they are the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of my former intimates. Those of my past time that did remain are dropping round me, and though chiefly mere acquaintance, they leave gaps in my narrow society which I cannot fill with their descendants. Lord Buckinghamshire, Lord Digby, Lord Barrington, Lady Greenwich, Lord Pembroke, Sir Charles Hotham, were on the stage when I frequented it, and, though the vacuum they have made will not be perceived a month hence, they occasion one in my memory; and when one is become a rare remnant of one's contemporaries, I should think it unnatural, at least it is so to me, to interest oneself in the common occurrences of the world. And, if one is little touched by them, one is certainly little qualified to amuse others. This is my apology to your Ladyship for being so remiss in the correspondence with which you so long were pleased to honour me. I have not lost my spirits, but my activity is gone, and it is grown pleasant to indulge my indolence, of which for more than threescore years and ten I had no idea. In real regard, I am as much as ever, your Ladyship's devoted humble servant.

2928. To John Pinkerton.

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, April 11, 1794.

I have carefully gone through your MSS. with great delight; and with the few trifling corrections that I have found occasion to make, I shall be ready to restore them to you whenever it shall be convenient to you to call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be trusted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and two, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

Your much obliged humble servant,

Orford.

2929. To Miss Mary Berry.

Thursday evening, April 16, 1794.

I am delighted that you have such good weather for your *villeggiatura*. The sun has not appeared here to-day; yet it has been so warm, that he may not be gone out of town, and only keeps in because it is unfashionable to be seen in London at Easter. All my evening customers are gone, except Mrs. Damer, and she is at home to-night with the Greatheds and Mrs. Siddons, and a few more; and she had a mind I should go to her. I had a mind too; but think myself still too weak: after confinement for fourteen weeks, it seems formidable to sally forth. I have heard no novelty since you went, but of more progress in Martinico; on which it is said there is to be a *Gazette* to-night, and which, I suppose, gave a small fillip to the stocks this morning: though my Jew, whom I saw again this morning, ascribed the rise to expectation in the City of news of a counter-revolution at Paris;—but a revolution *to be* generally proves an addled egg.

The *Gazette* arrives, and little of Martinico remained unconquered. The account from Sir Charles Gray[1] is one continued panegyric on the conduct of our officers, soldiers, and sailors; who do not want to be driven on *à la Dumourier*, by cannon behind them and on both sides. A good quantity of artillery and stores is taken too, and only two officers and about seventy men killed. There is a codicil to the *Gazette*, with another post taken—the map, I suppose, knows where; I do not—but you, who are a geographeress, will, or easily find it.

At my levee before dinner I had Mrs. Buller, Lady Lucan, Sir Charles Blagden, Mr. Coxe, and Mr. Gough. This was a good day; I have not always so welcome a circle. I have run through both volumes of Mrs. Piozzi. Here and there she does not want parts, has some good translations, and stories that are new; particularly an admirable *bon mot* of Lord Chesterfield[2], which I never heard before, but dashed with her cruel vulgarisms: *v.* vol. ii. p. 291. The story, I dare to say, never happened, but was invented by the Earl himself, to introduce his reply. The sun never was the emblem of Louis Quinze, but of Louis Quatorze; in whose time his Lordship was not ambassador, nor the Czarina Empress: nor, foolish as some ambassadors are, could two of them propose devices for

LETTER 2929.—[1] Afterwards first Earl Grey. He was at this time in command of an expedition against the French West Indian islands. Martinique was finally taken in March 1794.

[2] 'I recollect . . . when the famous witty Lord Chesterfield was sent ambassador to some foreign court, I forget which.—The nobleman *envoyé de Louis Quinze* at the same place, being called upon for a health, drank that of his master under the emblem of the sun—taken by his predecessor—(the scene of our story is laid at a public feast)—when the Russian standing up begged leave to toast his empress under the emblem of a rising moon. Next came Great Britain in turn; and it was then Lord Chesterfield, though unaccustomed to such devices, showed his promptness of invention, by saying readily, "I'll give you, gentlemen, as my king's emblem, then, *Joshua, the leader of Heaven's chosen host, at whose command the sun and moon stopped in the midst of their career.*"' (*British Synonymy*, vol. ii. pp. 291–2)

toasts; as if, like children, thay were playing at pictures and mottoes: and what the Signora styles a *public feast*, the Earl, I conclude, called a *great dinner* then. I have picked out a motto for her work in her own words, and written it on the title-page: 'Simplicity cannot please without elegance!' Now I think *on't*, let me ask if you have been as much diverted as you was at first? and have not two such volumes sometimes set you *o'yawning*? It is comic, that in a treatise on synonymous words, she does not know which are and which are not so. In the chapter on worth, price, value (ii. 392), she says, 'The worth even of money fluctuates in our *state*'; instead of saying, in this *country*. Her very title is wrong; as she does not even mention synonymous Scottish words, it ought to be called, not *British*, but English, *Synonymy*.

Mr. Courtenay has published some epistles in rhyme, in which he has honoured me with a dozen lines, and which are really some of the best in the whole set—in ridicule of my writings. One couplet, I suppose, alludes to my Strawberry Verses on you and your sister. *Les voici*—

> Who to love tunes his note, with the fire of old age,
> And chirps the trim lay in a trim Gothic cage!

If I were not as careless as I am about literary fame, still this censure would be harmless indeed; for, except the exploded story of Chatterton, of which I washed myself as white as snow, Mr. Courtenay falls on my choice of subjects—as of *Richard the Third* and the *Mysterious Mother*—and not on the execution; though I fear there is enough to blame in the texture of them. But this new piece of criticism, or whatever it is, made me laugh, as I am offered up on the tomb of my poor mad nephew; who is celebrated for one of his last frantic acts, a publication in some monthly magazine, with an absurd hypothesis on 'the moon bursting from the earth, and the earth from the sun, somehow or other';

but how, indeed, especially from Mr. Courtenay's paraphrase, I have too much sense to comprehend. However, I am much obliged to him for having taken such pains to distinguish me from my lunatic precursor, that even the *European Magazine*, when I shall die, will not be able to confound us. *Richard the Third* would be sorry to have it thought hereafter that I had ever been under the care of Dr. Munro. Well, good night!

I will not seal this until after my levee to-morrow, in order to add anything I may happen to hear.

Friday.

I am sure there is nothing new, but if there were, I should have no time to tell you, for the Duchess[3] has been and stayed till half an hour after four: but Mrs. D. writes too, and would know if anything worth repeating.

2930. To Miss Mary Berry.

April 21, 1794.

You are most kind indeed in offering to come to town for me, but you certainly shall not. I repented sufficiently of having dragged you from Italy, though my most urgent reason was my impatience to install you at Cliveden: I will not inveigle you thence when the verdure, blossoms, and weather are in perfection. In this country we should always take summer by its forelock, though it may claim its waiting, like the Groom of the Stole, out of the regular course. We may have no more sunshine before our faithful October. I can force myself to go out in an evening if I will. I was at Mrs. Damer's last night, and stayed till they went to supper, and was not fatigued. There were her parents, the house of Argyll, the Greatheads, Mrs. Hervey, and the *Charming man*—and not a spoonful of

[3] The Duchess of Gloucester. Letter 2930.—Not in C.

news. To-day I have seen nobody yet, but it is only one o'clock, and I have been airing in my coach as far as Fulham.

I have found on my table a rhapsody in verse on my recovery, so extravagant that, added to the postmark *Isleworth*, it can come from no mortal but our neighbour[1] whose Cupid from the top of his gazebo was drowned. I must give you a slight sketch: Science begs Jove to spare my life; Jove is very willing; but not being so omnipotent as Science and you perhaps imagined, he calls for his household gods, his *Lares*; and who do you think they were? why, Chiron and Esculapius, and *Hermes* (it is lucky for my reputation, as Mr. Courtney talks of *the fire of my old age*, that he did not call Mercury)! The Trinity of Lares *herbalize* the plains of Thessaly, but find no plants good against gout.

> So, while such pagan efforts fruitless prove,
> The God of Mercy pities feeble Jove.

I am really ashamed to transcribe such abominable nonsense. The conclusion is as absurd, but not so entertaining; it says, I

> Each theologic sect can calmly view,
> And, uncorrupted, relish but the true, &c., &c.

It is refreshing to read Mr. Courtney's satire after such flattery. Marshal Conway came in as

> My bane and antidote were both before me;

I showed him both, and he would have had a copy of the panegyric, as perfect in its kind, but I thought it not fair to expose my poet laureat farther. The Marshal bids me tell you that however proud you may be of your nightingales, they have as large a colony at Park Place. He brought me the complete conquest of Martinico, with the capture of

[1] A Mr. May. See letter to Mary Berry of Sept. 1, 1795.

an hundred merchantmen and other vessels, and an enormous quantity of stores.

There! I shall wait for nothing more. I think I send you enough, as my Advertiser is daily.

2931. To Miss Hannah More.

April 27, 1794.

This is no plot to draw you into committing even a good deed on a Sunday, which I suppose the *literality* of your conscience would haggle about, as if the day of the week constitutes the sin, and not the nature of the crime. But you may defer your answer till to-night is become to-morrow by the clock having struck one; and then you may do an innocent thing without any guilt, which a quarter of an hour sooner you would think abominable. Nay, as an Irishman would say, you need not even *read* this note till the canonical hour is past.

In short, my dear Madam, I gave your obliging message to Lady Waldegrave, who will be happy to see you on Tuesday, at one o'clock. But as her staircase is very bad, as she is in a lodging, I have proposed that this meeting, for which I have been pimping between two female saints, may be held here in my house, as I had the utmost difficulty last night in climbing her *scala santa*, and I cannot undertake it again. But if you are so good as to send me a favourable answer to-morrow, I will take care you shall find her here at the time I mentioned, with your true admirer,

Orford.

2932. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, May Day, 1794.

I will come out of town ten times to my going thither once (as a tutor at Cambridge said to his pupils, scolding them for leaving their chambers and studies so often, and going out of college), if it brings such good luck and good news. Yesterday, as I got into my coach, I received the extraordinary *Gazette*, without a mouthful of success, and a miscarriage of half the victory [1] by the non-arrival of General Mansel, who at last, poor man! I find came too soon for himself [2]. At night, John had been in Twickenham, and heard that a courier had galloped through the village as fast as he could, considering that he was loaded with a stack of laurels that he was carrying to the Duchess of York to make bonfires at Oatlands. I knew not for what, till on my breakfast-table just now I found your welcome letter, and another from Marshal Conway confirming the great victory, the prodigious number of cannon taken, our small loss, and the capture of the French general [3]—as fortunate for him as Mansel was unlucky, for the Jacobin commander would certainly have been guillotined. As their attack was meant to save the town, I conclude Lendrecies [4] will be, as Mrs. Piozzi calls everything that is *not* so, *the exergue* of our victory. As I have bushels of may, though no milkmaids as you are not at Cliveden, I shall make a garland for myself; and as I cannot yet dance, shall sit and hear the nightingale sing its country-dance, as I did last night.

Letter 2932.—Not in C.

[1] On April 26 the Duke of York, acting in co-operation with the Austrians, defeated the French at Cateau-Cambrésis.

[2] He was in command of the heavy cavalry, which arrived too late to be of any use. The General was killed.

[3] His name was Chapuy.

[4] Landrecies was taken by the allies on April 30.

The Abbé Nichols is in favour with me for carrying the good news to you. Did not he seem quite an *émigré*, hoping he should soon be restored to his *chanoinie* at Paris? I shall not carry my congratulations to *the water-side here*. I believe Lally is already restored to more than he ever had.

I shall be glad to hear what you have learnt of Mr. Gibbon's MSS.[5]; but that will not be before Saturday. Though the verdure is not brilliant from want of rain, I do not think of returning sooner. That evening, I conclude, you will go to hear the Banti—but perhaps you may call for a moment just before my dinner; I shall scarce be in town much earlier, as I propose calling on Lady Di on my way, for I am so delighted with being here again, that I do not like to lessen my term. Adieu!

2933. To John Pinkerton.

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, May 15, 1794.

My house is so full of pictures that I could not place a new one without displacing some other; nor is that my chief objection; I am really much too old now to be hunting for what I may have few moments to possess; and as the possessor of the picture you mention values it highly, I am not tempted to visit what would probably be very dear. The lady represented does not strike my memory as a person about whom I have any knowledge or curiosity; and I own I have been so often drawn to go after pictures that were merely ancient, that *now*, when I am so old, and very infirm, and go out very little, you will excuse me if I do not wait on you, though much obliged to you for your proposal. I cannot go up and down

[5] Gibbon's death took place on Jan. 16, 1794. All his papers were left to Lord Sheffield.

stairs without being led by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me; *lusi satis.*

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

2934. To ———.

DEAR SIR, May 27, 1794.

An idea has arisen in my thoughts, on which I have a great desire to consult you, not minutely, but in general, and this for two reasons: the first, because I have not extended or weighed the idea sufficiently myself; and the second, because the season is not yet arrived to carry the design (supposing it should be proper and practicable) into execution.

My wish is, that all who live under our present unprecedentedly happy constitution, composed of Kings, Lords, and Commons, should be grounded from their earliest youth in such a firm attachment to that matchless system, in such undivided ardour of patriotism for that trinitarian but one composition, that no monarchic or republican doctrines, no factious or interested views, no attachment to political leaders or dictators, may ever be able to detach them from the great principles of the constitution.

It is undeniable that we have no system of education at all calculated for impressing such essential patriotism. Parents content themselves with breeding up their children in their own principles; that is, of talking before their children with a bias towards Whig or Tory principles; and the masters or tutors appointed are probably chosen, if principles enter into the consideration, for being supposed of the same party as the parent. If the tutor or master be a clergyman, he will doubtless instil into his pupil a due

LETTER 2934.—Not in C.; addressee unknown; reprinted from Miss Berry's *Journals*, vol. ii. pp. 40-2.

respect for the Church, which, though incorporated by law into the general system, is not a specific part of our tripartite constitution, though admitted into it, and which I would preserve there for (perhaps a singular) reason. I mean, looking on the complex body of higher and lower clergy as a pin that tends to support that third part of the constitution, the crown, which might be too much weakened if deprived of that buttress, should a contest arise between the crown and the two other branches of the legislature, who, possessing the whole landed property of the kingdom, might be an overmatch for the third power; and since the union of the three has produced and preserved our unexampled system, and raised this country to such a summit of glory and wealth, with perfect freedom, it would be madness to shake an edifice so cemented, in order to try speculative experiments and reforms which might endanger, but could not augment, our general felicity. The happiness of the whole is not to be risked to humour a few visionaries.

After this short introduction, I will sketch my novel idea.

I would have an exposition of our triformed constitution drawn up, showing how, in its contexture and consequences, it is preferable to all systems of government yet invented. I do not detail more on this head here, but when stated in the strongest and clearest manner, and *then reduced to a corollary of implicit faith,* I would have all schools, seminaries, colleges, universities, obliged to inculcate this creed into all the youth committed to their care, a plan of education a little more necessary to a Briton than Greek and Latin, though I do not desire to exclude or interfere with the instruction into those languages—far from it. If a code of constitutional doctrine could be formed, I would have it subdivided. I would have an accidence of short aphorisms or axioms extracted for young beginners; larger grammars

for the adults, and these only taught in short lessons on holidays, and without punishments annexed, that the learners might have no disagreeable sensations annexed to what I wish to have them love—the constitution. Lectures in the manner of sermons might be delivered once a week to the disciples of all ages, and the *love of our country and its beautiful constitution* inculcated by every seducing art possible.

You, my dear Sir, would be infinitely more able than I am to dilate these rude hints into a valuable and practicable system. My object is to raise a spirit of enthusiasm for our constitution in our young and future countrymen; and as my plan would attach them to each branch of the legislature, not one of the three can, or at least ought to be averse from adopting it by law, if it were better digested, and a patriotic code formed, which it would be the interest of all the three powers to sanction. All opposition that should tend to annihilate any one of the three powers would be baffled, if the bigotry of the nation to the established constitution were predominant.

2935. To Lady Douglas.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1794.

I am heartily and sincerely rejoiced, my dear Madam, that you feel yourself better in health, and trust you will soon be perfectly recovered; though I am not quite so confident as you seem to be, as your head appears to be still a little affected by your thinking mine to be so. I sit for my picture! I, an unfinished skeleton of seventy-seven, on whose bones the worms have left but just so much skin as prevents my being nailed up yet. I am not even a curiosity;

Letter 2935.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lady Mary Coke's *Journals*, vol. iii. p. xxiv.

nobody takes his doctor's degree in antiquity till past a hundred, and I want a score of wrinkles before I can put in my claim. Old Parr and old Jenkins would call me a vain impertinent boy for sitting for my picture, and hoping to be ranged amongst prints of remarkable veterans. Nay, I don't believe Lady Desmond in the other world would venture to [be] left alone with such a stripling; to be sure one more fit of the gout may do much, and make such a cripple of me that I may pass on many for an antediluvian. As yet, I can only pretend; like a man who applied to be placed by favour in the Hospital of the Quinze Vingts, though not quite blind, and being reproached with that *defect*, replied, 'Hélas! il est vrai, je ne suis qu'un aspirant,'—so I, Madam, *hélas*! want a score of being fit to be in a bracelet on your Ladyship's arm, which would be a delicious purgatory to your

Devoted humble servant,

ORFORD.

2936. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, July 22, 1794.

I RETURN the enclosed, Madam, as I ought: it could not add to the contempt I have long felt for the instigator—it suits well with his theologic writings and pacific principles.

I had the pleasure of meeting Lady Warwick lately at her next-door neighbour's, Lady Bute's, and she has promised me the honour of coming to see my house, but I have not been to wait on her yet from the excessive heat of the mornings. I little thought I should live to complain of the violence of an English summer, but this has been so torrid as to make me seriously ill—though I believe less from its warmth than from my own extreme weakness. I have of late years been subject to great

palpitations, and they come more frequently and last longer. The wise in life and death insist they are only nervous; however I was seized with one on Saturday night, which continued so stormy that at four in the morning I was forced to send a man and horse to Twickenham for the apothecary, having such acute pain in my breast with it, that I concluded it the gout, and a warrant for me. Before he could arrive, I had a slight vomiting, fell asleep for four hours—and am here still! This is a pretty history to trouble your Ladyship with, yet I know nothing else but what everybody knows or does not know from the newspapers, and that mass is much too vast for speculation: it is a stupendous and horrible chaos, and I know not out of what ark a Noah is to dispatch a dove with an olive branch, nor where he will find one to gather—roots and branches all seem to be plucked up!

Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia were here three days ago; she had left her poor sister Waldegrave the day before, who is all she is or can be yet, composed[1].

Lord Hertford has acted with great nobleness towards his brothers and sisters. It is pleasant to have virtues and heroism and great qualities to relate of this country, when fiends and furies rage in the rest of Europe.

Your Ladyship's most devoted.

2937. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1794.

The letter which I return, Madam, is indeed a very proper one, and the writer, Lady Maria[1], a very sensible

Letter 2936.—[1] Her eldest son, the fifth Earl Waldegrave, was accidentally drowned in the Thames on June 29, 1794.

Letter 2937.—[1] Lady Wilhelmina Maria, only daughter of fourth Earl Waldegrave; m. (1804) Nathaniel Micklethwait, of Taverham, Norfolk; d. 1805.

girl. Her father doted on her. Lady Waldegrave admires her reason and quickness, but will not spoil her. Unfortunately for herself she was grown fondest of the poor boy, whom she has just lost so lamentably; and I am sorry to hear that she does not recover the shock so well as we had flattered ourselves she would: but I will say no more on anything relating to myself, into which your Ladyship's strange partiality is too apt to betray me (witness your last flattering note), but to send you a codicil to the impertinent account of my late illness, but in which not a grain relates to me, except as being the subject of it.

The very next morning after I was taken ill at Richmond, I heard from that fertile fountain of falsehood and tittle-tattle, that it was said I had been walking on rough ground, and had fallen down over two *rats*, and could not rise again (the only circumstance that would have been probable), and that a man passing by (which shows the scene was laid in the high road, where neither rats nor I commonly make a promenade), helped me up, and that being struck with gratitude to this neighbour of the gospel, I asked him what service I could do for him in return? He replied, he should think himself fully recompensed if I would give him a perpetual ticket for seeing Strawberry Hill whenever he had a mind. Invention, I believe, never flowed more spontaneously nor with greater velocity. Would not one think that this was a commonly dead summer; that France was perfectly calm, ay, and Flanders too, and Holland perfectly safe; that all the *northern monarchs were kept from the dusty field*; that there was nothing at sea but my father's *Spithead expeditions*? Would to Heaven there were not! and that Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lord Howe are as satisfied as if both were nodding under *ostrich feathers*! The Richmond tale is like those we used to receive from Cork, when there

was not a tittle of news stirring in London. Good night, Madam!

2938. To Miss Agnes Berry.

Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1794.

The longer I know you, my sweet Agnes, the more I find new reasons for loving you, as I do most cordially. You threatened not to write, and I have already received a charming letter from you; and now, as you never disimprove, I am confident you will let me hear from you sometimes, though I will not be exacting, nor expect you to do what you do not love, especially as I shall hear accounts of you from Mary; for you cannot help writing to one you have constantly talked to ever since you was born. What I shall most and earnestly wish to hear is that you mend fast—and then I shall not regret your absence.

Your father and sister arrived soon after seven yesterday evening. I did not, though that was the time they had fixed, expect them so soon, concluding they would be pressed to stay longer at Park Place, and would be frail. They have found the alterations to the house advanced rapidly—but those details I shall leave to Mary.

I am quite happy with the favourable account you received of dear grandmama. I have received no letters for either of you since, but yours for Mary to-day. Nor have I a tittle to tell you, but that I dined with Lady Cecilia at Hampton on Tuesday, with Mesdames Wray and Jefferies and the Wheelers, who returned to Richmond by eight o'clock in dread of Lady Bute's footpads, who have scared the whole neighbourhood. In the evening came a whole cacklehood from the palace.

Your sister is as much delighted with Oxford as I

Letter 2938.—Not in C.

expected she would be, struck with profound respect for Blenheim as was fit, but not a quarter so delighted with Nuneham as I am—and she forgot to ask to see the room with my tapestry[1].

I am glad you are comfortably lodged, and don't much lament your want of prospect. You will return with the more satisfaction to Cliveden.

Your pussy is enchanting. With all the graces of her kind, she has all the sense of a dog. She literally comes when I call her, though above stairs, follows me wherever I go without being called, and meets me when I come home. Still I shall wean myself from her, as it is time for me to do from everything, if I can, but shall not restore her till you are resettled—at least, not till the workmen are out of your house.

I know nothing from the Continent, but that armies retire before the infernals, and that there has been a new butchery at Paris, in which, amongst more than forty, the Princess d'Hennin's husband has lost his head—but I will say no more of those horrors; I wish I could help thinking on them!

Your sister will tell you, with truth, that I am quite well, and enjoy this immortal summer, though we have lost all verdure and a great [many] leaves. We have had some hours of rain on Sunday, but it made no impression on the turf.

My duty to my *silent humble* relation, and my love to her really good daughter, though I don't insist on your delivering either. I say nothing as a conclusion from myself, for I trust all my actions and all my letter tells you how much I am

Yours,

O.

[1] Some maps of the counties of England woven in tapestry, bought by Horace Walpole at the sale of William Sheldon, of Weston in Warwickshire, and presented by him to Lord Harcourt.

2939. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1794.

I should heartily wish your Ladyship joy, Madam, of Lord Ossory's new honour[1], if you were in the humour to be pleased with it; but as you are not, I must content myself with congratulating him most cordially, and thanking him for notifying it to me himself. You are sure that *I* must feel for him the happiness of being released from the House of Commons, and from the servility of courting popularity for a county election. If some vile French-hired newspapers should abuse him, it will prevent their applauding him, which is scandal indeed! Everything dear to man is at stake, and whoever is young enough to serve his country in any situation, ought, and deserves thanks for supporting the government, and binding himself to it. Is Robespierre a *disinterested* man?

I am not at all surprised at Lord Macartney's miscarriage[2]; nor can help admiring the prudence of the Chinese. They would be distracted to connect with Europeans, and cannot be ignorant of our usurpations in India, though they may be ignorant of Peruvian and Mexican histories, and the no less shocking transactions in France. But I will say no more: I try to turn my thoughts from the present scene; declamation would not relieve them.

2940. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Park Place, Sept. 4, 1794.

I could not thank your Ladyship sooner for giving me notice of your campaign, as you did not specify your head

Letter 2939.—[1] He had been made an English peer.

[2] Lord Macartney had been sent on a mission to China in Sept. 1792. He was graciously received by the Emperor, but failed to gain permission for a British minister to reside in China.

quarters, and I am sadly ignorant of military stations; but Marshal Conway tells me I may safely direct my letter to Lord Ossory, at the camp near Harwich, and that it will certainly reach the commandant's lady.

I love discussions, that is, conjectures, on French affairs no more than you, Madam; yet I cannot but look on Robespierre's death as a very characteristic event, I mean as it proves the very unsettled state of that country. It is the fifth revolution in the governing power of that country in five years; and as faction in the capital can overturn and destroy the reigning despots in the compass of twelve months, I see no reason for expecting anything like durability to a system compounded of such violent and precarious ingredients. Atrocious a monster as Robespierre was, I do not suppose the alleged crimes were true, or that his enemies, who had all been his accomplices, are a whit better monsters. If his barbarities, which were believed the sole engines of his success, should be relaxed, success will be less sure; and though lenity may give popularity to his successors, it will be but temporary—and terror removed is a negative sensation, and produces but very transient gratitude; and then will revive unchecked, every active principle of revenge, ambition, and faction, with less fear to control them. I will prophesy no farther, nor will pretend to guess how long a genealogy of revolutions will ensue, when they breed so fast, before chaos is extinct.

Lady Waldegrave, I do believe, Madam, is composed, and acts most reasonably; Miss Hannah More has been with her, and has given me verbally a most satisfactory account of her.

If I live so long, I shall hope to have the honour of seeing more of Lady Warwick next summer. I found the same amiable sweetness and gentleness with which I used to be well acquainted at Ampthill years ago.

The History of the House of Brunswick I have not seen. It is much the report that we are going to know more of that stock; but I am perfectly ignorant whether there is any foundation for that rumour.

I have read some of the descriptive verbose tales, of which your Ladyship says I was the patriarch by several mothers. All I can say for myself is that I do not think my concubines have produced issue more natural for excluding the aid of anything marvellous.

From hence I can tell your Ladyship nothing new, but that the alterations and additions to the house have made it a delightful one, and worthy of the place. I shall return home the day after to-morrow, and am always, Madam, your most devoted.

2941. To Miss Mary Berry.

Sunday, Sept. 21, 1794.

I BEGIN my journal to-day, though only the eve of its departure, and though I have nothing new to tell you from Europe or from Strawberry Hill, but much from the circumambient district, for the marauders have begun their courses again. A young Mr. Digby, who lodges in Twickenham near Mrs. Duane, was, with another gentleman in a post-chaise, robbed *at one o'clock at noon* by two footpads on the heath just beyond Whitton. The son of the maltster here by the post-house, ditto robbed by ditto;—but, on inquiry, this happened at Kennington Common, where they are more apt to be hanged than to rob—however I shall grow uneasy when you return.

My nieces the Lisles[1] and Miss Hotham dined here yesterday, as you knew they were to do, and I had

LETTER 2941.—Not in C.

[1] Daughters of Walpole's great-niece, the Hon. Mrs. Lisle, sister of fourth Earl of Cholmondeley.

judged well, for the last saved me all expense in conversation. At night I went to Lady Onslow's, at Richmond, and came back unrobbed. There I found the elder, not Agnes's, Darrell, who was very civil about her, but, unlike his brother, was much more struck with her companion, whom he took for her aunt, and thought extremely agreeable. I cannot say I ever was of his opinion, was I?—even before she spoiled our meeting at Park Place.

Ten at night.

Yesterday was most tempestuously windy, but to-day has been warm and fine, and I trust you have had a pleasant journey. Tell me how you like your new habitation, and if you find it comfortable; but do not go and prefer the ocean to the poor Thames!

Maugre banditti, I have been at Lady Bute's door this evening, but she was not well enough to see me; and I returned with my purse and watch in my pocket. Since that I have been sitting with the Doyleys—and there must end my letter, for I shall certainly hear nothing to-morrow before the post goes out, and only write now in husbandly obedience, as I will again, as soon as I know anything that will give body to a paragraph.

I beg of you both to return as revived and looking as fresh as Agnes did from Cheltenham, and then I shall not lament my involuntary widowhood, for I do not wish, as Lady Wishfort says, for any iteration of nuptials, nor to have an opportunity of expressing myself like a tender husband of whom I have just been reading in Lysons, who set up a tomb for his wife with this epitaph, 'Joan le Feme Thomas de Frowicke gist icy, et le dit Thomas pense de giser aveque luy.' You see folks were not so delicate in that age as we are, though to *sleep* with the departed would have been even a more scriptural phrase, and more in the style of our good ancestors, *qui n'entendoient pas raillerie en*

tout, as the French have done of late years. Good night, *sans raillerie, le feme Marie* and *le feme Agnes de*

HORACE DE ORFORD.

Monday morning.

In the new edition of the *History of Highwaymen,* for Mr. Digby & Co., 'Robbed in a post-chaise by two footpads'; read, 'Robbed as he was walking alone on the heath by two highwaymen.' As truth lies at the bottom of a well, the first who dip for her seldom let the bucket low enough.

2942. To MISS MARY BERRY.

Wed., Sept. 24, 1794, near one.

I HAVE received your long letter from Prospect House[1] and thank you most kindly for it, but I cannot answer it now, for the Churchills are here, and in the room while I write; it has rained heavily ever since breakfast, and they can neither go out in their chaise which they had ordered, nor into the garden; and just as I was going to begin my letter, the newspaper came in, and he has been reading it aloud to us paragraph by paragraph, half of which are full of bad news of retreats of our army, of the capture of our Mediterranean fleet by the French, and, what I think as bad as anything for Europe, of the King of Prussia having been forced to raise the siege of Warsaw. Before I could digest half this, he came to a sale of milch cows—I don't mean the King of Prussia, nor that we are again one of his milch cows; but Mr. Churchill, who wants some for Lewisham, and has been reading of them to his wife, till I have not a clear idea left, but about your bad post-horses, and your liking your new residence, at which I rejoice.

LETTER 2942.—Not in C.

[1] The Miss Berrys were now at Broadstairs.

Canterbury I know by heart. It was the chief fund of my chimney-pieces and other morsels. The tomb of the Black Prince I have no doubt being of the time; his father's and mother's figures in the Abbey are also bronze and well executed, and the first posterior to his son's, as also that of Richard II and of Henry IV, that you saw at Canterbury. By St. Austin's gate I constantly passed as I went to Mr. Barrett's, and admired as you do so justly.

Horace Churchill dined and supped with us yesterday. This evening we shall go to the Doyleys, so I shall not have a moment to myself to do what I like best—writing to you. My kin leave me to-morrow, and the Marshal, who has been in town to embark some more of his men for Holland—to make a better mouthful for the French—is to come to me till next morning, and on Friday I shall go to town myself to receive my money, so I know not when I shall be able to write before Saturday or Sunday—and oh, alas! here is Mrs. Wheeler and her sister, and I must finish, assuring you I am perfectly well, as I hope you both are.—Adieu!

P.S. In my confusion, to which you know I am not a little subject, I received a letter for your grandmother from a Mrs. Robertson, with a scrap round it, which I enclose, and was on the point of sending all to you, but finding the scrap loose did open it, and now send the letter to the post.

2943. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, Saturday night, 1794.

I have been in town, as I told you I should, but gleaned nothing worth repeating, or I would have written this

morning before I came away. The Churchills left me on Thursday, and were succeeded by the Marshal and Mr. Taylor, who dined and stayed all night. I am now alone, having reserved this evening to answer your long and Agnes's short letters; but in this single one to both, for I have not matter enough for a separate maintenance.

I went yesterday evening to Mrs. Damer, and had a glimpse of her new house; literally a glimpse, for I saw but one room on the first floor, where she had lighted a fire, that I might not mount two flights: and as it was eight o'clock, and quite dark, she only opened a door or two, and gave me a *cat's-eye* view into them. One blemish I had descried at first; the house has a corner arrival, like her father's. Ah me! who do not love to be led through the public. I did see her new bust of Mrs. Siddons, and a very mistressly performance it is indeed.

Apropos, Miss Farren is missing. She is known to have landed last Sunday—not a word from her since, which makes one—ay, and two—fear that she is ill on the road. Were it her mother, she herself would have written.

From Mrs. D. I went to my sister's, where I found Sophia, Lady Englefield, Mrs. and Miss Egerton, and Mr. Falkener. Played at cribbage with them, and sat by while they supped. This is not only the whole of my private history, but of the world's too, as far as it has informed me, except that Lord Southampton does not go to fetch the future Princess of Wales[1], precedents having sworn that by their books it is clear that it must be her Chamberlain, though she has none before she is she; and he, they say, is to be Lord Pembroke—a very good choice.

LETTER 2943.—[1] In August 1794 the Prince of Wales had agreed to marry the Princess Caroline of Brunswick. The marriage took place on April 8, 1795.

Lady Worcester[2], Lady Weymouth[3], and Lady Parker[4] are kissing the public's hand for the Bedchamber, and the two first will probably kiss *tout de bon*—of the third's chance I know nothing.

Mrs. D. was surprised at my saying I should expect you after another week; she said you had not talked of returning near so soon. I do not mention this, as if to gainsay your intention; on the contrary, I hope and beg you will stay as long as either of you thinks she finds the least benefit from it; and after that, too, as long as you both like to stay. I reproached myself so sadly, and do still, for having dragged you from Italy sooner than you intended, and I am so grateful for your having had that complaisance, that unless I grow quite superannuated, I think I shall not be so selfish as to combat the inclination of either again. It is natural for me to delight in your company; but I do not even wish for it, if it lays you under any restraint. I have lived a thousand years to little purpose, if I have not learned that half a century more than the age of one's friends is not an *agrément de plus*.

Though I should not doctrinate myself with these wholesome reflections, as I think you will do me the justice to own I am frequently doing (though perhaps I may not practise all I preach to myself), still I should not want monitors, who ever and again cry

Poor Anacreon, thou'rt grown old!

I was diverted a few days ago with a paragraph in the *True*

[2] Lady Charlotte Sophia Leveson-Gower, second daughter of first Marquis of Stafford by his second wife; m. (1791) Henry Charles Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of sixth Duke of Beaufort, whom he succeeded in 1803.

[3] Hon. Isabella Byng, daughter of fourth Viscount Torrington; m. (1794) Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, eldest son of first Marquis of Bath, whom he succeeded in 1796.

[4] Mary Frances, daughter of Dr. Thomas Drake, of Amersham, Buckinghamshire; m. (1780) George Parker, Viscount Parker, eldest son of third Earl of Macclesfield, whom he succeeded in 1795.

Briton, which, supposing that the Prince is to reside at Hampton Court, said that, as there is a theatre and a tennis-court in the palace, Twickenham will not want a succession of company, even when the *venerable* Earl of Orford shall be no more. I little thought I was as attractive as a theatre or a tennis-court, or served in lieu of them. Pray, Lady Leah and Lady Rachel, venerate your Methusalem!

What an odd creature Mr. Rhymer is! I am glad he did not propose again that his Dollyhymnia should dine with you too.

I wish you had seen Canterbury some years ago, before they whitewashed it; for it is so coarsely daubed, and thence the gloom is so totally destroyed, and so few tombs remain for so vast a mass, that I was shocked at the nudity of the whole. If you should go thither again, make the cicerone show you a pane of glass in the east window, which does open, and exhibits a most delicious view of the ruins of St. Austin's.

Mention of Canterbury furnishes me with a very suitable opportunity for telling you a remarkable story, which I had from Lady Onslow t'other night, and which was related to her by Lord Ashburnham, on whose veracity you may depend. In the hot weather of this last summer, his Lordship's very old uncle, the Bishop of Chichester[5], was waked in his palace at four o'clock in the morning by his bedchamber door being opened, when a female figure, all in white, entered, and sat down near him. The prelate, who protests he was not frightened, said in a tone of authority, but not with the usual triple adjuration, 'Who are you?' Not a word of reply; but the personage heaved a profound sigh. The Bishop rang the bell; but the servants were so sound asleep, that nobody heard him. He repeated his

[5] Rev. Sir William Ashburnham, fourth Baronet. He became Bishop of Chichester in 1754, and died in 1797.

question: still no answer; but another deep sigh. Then the apparition took some papers out of the ghost of its pocket, and began to read them to itself. At last, when the Bishop had continued to ring, and nobody to come, the spectre rose and departed as sedately as it had arrived. When the servants did at length appear, the Bishop cried, 'Well! what have you seen?' 'Seen, my Lord!' 'Ay, seen; or who, what is the woman that has been here?' 'Woman! my Lord!' (I believe one of the fellows smiled; though, to do her justice, Lady Onslow did not say so.) In short, when my Lord had related his vision, his domestics did humbly apprehend that his Lordship had been dreaming; and so did his whole family the next morning, for in this our day even a bishop's household do not believe in ghosts: and yet it is most certain that the good man had been in no dream, and told nothing but what he had seen; for, as the story circulated, and diverted the ungodly at the prelate's expense, it came at last to the ears of a keeper of a mad-house in the diocese, who came and deposed that a female lunatic under his care had escaped from his custody, and, finding the gate of the palace open, had marched up to my Lord's chamber. The deponent further said that his prisoner was always reading a bundle of papers. I have known stories of ghosts, solemnly authenticated, less credible; and I hope you will believe this, attested by a father of our own Church.

Sunday night, 28th.

I have received another letter from dear Mary, of the 26th; and here is one for sweet Agnes enclosed. By her account of Broadstairs, I thought you at the North Pole; but if you are, the whales must be metamorphosed into gigs and whiskies, or split into them, as heathen gods would have done, or Rich the harlequin. You talk of Margate, but say nothing of Kingsgate, where Charles Fox's father

scattered buildings of all sorts, but in no style of architecture that ever appeared before or has since, and in no connection with or to any other, and in all directions; and yet the oddity and number made that naked, though fertile, soil smile and look cheerful. Do you remember Gray's bitter lines[6] on him and his vagaries and history?

I wish on your return, if in good weather, you would contrive to visit Mr. Barrett's at Lee; it is but four miles from Canterbury. You will see a child of Strawberry prettier than the parent, and so executed and so finished! There is a delicious closet, too, so flattering to me; and a prior's library so antique, and that does such honour to Mr. Wyatt's taste! Mr. Barrett, I am most sure, would be happy to show his house to you; and I know, if you tell him that I beg it, he will produce the portrait of Anne of Cleves by Holbein, in the identic ivory box, turned like a Provence rose, as it was brought over for Henry the Eighth. It will be a great favour, and it must be a fine day; for it lives in cotton and clover, and he justly dreads exposing it to any damp. He has some other good pictures; and the whole place is very pretty, though retired.

The Sunday's paper announces a dismal defeat of Clairfait; and now, if true, I doubt the French will drive the Duke of York into Holland, and then into the sea! *Ora pro nobis!*

P.S. If this is not a long letter, I do not know what is. The story of the ghost should have arrived on this, which is St. Goose's Day, or the commemoration of the ignoble army of martyrs, who have suffered in the persecution under that gormandizing archangel St. Michael.

[6] *Impromptu* on visiting Kingsgate.

2944. To Miss Mary Berry.

Sept. 29, 1794, 3 o'clock.

Codicil to my letter of this morning.

Yes, it is very true—the plot[1], and it is not true, at least not known yet, that Clairfait has been so thoroughly defeated, though forced to retreat; and it is not true that Lord Cholmondeley is at Cowes, for he was in this room at one o'clock, and confirms the truth of the intended assassination of the King by a poisoned arrow through a reed, and it was to have been on the Terrace at Windsor yesterday sennight, but the arrow was not ready—so you see murder is not dead with Robespierre. The Duchess of Gloster has been here till this moment, and my letter must wait till to-morrow, for the post is gone.

Lord Cholmondeley came to acquaint me that the Prince of Wales had sent an express for him, and told him, that being on the brink of marriage, he should set him and Lady Cholmondeley at the head of his family[2]; and as yet had named nobody else—so perhaps my report of Lord Pembroke is not true. The Duchess says Lord Southampton[3] does go for the Princess—I tell you what I hear, but answer for nothing; I have no more right to know truth than the rest of the world, who do not care a straw whether what they tell be truth or not. Lord Cholmondeley heard yesterday from Townshend, the factotum of the police, that he himself seized the two assassins of the Old Man of *the Mountain*, and is in chase after a third; and the Duchess had heard of the plot too. Still I do not pretend that any story I send you is as true as that of the ghost that appeared to Bishop Ashburnham. For example, everybody has

Letter 2944.—Not in C.

[1] There appears to have been no truth in the report of this plot.

[2] Lord Cholmondeley became Chamberlain of the Prince's Household.

[3] Groom of the Stole to the Prince.

affirmed for this last week that the King is building a superb palace at Kew, and has begun pulling down houses—reduced to a simple fact, a couple of rooms are erecting there for Prince Ernest[4].

Lord Cholmondeley told me what touches me much more! He once hired Prospect House, and says it is a single house and the very Temple of the Winds, and that he once rose out of bed thinking a troop of them were coming to eject him. I hope they will give *you* warning without filing a bill; and I am afraid to mention it lest you should think me impatient to bring you back—not in the least—go anywhither, where you can be safe, but do not be blown into the chops of a French privateer!

Report—a mighty newsmonger—with whom I deal lavishly when you are absent, but of whom I have a bad opinion, and do not delight to let within my doors at other seasons, informs me that Mr. Douglas[5], Lady Catherine's husband, is to be Chancellor of Ireland, where there is going to be a prodigious *remue-ménage*, that Lord Mansfield is to be President of the Council here, in the room of the new Viceroy Lord Fitzwilliam, and the orator Grattan Chancellor of the Exchequer to the latter.

Don't you pity Margaret Nicholson? She came before her time or she might have been entitled to the honours of sepulture with Mirabeau, Marat, and other felons of this consecrating age. Poor woman! She is forgotten—but indeed so are Jacques Clément, Ravaillac, and Damien, and even the Convention's ally, Ankerström—apropos, Mrs. Ankerström's mother is not returned yet—but in truth, she is so gentle, humane, and agreeable, that nobody can part with her—her daughter alone is more amiable.

[4] The King's fifth son, created Duke of Cumberland in 1799. He became King of Hanover in 1837 and died in 1851.

[5] Sylvester Douglas, afterwards Lord Glenbervie; he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. His wife was a daughter of Lord North.

Eleven at night.

I have been at Lady Douglas's, where the Mackinsys, Onslows, and everybody agreed in the reality of the plot. The known criminals are three young apprentices, two of whom are in custody. The plan was to raise a riot in the playhouse to occupy attention, and during the confusion to shoot the King. A watchmaker, who was employed on the fabrication of the dart, discovered the design. I pretend to no further intelligence yet.

A story of very different complexion is arrived to-day, when Lord Leicester has received a letter from the post office (his new bureau) informing him that two Frenchmen have escaped from Dieppe and bring an account of Tallien[6] having proclaimed the young King in Paris—not to be credited easily. I send you accounts from commissions of Oyer—but you will wait for those of Terminer, which seldom accord.

The Comte d'Artois is certainly with the Duke of York; Prince William's letters say so. The Comte de Provence is settled at Venice, and receives a pension from the senate. The Cardinal de Bernis is dead. *Dixi.*

2945. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1794.

My letters are continually giving themselves the lie; but I have warned you, when I tell you news, *to wait for the echo.* This is a favourite proverb with me, but I except Prospect House out of my injunction, for when the wind blows there I beseech you not *to wait for the echo,* but to descend to the plain. Clairfait has not been defeated from anything we know; and whether poor young Louis Dix-

[6] Jean Lambert Tallien (1769–1820). The report of his having proclaimed the young King was untrue.

Letter 2945.—Not in C.

sept is alive or not, it is not probable that he has been restored—but to raise our stocks. Mr. Mackinsy observed to me justly, that it was very unlikely that two French royalists should escape *from* France if royalty was re-established.

The assassination plot here is universally believed, and no doubt had deep root. Three young English apprentices were not likely to have had zeal enough of themselves to meditate royal murder. It tells me that our Jacobin clubs, having been checked by the seizure of so many of their instruments, have been working underground. I wonder what diabolic sacrament they have invented to bind their devotees, since the Pandemonium has abolished all religion.

I have received your Sunday's dispatch, and begin this answer before dinner against to-morrow, lest I should be interrupted then. Where is Lord P., that he leaves the whole coast open to Malvolio[1]! And so you have Mrs. Fitzherbert! I suppose our countesses (I don't mean *my* two, but), especially our latest, are now thinking on, or ordering their robes, since Mrs. F. has waived her claim to *Ich Dien*, though the Catholics, they say, are going to be admitted *ad eundem* in Ireland. I see Mr. Berry frown hither—yet I own I am rather for those who prefer three Gods to none: and I abhor a system of liberty established by guillotines, and daggers, and poisoned arrows. The French have equalled the horrors of the Inquisition in

[1] Miss Berry wrote from Broadstairs on Sept. 28, 1794:—'Mrs. Fitzherbert is at Margate driving away sorrow in a phaeton and four, and the Duchess of Rutland at Ramsgate, being *driven after* by a man of the name of Devisme, or Devel, who, without knowing her, professes the most ardent passion for her, and literally follows her wherever she goes. His carriage is always at the tail of hers; when she stops, he stops, and when she goes on, he pursues. You may guess what a noise a circumstance of this sort must make in a place like this, where the man, who seems to be not at all known, has acquired the name of Malvolio.' (*Journals*, vol. i. p. 441.)

'Lord P.'—Lord Paget, who wished to marry the Duchess.

Peru and Mexico: Atabalipa's bed of roses was momentary in comparison of what Marie Antoinette suffered from the moment she was stopped on her escape and carried back to Versailles.

I went to Bushy this morning, and, not finding Lady Guilford, returned by Cliveden to look after your new plant shed, and took Mrs. Richardson into the garden with me. It is quite finished except glazing, and the garden is as trim as that in Milton's *Allegro*, and much prettier, though not so immortal.

The Divine[2] is come back; I shall propitiate her to-morrow by a couple of partridges, as you are not here to accept my *roasted* offerings.

Lady Bute I doubt is going[3]. It will be *very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer*, for her house you know was my resource in winter evenings. I have outlived almost all my acquaintance of my own century, or the remainder are grown too young again ever to be in their own houses, unless when they expect half the town, and that at midnight. I came into the world when there were such seasons as afternoons and evenings, but the breed is lost! and if any of them did exist, they would be of no more use than an old almanac. I believe Hannah More herself will soon be obliged to keep saints' nights instead of saints' days.

Ten at night.

Well, well, well! and so at last I fib, when I think I am most sure of my veracity! I have been with the Doileys, who have had two officers from London with them this morning, who say the plot is now disbelieved in town, and that nothing will be made out—no! then I am sure the ministers have acted sillily in publishing it before they

[2] Lady Cecilia Johnston, sometimes called 'the divine Cecilia' by Walpole.
[3] She died on Nov. 6.

were certain of their ground. I have a mind to send you no more news, for what can one believe? And yet what can I do? I had rather write what others invent, than be forced to invent myself. Pussy and I have no adventures: now and then a little squabble about biting and scratching, but no more entertaining in a letter than the bickerings between any husband and wife.

They say (my best authority) that the packet is supposed to be taken, as no mail has arrived for so long a time, and Pichegru[4] may be Stadtholder for aught we know. Good night! I am disgusted with the falsehoods I have told you, and I am not at all in a humour to add to the number – you may as well rely on the daily papers and dispense with me as your gazetteer.

Thursday morning.

I have received the thumping letter, sealed with a foreign coronet, which accompanies this for you, sweet Agnes, but not enclosed in it. The *True Briton* is not arrived, but I have had a note from the Pavilions with a letter to be franked, and as the Duchess tells me nothing new, I suppose there is nothing.

I cannot tell how your weather is on Mount Ararat, but my little hill only *hops*, which I conclude in the Hebrew only means *charming*, and October but just shows those marks of a green old age that become so beautiful a summer, like that good sort of old men whose economy begins to take a tinge of gold.

The newspaper is come in, but tells one neither yes nor no on anything that signifies, so my veracity is in no danger. Adieu!

[4] General Charles Pichegru (1761–1804), at this time in command of the army of the north. In this month he entered on the brilliant campaign which put the whole of Holland into possession of the French.

2946. To Miss Mary Berry.

Saturday, Oct. 4, 1794.

I RECEIVE your letter of Wednesday but this moment, and not having a tittle of news to tell you, and receiving at the same time one from Mrs. Damer that gives a disagreeable account of her sister[1], who is so dear to me, and that I shall answer directly, I shall defer replying to yours till I have more to say. I only see that Talien has been nearer to being treated like a king than to restoring one, and that the Convention and the Jacobin Club are advancing towards a civil war, and much harm may it do to either or to both!

I have been writing to Mr. Barrett, but cannot help adding a word on a passage in your letter, on which I had determined to meditate till to-morrow; but lest you should think that *you* can drop a word or hint a wish that does not make an impression on me, I must add a few lines, though I have scarce time. To my extreme astonishment you speak with approbation of a place at court! Is it possible *you* should like one! or can I assist such a wish! Interest I have none upon earth anywhere, nor if I had, would condescend to employ it for any one but for you or your sister. I have been rummaging my head, and can see no glimmering but one: my telling you of Lord Cholmondeley perhaps led you to think I might try through him. For *you* I would. Maid of Honour I can scarce induce myself to believe you would submit to: Bedchamber Woman you may perhaps mean—destined they most probably are by this time; but if you have such a wish, it shall not fail through my neglect. Therefore, make me an immediate

LETTER 2946.—Not in C. [1] The Duchess of Richmond.

answer, and a direction to him, if you wish I should write to him[2].

2947. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1794.

Lady Malpas was a formal good sort of woman, Madam, of whom I did not see much, as we had never lived in the same kind of society[1]. She was an excellent daughter to a very aged mother, whom the King has good-naturedly said shall retain the lodgings at Hampton Court for her life. Lord Cholmondeley has been as meritorious a son as Lady Malpas was a daughter: he has been as kind a brother too and uncle to two very handsome nieces[2], who with their mother have been abroad with him. I could not help saying thus much in return to your Ladyship's compliment.

Lady Bute, I fear, is going. It will, indeed, make a new gap in my life, as, since her Lord's death, she has always been at home in an evening. Having come into the world when there were such beings as women that did grow old, she had remembered that odd fashion, and did not set out at midnight for all the crowds in town. But I am talking like Methusalem, and no wonder, for I have tapped my seventy-eighth year, and like other veterans, who think that all the manners, customs, and agreeableness were in perfection just when they were one-and-twenty, and have

[2] In her reply to the above letter, Miss Berry expressly disclaimed any wish for a place at court. In her letter to Walpole of Oct. 1, however, she certainly seems to hint the contrary:—'Much as attendance on princes and places at court are laughed at and abused (by those who can't obtain them), so desirable do I think any sort or shadow of occupation for women, that I should think any situation, that did not require constant attendance, a very agreeable thing.' (*Journals*, vol. i. p. 447.)

Letter 2947.—[1] Lady Malpas died on Sept. 3, 1794. Her mother, Lady Edwardes, died at Hampton Court Palace in 1805, aged ninety-eight.

[2] The Miss Lisles, previously mentioned by Walpole.

degenerated ever since, I am lamenting the loss of my contemporaries, as if the world ought to be peopled by us Strulbrugs. It would be a dull world indeed, and all conversation would consist of our old stories, which I cannot think with the newspapers make us venerable, but tiresome. Here am I living to see the opening of a court of a fourth George, though I was ten years old when I kissed the hand of the First, which young people must think was soon after the Deluge, and perhaps be desirous of asking me how soon there were any races after the waters had subsided. It is more surprising that your Ladyship should have patience to suffer the annals of my dotage.

Lord Ossory, I conclude, is very glad to have changed his campaign into that against the partridges,

> And turned his harp into a harpsicord,

but I cannot agree with your Ladyship in thinking the bickerings at Paris will come to nothing: though timid of conjecturing after so many disappointments, I cannot conceive how, where there is no stability, there can be a permanent government. Till some very great man[3] arises —and I see none of the breed—how will the country be settled? Will a fluctuation of factions not destroy all respect? Will the contradictory reports on the characters of every leading chieftain not confound the armies, who already can be encouraged by nothing but plunder? and who can remain very popular at Paris, while decried by the remaining partisans of so many subverted demagogues? How long it will be before anarchy comes to a sediment, the wisest political chemist cannot determine; but the workings announce new explosions: and at least the search

[3] Napoleon Bonaparte (who had greatly distinguished himself at the recapture of Toulon by the Republican troops) was at this time only a brigadier.

after the philosopher's stone has been as fatal to successive projectors as it has been to sundry in private life—and certainly has not discovered the *elixir vitae.*

I am not sorry, Madam, that you did not visit the ruins of Houghton, and the relics of my poor nephew's madness, and what his friends and plunderers had yet left to him. You would have found no flight of steps to the front of the house, which one of his counsellors had advised him to remove, and then begged for a villa of his own. You say you went to another scene of desolation, and could not help moralizing. I hold it better to forget than to reflect: what is permanent? What has lasted but the Pyramids, and who knows the builder of them? Moralizing is thinking; and thinking is not the road to felicity. I am even of opinion that a line meant as severe contains the true secret of happiness—

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy.

What signifies whether it be foolish or not, as long as the bubble does not burst; a property which the most eminent sages have not dared to ascribe to wisdom.

2948. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1794.

Your answer, which I own arrived a day sooner than I flattered myself it would—I wish it could have told me how you passed the storm of Sunday night—has not only relieved me from all anxiety on the subject, but has made me exceedingly happy; for though I mistook you for a moment, it has proved to me that I had judged perfectly rightly of your excellent and most uncommon understanding. Astonished I was, no doubt, while I conceived that you wished to be placed in a situation so unworthy of your

talents and abilities and knowledge, and powers of conversation. I never was of a court myself; but from my birth and the position of my father, could, but for my first twenty years, know much of the nature of the beast; and, from my various connections since, I have seldom missed farther opportunities of keeping up my acquaintance even with the interior. The world in general is not ignorant of the complexion of most courts; though ambition, interest, and vanity are always willing to leap over their information, or to fancy they can counteract it: but I have no occasion to probe that delusion, nor to gainsay your random opinion, that a court life may be eligible for women. Yes, for the idle ones you specify, perhaps so—for respectable women I think much less than even for men. I do not mean with regard to what is called their *character*; as if there were but *one* virtue with which women have any concern—I speak of their understanding, and consequential employment of their time. In a court there must be much idleness, even without dissipation; and amongst the female constituents, much self-importance ill founded; some ambition, jealousy, envy—and thence hatred, insincerity, little intrigues for credit, and—but I am talking as if there were any occasion to dissuade you from what you despise; and I have only stated what occasioned my surprise at your thinking of what you never did think at all.

Still, while I did suppose that in any pore of your heart there did lurk such a wish, I did give a great gulp and swallow down all attempts to turn your thoughts aside from it—and why? Yes, and you must be ready to ask me, how such a true friend could give into the hint without stating such numerous objections to a plan so unsuitable for you! Oh, for strong reasons too. In the first place, I was sure, that, without my almost century of experience, your good sense must have anticipated all my arguments.

You often confute my desultory logic on points less important, as I frequently find; but the true cause of my assenting, without suffering a sigh to escape me, was because I was conscious that I could not dissuade you fairly, without a grain or more of *self* mixing in the argument. I would not trust myself with myself. I would not act again as I did when you was in Italy; and answered you as fast as I could, less self should relapse. Yet, though it did not last an hour, what a combat it was! What a blow to my dream of happiness, should you be attached to a court! for though you, probably, would not desert Cliveden entirely, how distracted would your time be!—But I will not enter into the detail of my thoughts; you know how many posts they travel in a moment, when my brain is set at work, and how firmly it believes all it imagines: besides the defalcation of your society, I saw the host of your porphyrogeniti, from *top* to bottom, bursting on my tranquillity. But enough; I conquered all these dangers, and still another objection rose: when I had discovered the only channel I could open to your satisfaction, I had no little repugnance to the emissary I was to employ. Though it is my intention to be equitable to him, I should be extremely sorry to give him a shadow of claim on me; and you know those who might hereafter be glad to conclude that it was no wonder they should be disappointed, when gratitude on your account had been my motive.—But my cares are at an end; and though I have laboured through two painful days, the thorns of which were sharpened, not impeded, by the storm, I am rejoiced at the blunder I made, as it has procured me the kindest, and most heart-dictated, and most heartfelt letter that ever was written; for which I give you millions of thanks. Forgive my injurious surmise; for you see, that though you can wound my affection, you cannot allay its

eagerness to please you, at the expense of my own satisfaction and peace.

Having stated with most precise truth all I thought related to *yourself*, I do resume and repeat all I have said both in this and my former letter, and renew exactly the same offers to my sweet Agnes, if she has the least wish for what I supposed you wished. Nay, I owe still more to her; for I think she left Italy more unwillingly than you did, and gratitude to either is the only circumstance that can add to my affection for either. I can swallow my objections to trying my nephew as easily for her as for you; but, having had two days and a half for thinking the whole case over, I have no sort of doubt but the whole establishment must be completely settled by this time; or that, at most, if any places are not fixed yet, it must be from the strength and variety of contending interests: and, besides, the new Princess will have fewer of each class of attendants than a Queen; and I shall not be surprised if there should already be a *brouillerie* between the two courts about some or many of the nominations: and though the interest I thought of trying was the only one I could pitch upon, I do not, on reflection, suppose that a person just favoured has favour enough already to recommend others. Hereafter that may be better; and a still more feasible method, I think, would be to obtain a promise against a vacancy; which, at this great open moment, nobody will [be] thinking of asking, when the present is so uppermost in their minds: and now my head is cool, perhaps I could strike out more channels, should your sister be so inclined. But of that we will talk when we meet.

Eleven at night.

I could not possibly, from different interruptions, get my letter finished before the post went out. I shall hope to

hear, on its arrival to-morrow, that you have not been carried off either by Sunday's hurricane or by a privateer. Lady Shelley has been taken out of a Swedish ship and carried to Brest.

I see with pleasure that the Convention and the Jacobins have been breaking, though perhaps patched together again for the present. It will break out again. The former are wofully uneasy. They complain of factions everywhere, though trying to conceal their disasters by boasting of victories; but they display their wants and their deficits—lament the loss of their commerce and manufactures which themselves have destroyed. They tremble at the crowds in Paris, and wish to thin them; are sick of anarchy; but their efforts to disperse the former, and to lessen the latter, will disperse the dissatisfaction through the provinces, and augment the latter. It is plain they fear not being able to retain the capital in obedience; and if they fail there, who is to govern the armies? These grievances will, I think, produce a civil war, or some kind of counter-revolution. So be it! Neither will settle the country soon, nor is it to be wished it should be. It will require time to amend Frenchmen or Frenchwomen, were the task possible.

Our footpads seem dispersed. I believe they no longer met with game; our old does took the alarm, and kept close in their burrows. I have been in their warren at Richmond for the two last evenings; so they will have no claims on me when you return. Good night! I reserve a morsel of my paper in case of having anything to answer. Methinks my whole time is employed in writing to you, or in being frightened about you. Pray come back, that I may have time to think on other people.

Thursday.

I have received the second letter that I expected, and

it makes me quite happy on all the points that disquieted me; on the court, on the tempest, and I hope on privateers, as you have so little time to stay on Ararat, and the winds that terrify me for you will, I trust, be as formidable to them. Above all, I rejoice at your approaching return: on which I would not say a syllable seriously, not only because I would have you please yourselves, but that you may profit as much as possible by change of air. I retract all my mistake; and though, perhaps, I may have floundered on with regard to A., still I have not time to correct or write any part of it over again. Besides, every word was the truth of my heart; and why should not you see what is or was in it?

How foolish your neighbour's objections to half a court or stipulations for the future! I have known such pretended concordat—but the temporizers soon became the most devoted courtiers to anybody to whom they acceded. Adieu! Here are packets for you both.

2949. To Miss Mary Berry.

Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1794.

I hope it was diversion that had diverted you, for you was not very clear when you wrote your last. It was dated on Thursday the 9th, and I received it this morning, the 14th. You desired me to write again on Saturday, I did not get your request till the following Tuesday. I did on that Saturday expect a letter to tell me when I might expect you, as you had talked of the end of that week or the beginning of this, and I did hint at my disappointment in the cover of a letter I enclosed for Agnes.

With the lingering note of the 9th I received your orders

Letter 2949.—Not in C.

for Mrs. Richardson, and she goes by the coach at four o'clock. I have desired her to tell you that you will hear from me to-morrow morning (by the coach too); and this is what you will hear.

I am rejoiced you have been at Mr. Barrett's; though it will have made Strawberry sink in your eyes, Lee is so purely Gothic, and every inch of it so well finished. I am still more glad that your visit thither, instead of hurrying you, has not made you risk Shooter's Hill and Blackheath. Well, I hope that on Thursday all my alarms will be at an end, and that I shall neither dread tempests, nor privateers, nor highwaymen. Come and enjoy your own balcony and little conservatory, and a friend who hopes to see you looking much better for your expedition, and Agnes as charmingly as she returned from hers, and who always wishes to have you both pleased, though your absence always fills him with fears of one sort or other.

I have been at Richmond this morning to inquire after the eldest girl of the poor Valetorts, who has a scarlet fever of the worst kind, and of whom Dundas had no hopes on Sunday. Sir George Baker has been down, and there are rather better symptoms. They have moved into another lodging; but the poor mother is in a piteous way, within a month of her time, and dreading the arrival of the grandmother post on hearing of the danger.

Lady A. has been at Goodwood, and returns to-day. The Marshal tells me from town, for he did not go too, that the Duchess is better. I wish fervently it may be so, but I suspect that they only wrote so to prevent the visitation—though in vain.

The public's scarlet fever is bad indeed, from Clairfait's copious bleeding, and the spreading of the contagion everywhere!

Lady Douglas called here yesterday and desired me to bring you to her on Saturday evening, which I hope you will let me do. Adieu! How glad I shall be to write you no more letters! Stumpity comes to me to-morrow: his second volume[1], which I have had, though not quite complete, is still more entertaining than the first.

2950. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 15, 1794.

I can bear disappointments patiently, when it is for your health or pleasure; I consult both, and do not allow myself to reason against your reasons. If you call the weather settled, I will call it so too. It is enough that you can amuse yourself where you are—your liking to stay longer contents me.

Mrs. Richardson is gone to Audley Street with a note from me for you. I had said all the little I know, and have not a paragraph to add to it. The state of public affairs is too bad and too voluminous to discuss. The *True Briton* of Oct. 13th is a day I doubt we shall have cause to remember as a date!

I shall be glad to hear your opinions on Lee, and am pleased that I contributed to your seeing it, both for your sakes and Mr. Barrett's, to whom I owe the greatest gratitude for his too great partiality to me.

When you see the note in Mrs. Richardson's hands, you will find by what accident it happened that you had no letter from me on Saturday—in short, for I have not time to explain, your letter of Thursday 9th never reached me till the 14th. I cannot say more now, but I would

[1] The second volume of the Rev. Daniel Lysons's *Environs of London*.
Letter 2950.—Not in C.

comply with your desiring an instant answer, and I do give it, begging you will stay where you are most pleased, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu!

2951. To Miss Mary Berry.

Oct. 17, 1794.

I did not indeed know the arrangements of the future court, nor had the least curiosity about what can concern me so little, and of which there is mighty little probability of my seeing more than the outset. Indeed, I did not suppose that it would affect me in any manner, and yet I am very glad that Mrs. Fitzroy and Mrs. Stanhope will be of it. They will be of credit to it, as well as great ornaments.

I had not the least doubt of Mr. Barrett's showing you the greatest attention: he is a most worthy man, and has a most sincere friendship for me, and I was sure would mark it to any persons that I love. I do not guess what your criticisms on his library will be: I do not think we shall agree in them; for to me it is the most perfect thing I ever saw, and has the most the air it was intended to have—that of an abbot's library, supposing it could have been so exquisitely finished three hundred years ago. But I am sorry he will not force Mr. Wyatt to place the Mabeuse over the chimney; which is the sole defect, as not distinguished enough for the principal feature of the room. *My* closet is as perfect in its way as the library; and it would be difficult to suspect that it had not been a remnant of the ancient convent, only newly painted and gilt. My cabinet, nay, nor house, convey any conception; every true Goth must perceive that they are more the works of fancy than of imitation.

I believe the less that our opinions will coincide, as you speak so slightingly of the situation of Lee, which I admire. What a pretty circumstance is the little river! and so far from the position being insipid, to me it has a tranquil cheerfulness that harmonizes with the house, and seems to have been the judicious selection of a wealthy abbot, who avoided ostentation, but did not choose austere gloomth. I do not say that Lee is as gay as a watering-place upon a naked beach.

I am very glad, and much obliged to you for having consented to pass the night at Lee. I am sure it made Mr. Barrett very happy. I shall let him know how pleased you was, and I too, for his attentions to you.

The mass of politics is so inauspicious, that if I tapped it, I should not finish my letter for the post, and my reflections would not contribute to your amusement; which I should be sorry to interrupt, and which I beg you to pursue as long as it is agreeable to you. It is satisfaction enough to me to know you are happy; and it is my study to make you so, as far as my little power can extend: and, as I promised you on your condescension in leaving Italy at my prayer, I will never object to whatever you like to do, and will accept, and wait with patience for, any moments that you will bestow on your devoted,

ORFORD.

P.S. The little Edgcumbe they hope is out of danger. I called there last night as I went to Lady B. Mackinsy, who had sent to me to invite you, if you had been returned.

2952. To the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe.

My dear Lady, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 29, 1794.

I know I am late in my congratulations to you and your good Lord on the birth of your grandson [1], the Prince of Mount Richmond—but my delay was meditated. I not only was sure that your Ladyship at least was happy enough, but I was aware that you would receive such a dose of compliments on the occasion that your poor fingers would be lamed with answering them; and as your Ladyship's hieroglyphics are never easily expounded, I would not risk their being carried to the King's decipherer on suspicion of their containing a new plot.

Well, now that I hope you are a little composed, I do cordially rejoice with you on so felicitous an event, yes verily, and on the safety of Miss Edgcumbe, the poor babe! I doubt you love her at least a third less than you did; yet I must do you the justice to own that you have a stock of love that would set up a whole parish. The share I take in this good fortune is not confined to the four parents, but selfish too; I rejoice in having lived to see the worthy stock of Edgcumbe branch out again; and I glory in having been a true prophet. Did not I scold you black and blue, Madam, on your despair on the first mishap? did not I tell you you would have a flock of grandchildren? Would you have had them all at once like the Flemish Countess, three hundred and sixty-five at a birth? I believe from the rapidity of his proceedings that Lord Valetort, to punish you, intends that you shall grandamize two or three dozen.

Letter 2952.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe).

[1] Hon. William Richard Edgcumbe, eldest son of Viscount Valletort.

Well, now I will conclude my felicitations with a little dose of lecture. Pray, my good Madam, dote on Lord and Lady Valetort, who have humoured you to your heart's content in your own way, though few young couples, that had been married four or five years, would have taken such unrelaxed pains to indulge a mother's fancy.

And pray, my good Madam, learn to moderate your transports both of grief and joy, and learn a spoonful of patience. Providence has gratified you in a thousand instances, few persons in so many—and as you have no considerable blessing to pray for till the new Master Edgcumbe shall be married, enjoy your good fortune, comport yourself like a reasonable parent, and be prepared to bear the cuttings of teeth, whooping-coughs, small-poxes and measles, of your babes, which will certainly happen to them, since the children you *would* have, and when those accidents do arrive, it will not prove that you are a more unfortunate woman than your neighbour.

I am sensible, my dear Madam, that I have been taking great liberties with you, but you know that for above seventy years I have been attached to the house of Edgcumbe as my father was before me ; and having added seven more years to the seventy, I can have few more opportunities of showing my friendship to the family. I know your Ladyship's many virtues, and that a meritorious zeal for those you love is the sole cause of your impatience. I am sensible of and grateful for your great goodness to me, which, with your extremely good nature and good heart, will I am confident make you to take in good part this amicable freedom of your Ladyship's most sincere and obedient humble servant,

ORFORD.

2953. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 2, 1794.

I do beg and beseech you, good Sir, to forgive me, if I cannot possibly consent to receive the dedication you are so kind and partial as to propose to me. I have in the most positive, and almost uncivil, manner refused a dedication or two lately. Compliments on virtues which the persons addressed, like me, seldom possessed, are happily exploded and laughed out of use. Next to being ashamed of having good qualities bestowed on me to which I should have no title, it would hurt to be praised on my erudition, which is most superficial; and on my trifling writings, all of which turn on most trifling subjects. They amused me while writing them; may have amused a few persons; but have nothing solid enough to preserve them from being forgotten with other things of as light a nature. I would not have your judgement called in question hereafter, if somebody reading your Aulus Gellius should ask, 'What were those writings of Lord O. which Mr. Beloe so much commends? Was Lord O. more than one of the *mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease*?' Into that class I must sink; and I had rather do so imperceptibly, than to be plunged down to it by the interposition of the hand of a friend, who could not gainsay the sentence.

For your own sake, my good Sir, as well as in pity to my feelings, who am sore at your offering what I cannot accept, restrain the address to a mere inscription. You are allowed to be an excellent translator of classic authors; how unclassic would a dedication in the old-fashioned manner appear! If you had published a new edition of Herodotus or Aulus Gellius, would you have ventured to prefix a Greek or Latin dedication to some modern lord with a Gothic title? Still less, had those addresses been in vogue at Rome, would

any Roman author have inscribed his work to Marcus, the incompetent son of Cicero, and told the unfortunate offspring of so great a man *of his high birth and declension of ambition*? which would have excited a laugh on poor Marcus, who, whatever may have been said of him, had more sense than to leave proofs to the public of his extreme inferiority to his father.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,
Your much obliged
(And I hope by your compliance with my earnest request, to be your much more obliged)
and obedient humble servant,
ORFORD.

2954. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 8, 1794.

I am quite surprised at the constancy of your Ladyship's patience, who can still think it worth your while to correspond with Methusalem, who know nothing of the late world, and who have been twice shut up here in my little ark by two new editions of the Deluge, the amplest we ever knew since my grandfather Noah's, except one twenty years ago, when the late Duchess of Northumberland was overtaken by it on the road, and was forced to ride with her two legs out of the windows in the front of her post-chaise. The island over against me has begun to emerge, but I have not seen a stripe of a rainbow, and therefore cannot be sure that the flood will not return. However, the season has been so warm, that I have not thought of going to town, nor have been there this age. Indeed, I have outlived all my acquaintance there, and all the hours to which I was accustomed, and it is not worth the trouble of learning new, which I can have but short occasion to use.

Lady Bute is a great loss to me: she was the only remaining one of my contemporaries who had submitted to grow old, and to stay at home in an evening. Lord Macartney I have not seen since his return; nor scarce anybody but a few of the natives of Richmond and Hampton Court, and they are still living on the arrangements of the future new court, and of those I have barely heard their names since their christenings; consequently, I know little but what I remember as an antediluvian (and that with a departing memory), and the height of the waters as a post-diluvian.

Of the new Countess of Exeter[1] I did hear a good account two years ago, especially of her great humility and modesty on her exaltation. If she is brought into the fashionable world, I should think the Duchess of Gordon would soon laugh her out of those vulgar prejudices, though she may not correct her diction or spelling.

I am much obliged to Lord Ossory for his, though vain, hunt after a portrait of Catharine Parr. I have a small damaged one by Holbein that I believe of her, as it resembles a whole length, called hers, too, at Lord Denbigh's, but his Dutch mother, or more than Dutch father, had so blundered or falsified many of the names, though there are many valuable and some fine portraits, that I could depend on few.

On politics I say nothing, Madam, as I have no intelligence but from newspapers, and those I seldom believe. I can no more ride in the whirlwind than I can direct the storm; and the scene is a vast deal too wide to let one scan a view from any detached headland. I leave to history to collect the mass together, and digest it as well as it can; and then I should believe it, as I do most ancient

LETTER 2954.—[1] Sarah, daughter of Thomas Hoggins, of Bolas Magna, Salop, and second wife of the tenth Earl (afterwards first Marquis) of Exeter. She was the 'village maiden' of Tennyson's poem *The Lord of Burleigh*.

histories, composed by men who did not live at the time, and guessed as well as they could at the truth and motives of what had happened, or who, like Voltaire and David Hume, formed a story that would suit their opinions, and raise their characters as ingenious writers. For Voltaire with his *n'est-ce pas mieux comme cela?* he avowed treating history like a wardrobe of ancient habits, that he would cut, and alter, and turn into what dresses he pleased; and having made so free with all modes, and manners, and measures, and left truth out of his *régime*, his journeymen and apprentices learnt to treat all uniforms as cavalierly; and beginning by stripping mankind of all clothes, they next plundered them of every rag, and then butchered both men and women, that they might have no occasion even for a fig-leaf: a lovely history will that of their transactions be!

2955. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Dear Sir,

I scarce know how to reply to your new flattering proposal. I am afraid of appearing guilty of affected modesty, and yet I must beg your pardon, if I most sincerely and seriously entreat you to drop all thoughts of complimenting me, and my house and collection. If there is truth in man, it would hurt, not give me satisfaction.

If you could see my heart, and know what I think of myself, you would be convinced that I think myself unworthy of praise, and am so far from setting value on anything I have done, that could I recall time, and recommence my life, I have long been persuaded, that thinking as I do now, nothing would induce me to appear on the stage of the public.

Youth, great spirits, vanity, some flattery (for I was

Letter 2955.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. pp. 270–2.

a Prime Minister's son) had made me believe I had some parts, and perhaps I had some, and on that rock I split; for how vast the difference between some parts and genius, original genius, which I confess is so supremely my admiration, and so honest is my pride, for that I never deny, that being conscious of not being a genius, I do not care a straw in what rank of mediocrity I may be placed. I tried, before I was capable of judging myself, but having carefully examined and discovered my extreme inferiority to the objects of my admiration, I have passed sentence on my trifles, and hope nobody will think better of them than I do myself, and then they will soon obtain that oblivion, out of which I wish I had never endeavoured to emerge.

All this I allow, Sir, you will naturally doubt, yet the latter part of my life has been of a piece with my declaration. I have not only abandoned my mistaken vocation, but have been totally silent to some unjust attacks, because I do not choose my name should be mentioned when I could help it. It will be therefore indulgent to a friend, to let me pass away unnoticed as I wish, and I should be a hypocrite indeed (which indeed I am not) if it were possible for me to receive compliments from a gentleman whose abilities I respect so much as I do yours. I must have been laying perfidious snares for flattery, or I must be sincere. I trust your candour and charity will at least hope I am the latter, and that you will either punish my dissimulation by disappointing it, or oblige me, as you will assuredly do, by dropping your intention. I am perfectly content with the honour of your friendship, and beseech you to let these be the last lines that I shall have occasion to write on the disagreeable subject of,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

Orford.

2956. To Miss Hannah More.

Berkeley Square, Saturday night, Jan. 24, 1795.

My best Madam,

I will never more complain of your silence; for I am perfectly convinced that you have no idle, no unemployed moments. Your indefatigable benevolence is incessantly occupied in good works; and your head and your heart make the utmost use of the excellent qualities of both. You have given proofs of the talents of one, and you certainly do not wrap the still more precious talent of the other in a napkin. Thank you a thousand times for your most ingenious plan[1]; may great success reward you!

I sent one instantly to the Duchess of Gloucester, whose piety and zeal imitate yours at a distance; but she says she cannot afford to subscribe just at this severe moment, when the poor so much want her assistance, but she will on the thaw, and should have been flattered by receiving a plan from yourself. I sent another to Lord Harcourt, who, I trust, will show it to a much greater lady; and I repeated some of the facts you told me of the foul fiends, and their anti-More activity. I sent to Mr. White for half a dozen more of your plans, and will distribute them wherever I have hopes of their taking root and blossoming. To-morrow I will send him my subscription; and I flatter myself you will not think it a breach of Sunday, nor will I make this long, that I may not widen that fracture.—Good night! How calm and comfortable must your slumbers be on the pillow of every day's good deeds!

Letter 2956.—Collated with original in possession of Miss Drage.

[1] A plan for the publication of the 'Cheap Repository Tracts,' written by Hannah More and others to check the spread of revolutionary principles.

Monday.

Yesterday was dark as midnight. Oh that it may be the darkest day in all respects that we shall see! But these are themes too voluminous and dismal for a letter, and which your zeal tells me you feel too intensely for me to increase, when you are doing all in your power to counteract them.

One of my grievances is that the sanguinary inhumanity of the times has almost poisoned one's compassion, and makes one abhor so many thousands of our own species, and rejoice when they suffer for their crimes. I could feel no pity on reading the account of the death of Condorcet[2] (if true, though I doubt it). He was one of the greatest monsters exhibited by history; and is said to have poisoned himself from famine and fear of the guillotine; and would be a new instance of what I suggested to you for a tract, to show, that though we must not assume a pretension to judging of divine judgements, yet we may believe that the economy of Providence has so disposed causes and consequences, that such villains as Danton, Robespierre, the Duke of Orléans, &c., &c., &c., do but dig pits for themselves—I will check myself, or I shall wander into the sad events of the last five years, down to the rage of party that has sacrificed Holland[3]! What a fund for reflection and prophetic apprehension! May we have as much wisdom and courage to stem our malevolent enemies, as it is plain, to our lasting honour, we have had charity to the French emigrants, and have bounty for the poor who are suffering in this dreadful season!

Adieu, thou excellent woman! thou reverse of that hyena in petticoats, Mrs. Wolstoncroft, who to this day discharges

[2] Condorcet had poisoned himself in prison at Bourg-la-Reine in April 1794.

[3] Pichegru occupied Amsterdam on Jan. 19, 1795, and on the following day took possession of the Dutch fleet which was frozen into the Texel.

her ink and gall on Marie Antoinette, whose unparalleled sufferings have not yet stanched that Alecto's blazing ferocity.

Adieu! adieu! Yours from my heart,

ORFORD.

P.S. I have subscribed five guineas at Mr. White's to your plan.

2957. To JOHN PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 25, 1795.

I AM very sorry, Sir, I can give you no satisfaction at all about the portrait of James IV, which I do not recollect ever to have seen anywhere, and which, if still known to exist, would probably have been engraved before this time, since the passion for portraits has spread so much. I conclude *that* of James IV (as it appears to have remained in the collection of our James II) perished in the palace of Whitehall, when burnt in the reign of King William; as several other valuable portraits and pictures, which have never been seen since, undoubtedly did. Had the portrait in question been preserved in any of the royal houses, at St. James's, Windsor, Hampton Court, or Kensington, I think I should have observed it, when I was curious about such things; especially at Kensington, where most of the remaining royal portraits had been assembled by Queen Caroline, and where I discovered the double portrait of James (the Third, I think) and his Queen, when I had the superintendence of that palace during the absence abroad of my sister, Lady Mary Churchill, then housekeeper.

With regard to the portraits already engraven, they are most wretchedly executed, and very unworthy of being

LETTER 2957.—Not in C.; reprinted from Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. i. pp. 378-80.

illustrated by you. Those of James V and his Queen, especially the latter, which is execrable, are far inferior to prints in magazines. Harding[1] copies likenesses very faithfully in general; but then the engravers, who work from his drawings, never see the originals, and preserve no resemblance at all; as was the case with the last edition and translation of Grammont, in which besides false portraits, as Marshal Turenne, with a nose the reverse of his, and a smug Cardinal Richelieu, like a young abbé, and the Duchess of Cleveland, called by a wrong name, there is a print from my Mrs. Middleton[2] so unlike, that I pinned up the print over against the other, and nobody would have guessed that the one was taken from the other.

Harding, in excuse for the abominable Mary of Guise, says the superintendence of the engravings was not left to him, and that the last was done while he was at Cambridge. In short, Sir, you will do yourself honour by your sketches of the lives; but the publication will certainly do credit to nobody else. What a difference between such scrapings and Houbraken's *Illustrious Heads*!

2958. To the Rev. William Beloe.

Dear Sir,

I beg a thousand pardons for not returning your preface, which I like much, and to which I could find but one very slight correction to make, which I have marked with pencil. But I confess I waited anxiously for an assurance from you that you would suppress the intended dedication, which I should have been extremely sorry to have seen appear.

[1] Silvester Harding (1745–1809). He copied ancient portraits in water-colours. At this time he kept a print-shop in Pall Mall in partnership with his brother.

[2] Jane (1645–1692), wife of Charles Myddleton, of Ruabon. She was one of the most beautiful women at the court of Charles II.

Letter 2958.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 273.

I have this moment received that promise, and am infinitely obliged by your compliance.

I shall be in town on Saturday, and happy to see you in Berkeley Square, when you shall have a moment to bestow on

Your obedient servant,
ORFORD.

2959. To JOHN PINKERTON.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 5, 1795.

I HAVE told you over and over, that knowing I have not a glimpse of interest with any one man in power, nor claim to asking favours of any one, I am extremely averse from attempting to make use of that no-interest. I have also repeated to you that I have not the smallest connection with any of the house of Marlborough but with Lady Diana Beauclerc.

To her I have still applied for you once more, enclosing your own letter, which states your pretensions and claims better than I can; nor, indeed, could I have written myself, not being able to move either arm with the gout, but trusting to her Ladyship's showing or sending it to the Archbishop. From neither have I received a syllable of answer; nor did I expect a propitious one from the prelate, who, though he formerly received you in a very liberal and handsome manner, I did not suppose would choose to become the patron of one who has made himself obnoxious to the clergy. The head of any Church, though as moderate as the present primate, is not likely to choose to be a martyr himself rather than to make martyrs. If I do hear anything of my application, you shall certainly know it.

LETTER 2959.—Not in C.; reprinted from Pinkerton's *Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 382.

2960. To Miss Hannah More.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 13, 1795.

I received your letter and packet of lays and virelays, and heartily wish they may fall in bad ground, and produce a hundred thousand fold, as I doubt is necessary. How I admire the activity of your zeal and perseverance! Should a new church ever be built, I hope in a side chapel there will be an altar dedicated to St. Hannah, Virgin and Martyr; and that your pen, worn to the bone, will be enclosed in a golden reliquaire, and preserved on the shrine.

These few words I have been forced to dictate, having had the gout in my right hand above this fortnight; but I trust it is going off. The Duchess was much pleased with your writing to her, and ordered me to thank you. Your friend Lady Waldegrave is in town, and looks very well. Adieu, best of women! Yours most cordially,

Hor. Walpole.

2961. To William Roscoe.

Berkeley Square, April 4, 1795.

To judge of my satisfaction and gratitude on receiving the very acceptable present of your book[1], Sir, you should have known my extreme impatience for it from the instant Mr. Edwards had kindly favoured me with the first chapters. You may consequently conceive the mortification I felt at not being able to thank you immediately both for the volume and the obliging letter that accompanied it, by my right arm and hand being swelled and rendered quite immovable and useless, of which you will perceive the remains if you can read these lines, which I am forcing myself to write, not

Letter 2961.—[1] *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*

without pain, the first moment I have power to hold a pen; and it will cost me some time, I believe, before I can finish my whole letter, earnest as I am, Sir, to give a loose to my gratitude.

If you ever had the pleasure of reading such a delightful book as your own, imagine, Sir, what a comfort it must be to receive such an anodyne in the midst of a fit of the gout that has already lasted above nine weeks, and which at first I thought might carry me to Lorenzo de' Medici before he should come to me!

The complete volume has more than answered the expectations which the sample had raised. The Grecian simplicity of the style is preserved throughout; the same judicious candour reigns in every page; and without allowing yourself that liberty of indulging your own bias towards good or against criminal characters, which over-rigid critics prohibit, your artful candour compels your readers to think with you without seeming to take a part yourself. You have shown from his own virtues, abilities, and heroic spirit, why Lorenzo deserved to have Mr. Roscoe for his biographer. And since you have been so, Sir (for he was not completely known before, at least not out of Italy), I shall be extremely mistaken if he is not henceforth allowed to be, in various lights, one of the most excellent and greatest men with whom we are well acquainted, especially if we reflect on the shortness of his life and the narrow sphere in which he had to act. Perhaps I ought to blame my own ignorance, that I did not know Lorenzo as a beautiful poet; I confess I did not. Now I do, I own I admire some of his sonnets more than several—yes, even of Petrarch; for Lorenzo's are frequently more clear, less *alambiqués*, and not inharmonious as Petrarch's often are from being too crowded with words, for which room is made by numerous elisions, which prevent the softening alternacy of vowels and consonants. That

thicket of words was occasioned by the embarrassing nature of the sonnet; a form of composition I do not love, and which is almost intolerable in any language but Italian, which furnishes such a profusion of rhymes. To our tongue the sonnet is mortal, and the parent of insipidity. The imitation in some degree of it was extremely noxious to a true poet, our Spenser; and he was the more injudicious by lengthening his stanza in a language so barren of rhymes as ours, and in which several words whose terminations are of similar sounds are so rugged, uncouth, and unmusical. The consequence was, that many lines which he forced into the service to complete the quota of his stanza are unmeaning, or silly, or tending to weaken the thought he would express.

Well, Sir: but if you have led me to admire the compositions of Lorenzo, you have made me intimate with another poet, of whom I had never heard nor had the least suspicion; and who, though writing in a less harmonious language than Italian, outshines an able master of that country, as may be estimated by the fairest of all comparisons—which is, when one of each nation versifies the same ideas and thoughts.

That novel poet I boldly pronounce is Mr. Roscoe. Several of his translations of Lorenzo are superior to the originals, and the verses more poetic; nor am I bribed to give this opinion by the present of your book, nor by any partiality, nor by the surprise of finding so pure a writer of history as able a poet. Some good judges to whom I have shown your translations entirely agree with me. I will name one most competent judge, Mr. Hoole[2], so admirable a poet himself, and such a critic in Italian, as he has proved by a translation of Ariosto. That I am not flattering you, Sir, I will demonstrate; for I am not satisfied with one essential line in your version of the most beautiful,

[2] John Hoole (1727–1803).

I think, of all Lorenzo's stanzas. It is his description of jealousy, in page 268, equal, in my humble opinion, to Dryden's delineations of the passions, and the last line of which is—

Mai dorme, ed ostinata a sè sol crede.

The thought to me is quite new, and your translation I own does not come up to it. Mr. Hoole and I hammered at it, but could not content ourselves. Perhaps by altering your last couplet you may enclose the whole sense, and make it equal to the preceding six.

I will not ask your pardon, Sir, for taking so much liberty with you. You have displayed so much candour and so much modesty, and are so free from pretensions, that I am confident you will allow that truth is the sole ingredient that ought to compose deserved incense; and if ever commendation was sincere, no praise ever flowed with purer veracity than all I have said in this letter does from the heart of, Sir,

Your infinitely obliged humble servant,

ORFORD [3].

2962. To Miss Mary Berry.

Tuesday morning.

I DISPATCH two snipes as my deputies to receive and welcome you at your return.

The Princess arrived at St. James's on Sunday at three o'clock. Madame des Ursins[1] was not arrested, and sent

[3] The following quotation from a letter (of which the present whereabouts is unknown) addressed by Horace Walpole to the Rev. Mark Noble, is given in the Memoir of Roscoe prefixed to Bohn's edition of the Life of Lorenzo (p. 29):—'Mr. Roscoe is, I think, by far the best of our historians, both for beauty and style, and for deep reflections; and his translations of poetry are equal to the originals.'

LETTER 2962.—Not in C.

[1] Horace Walpole refers to Lady Jersey, at this time mistress of the Prince of Wales. The Princesse des Ursins, who had been for some years all-powerful at the court of Philip V

out of the kingdom full dressed with all her *old* diamonds *new set*; nor do I believe that Mrs. Fitzherbert will forbid the banns, for she has taken Marble Hill, and proposes to live very platonically under the devout wing of Mrs. Cambridge.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who were at Lewisham, went to Greenwich, and saw the Princess[2] show herself at a window, and bow exceedingly to the people, as she has since done at St. James's, till the Prince shut the window, and made excuses of her being fatigued. Everybody speaks most favourably of her face as most pleasing, though with too much rouge; she is plump, and by no means tall. The marriage is not till to-morrow.

Mrs. Lockart and Mrs. Palmer are to be with me this evening. I am not *sure* of any other company but Mr. Palmer. Do you know of any I shall have?

2963. To Mrs. Dickenson.

June 1, 1795.

Lord Orford is extremely obliged to Mrs. Dickenson for treating him with these very pretty and interesting lines of Mrs. Hunter, to whom he begs a thousand affectionate compliments.

2964. To Edmund Lodge.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 19, 1795.

I have been meditating how to execute in the best manner I am able the commands with which the Duke of Norfolk

of Spain, was dismissed from that court and country by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese, whom the Princess had gone to meet on her journey to Madrid. Walpole seems to anticipate a like fate for Lady Jersey, who had been sent to escort Princess Caroline.

[2] She reached England on April 5.

Letter 2963.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Sir William R. Anson, Bart., M.P., Warden of All Souls College, Oxford.

has too partially been pleased to honour me. His Grace's family has given rise to such a number of illustrious persons and great historic events, that selection is the principal difficulty; and I am sure I have not the vanity to take upon me to decide what subject deserves best to be preferred for the third picture. All I will pretend to is to offer to his Grace's consideration three or four subjects, and the Duke's own better judgement will determine which of them will furnish the most picturesque representation.

1. The Battle of Flodden Field, with the death of James IV.

2. The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, where so many Howards distinguished themselves.

3. The Duke of Norfolk at bowls on Richmond Green, receiving the Treasurer's staff on the resignation of his father.

4. Henry VIII and his attendants, all masqued, at a ball at Cardinal Wolsey's, where the King distinguished Anne Boleyn.

I do not forget the amiable Earl of Surrey's tournament at Florence, nor his improvement of our poetry, nor the Earl of Arundel's introduction of taste for painting and antiques, nor a much earlier Earl of Arundel's marriage with Adeliza, the widowed Queen of Henry I, nor Thomas of Brotherton, and the Bigods and Mowbrays, and the desired alliance of Edward IV's second son with the young Duchess of Norfolk, and many other historic subjects in that great race, but those are themes for smaller decorations, yet deserving to be recorded in Arundel Castle, and which could not be equalled in any other seat in England; but I fear I am trespassing on the Duke's patience, though I hope his Grace will pardon what flows from a zeal awakened by his flattering notice of an old and otherwise useless antiquary—and, dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant.

2965. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 2, 1795.

I *will* write a word to you, though scarce time to write one, to thank you for your great kindness about the soldier, who shall get a substitute if he can. As you are, or have been in town, your daughter will have told you in what a bustle I am, preparing—not to resist, but to receive an invasion of royalties to-morrow; and cannot even escape them like Admiral Cornwallis[1], though seeming to make a semblance; for I am to wear a sword, and have appointed two aides-de-camp, my nephews, George and Horace Churchill. If I *fall*, as ten to one but I do, to be sure it will be a superb tumble, at the feet of a Queen and eight daughters of Kings; for, besides the six Princesses, I am to have the Duchess of York and the Princess of Orange[2]! Woe is me, at seventy-eight, and with scarce a hand and foot to my back! Adieu! Yours, &c.,

A Poor Old Remnant.

2966. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 7, 1795.

I am not dead of fatigue with my royal visitors, as I expected to be, though I was on my poor lame feet three whole hours. Your daughter, who kindly assisted me in doing the honours, will tell you the particulars, and how

Letter 2965. —[1] Vice-Admiral (afterwards Admiral) William Cornwallis (1744–1819), fourth son of first Earl Cornwallis. On June 17 of this year, when in command of a squadron in the Channel, he had escaped from a greatly superior French fleet. He made signals which led the French into believing that the English fleet was at hand. The French drew off and gave up the pursuit.

[2] Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, sister of the King of Prussia. With her husband, the Stadtholder, she had taken refuge in England on the invasion of Holland by Pichegru.

prosperously I succeeded. The Queen was uncommonly condescending and gracious, and deigned to drink my health when I presented her with the last glass, and to thank me for all my attentions. Indeed my memory *de vieille cour* was but once in default. As I had been assured that her Majesty would be attended by her Chamberlain, yet was not, I had no glove ready when I received her at the step of her coach: yet she honoured me with her hand to lead her upstairs; nor did I recollect my omission when I led her down again. Still, though gloveless, I did not squeeze the royal hand, as Vice-Chamberlain Smith did to Queen Mary.

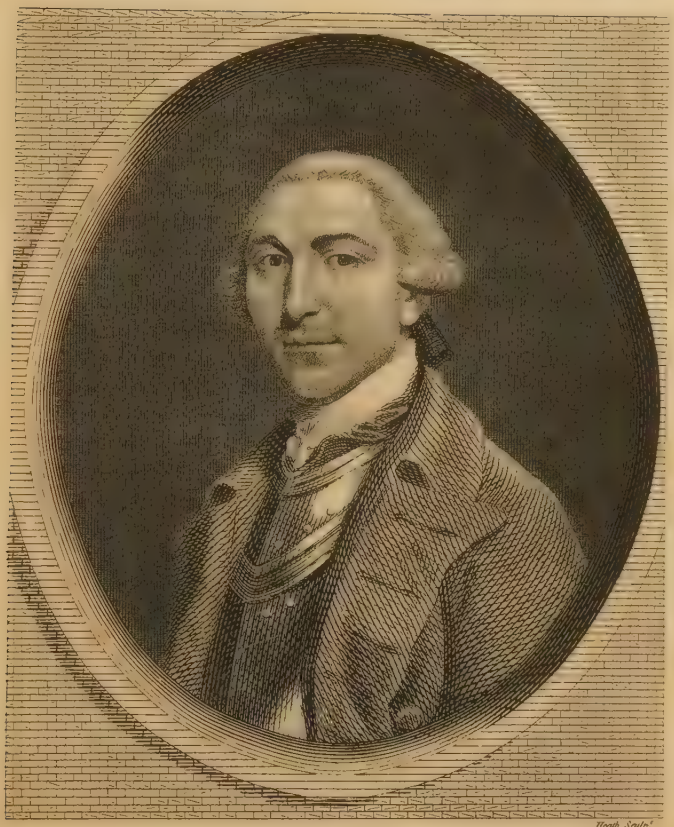
You will have stared, as I did, at the Elector of Hanover deserting his ally the King of Great Britain, and making peace with the monsters. But Mr. Fawkener, whom I saw at my sister's on Sunday, laughs at the article in the newspapers, and says it is not an unknown practice for stock-jobbers to hire an emissary at the rate of five hundred pounds, and dispatch to Franckfort, whence he brings forged attestations of some marvellous political event, and spreads it on 'Change, which produces such a fluctuation in the stocks as amply overpays the expense of his mission.

This was all I learnt in the single night I was in town. I have not read the new French constitution, which seems longer than probably its reign will be. The five sovereigns will, I suppose, be the first guillotined. Adieu!

Yours ever,

O.[1]

LETTER 2966.—[1] This was Horace Walpole's last letter to Marshal Conway, who died suddenly at Park Place between four and five o'clock on the morning of July 9, 1795. The cause of his death was an attack of cramp in the stomach, caused (as his daughter, Mrs. Damer, stated in a letter to Miss Berry) by his imprudence in exposing himself to cold and damp.



Field. Marshal Conway.

2967. To the Bishop of Dromore.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1795.

Lord Orford is much obliged to the Bishop of Dromore for his Lordship's present of the new edition of *Ancient Poetry*, which Lord Orford is persuaded will give him great entertainment.

2968. To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 2, 1795.

By not hearing from you till this moment I was afraid you continued out of order. I am extremely sorry you are troubled with so painful a complaint; and though I shall lose your company, which I shall much regret, I think you will be much in the right to try Bath, and soon, for it is wise to attend to all illnesses in the beginning before they take root, and you are so young, that you may hope to wash away the seeds.

I am obliged to be in town on Wednesday next by dinner, and though I shall not be able to stay with you then, I will most indubitably call on you in my way, and shall rejoice if I find you at ease.

Kirgate has been looking both in the Baronetage and in the *Nugae* for Sir John Harrington's lusty swim, but cannot find a glimpse of it; nor do I recollect having ever seen it mentioned. I do remember in an old volume of poems verses on the Duchesse de Chevreuse swimming 'cross the Thames at Lambeth—*she* would not have disliked such a party of pleasure with so stout a Triton.

Adieu, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Orford.

Letter 2967.—Not in C.; reprinted from Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. viii. p. 293.

Letter 2968.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

2969. To Miss Mary Berry.

[Aug. 19, 1795.]

About an hour after you was set out on Tuesday I found the above paragraph in the newspaper. I foresaw that Mr. Walter[1] would not lie dormant when he was become so near a neighbour to us! A writer of a newspaper, I suppose, like what is said of the Astracan lamb, devours all the plants that grow within his atmosphere. The *Charming man's* visit to him t'other day no doubt inspired the panegyric on you two, and as certainly was the echo of what he had said of you. In any great dearth of news, shall you wonder if the public is acquainted how finely you work hammercloths? When Mr. Walter had made a will for me, he might have been content to let my living ashes rest in peace. Well, when he has exhausted us, I trust he will extend his appetite and browse on the house of Orange and the Pavilions—nobler forage than quiet us.

When you return, remember to make me show you a message that a former Swiss footman of mine delivered to me in his broken English from Mrs. Ellis, which I had totally forgotten, but though not a *bon mot*, is worth all your collection, and which I found in the letters you have lately been reading. I know how impatient for it you will be, but it would be most improper for me to write it to you. Lupino is nothing to it; it makes me laugh while I am writing.

Holbein Chamber, Strawb. Hill, Wedn. ev., Aug. 19, 1795.

I put myself in mind of a scene in one of Lord Lansdown's plays, where two ladies being on the stage and one

Letter 2969.—Not in C.

[1] John Walter (1739–1812), founder of the *Times* newspaper. He had lately come to live at Teddington.

going off, the other says, 'Lord, she is gone! well, I must go and write to her.' This was just my case yesterday: you had been gone but a few hours, when I thought I could *amuze* or *amuzle* myself better by sitting and thinking of you, than by going out I did not care whither; so I began this for the post to-morrow, though I had not a word to say but Mr. Walter's paragraph, as I soon found; so I went to the returned letters, where I recovered David's delightful message, which you will know some day or other.

Intellectual Mr. Bush has been here this morning; as I doubted whether Nanny's intellects, high as she holds them, were mounted to an unison with his, I ordered Kirgate, for want of you, to accompany him about the house, that I might have a faithful account of his sententious reflections. He brought with him, as I concluded, another intellectual cock and two hens; but alack! they did not lay one egg worth sitting on or sending to you: chanticleer himself is ancient and formal; the others, mere barn-door fowl.

The Mendips are expected to-morrow; so we shall be as lively as soups, and removes, and entrées and pools at cribbage set to clarionettes can make us. Moreover, I shall learn for your edification all that the Corps Diplomatique knows or is ordered to dispense; as from another quarter I shall be informed how all the princes and princesses in Europe do. Can I miss you, when my time may pass as merrily as if I were at the Diet of Ratisbon?

To-day you have had charming weather for travelling; not sultry for certain, and not a drop of rain. The corn I hope you found most levelled! The papers talk of such prodigious plenty, that one would imagine there were danger of our being devoured by wheat and barley, and that the farmers and Jacobins would raise a clamour on that score!

Wednesday night.

I have been with Lady Di, and *voici* what I heard. Nel of Clarence[2] plays Ophelia to-night at Richmond. Miss Hotham has issued cards for a tea on Friday. I have not received one, though last year she *swore* by me; but this has not noticed me. I shall not break my heart. And here is a *bon mot*, though not perfect enough for the Berryana. It seems it has been reported that of the two pregnancies at Brighton the greatest is a tympany and the biggest a dropsy—'What,' said W. Fawkener, 'is the Prince still between wind and water?'

There! I think, considering how small and close my writing is, and that we have been parted not quite two days, this is a tolerably long letter—in *the Charming's* uncial letters it would fill two folio sheets. I trust, too, that it is as full of nothing as the heart of Agnes can desire. Good night, both!

Thursday, one o'clock.

I have detained my letter till the newspaper and post were arrived: in the former is nothing of consequence; by the latter no letters for any of you—but I have received one myself which I will keep to show you. It is to inquire who put into the papers my settlement on Lord Hertford? You may guess at the writer from the indecency and folly of the inquiry. Don't take notice of this in your answer. Adieu!

2970. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 22, 1795.

Though I persuaded you to go to Cheltenham, and am happy you are there, I little imagined I should rejoice at your *not* being here; yet I do, at least I did yesterday,

[2] Mrs. Jordan.

Letter 2970.—Not in C.

when we had an outrageous storm of thunder that would have frightened *you* terribly: I thought it directly over the blue room, and it was so near that it did fall on Davenport's field, over against the round tower, and reduced a shock of corn to powder. Lady Cecilia (her first visit since her return) was with me, and though so apt to be frightened out of her senses when not in the least alarmed, was not at all dismayed, for she was frying Lady Jersey, and had no leisure to be terrified.

Mrs. Ankerström has dined with the court of Orange. Her mother no doubt is laying roundabout plans for being invited, and then will say they made the first overtures—and she will succeed, for Nixon is appointed apothecary to their household and will be to pimp for her.

I have *trusted* the mother with my anger at the paragraph about my will, that she may *betray* me, and report what I said, that they who make wills for me would be much disappointed; but that I should not have wondered if people had concluded that instead of his nephew I should have designed his uncle for my principal heir. This sentence I am determined shall by some channel or other be conveyed to those who are so impatient for my succession, and so indelicate as to let me see it on all occasions.

Yesterday, just as I had breakfasted in my closet where your bust is, I saw the Kingston Fencibles pass by on the river. They were standing in rows on a high platform in a western barge, with colours and music. They saluted my castle with three guns—unluckily I had no cannon mounted on my battlements to return it—then they gave Mrs. Osbaldiston seven, who, I suppose, was standing in her garden on the shore, and repaid the compliment with seven bowls of punch, and perhaps had invited company for the *spectacle*, as she did when she imagined the Queen was to come in a barge to breakfast with me. I hope I shall have a letter

to-morrow to notify your safe arrival at the fountain—here is a letter for my t'other half. Adieu!

P.S. Poor Stumpity is laid up with the gallstone colic; I am very sorry and will go and see him in a day or two. He thinks he shall be ordered to Bath.

2971. To Miss Mary Berry.

Str., Aug. 23, 1795.

Though I have already written twice to you in four days, I must postscribe a few more lines to-day, as I have this instant received your first, which does not please me at all, from the disagreeable accounts you give both of your own health and of Mrs. Damer's. For yours, I am delighted that I persuaded you to go to Cheltenham, and that you are actually there. I have vast hopes in the waters, and some in the change of air, and in a variety of amusements without late hours. Your regimen too I trust will be very strict—I proscribe much fruit, and currant-tarts, especially at night; your stomach, alas, is rather weaker than that of an ostrich!

Though there are no outward symptoms in Mrs. Damer's knee, I fear her blood is the source of her complaint—and I wish much that she would consult whether the water of Harrowgate would not be serviceable to her. In the meantime I should be glad if she would try her father's favourite medicine, magnesia, as a purifier—I take it every morning and am convinced of the benefit I receive from it. Ignorant I know I am in every constitution but my own, which you will allow I have conducted ably to so long a period—and I do observe narrowly those that I love

Letter 2971.—Not in C.

much—it is therefore that I suggest the idea of sea-bathing for Mrs. D., always provided that physical sages should give their sanction to it.

How extremely silly is Lady C.[1] in venting her malice so unguardedly! but is not that indiscretion a providential antidote to ill nature? It would be useless to detail to her all the virtues, all the sense, all the qualifications I find in you two; her narrow mind that never cultivated any seed but that of wormwood, would not be capable of conceiving what I think and should say of you; but I could tell her another reason for my loving you both so extremely: in neither do I find a mixture of pride and selfish meanness; no, nor envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. Foh! but she is below one's anger; nor can she have a worse tormentor than the spiteful temper that inhabits her own bosom. She and her daughter are like Scylla and Charybdis—nobody can pass near them without being barked at.

I shall long for Tuesday, in hope of hearing that you are quite recovered. Tell me when you begin the waters, and how they agree with you. Name your company; have not you the quiet Murrays and the undancing Darrels? is the august and serene Mrs. K. at Cheltenham this year? There is a more august and as serene a personage, who some day or other, I believe, will not be more disposed to curtsey to either of you than the former to Agnes last year.

I must go to town on Wednesday to receive some money —not for Mr. Walter's nominee, Lord H.[2], nor for Lord H.'s self-appointed competitor. Do you wonder I am offended at being *laid out* so often to my face? yet I will act as I always do in such cases, I will change in nothing which I once thought right—but hola! there.

[1] Perhaps Lady Cecilia Johnston.
[2] Probably Lord Hertford. See the previous letter.

P.S. Pray keep the parcel of letters till you can bring them yourself; you must have a voracious appetite if you can digest more than one every day.

2972. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawb., Aug. 25, 1795.

Here is your letter, and *luckily* (which I ought not to say) I shall have time to answer it incontinently, which I thought I should not have, for Mrs. Doiley was to bring her friend Mrs. Sloane to see my house, but the former is *unluckily* indisposed, and I am at liberty to follow my wicked inclinations.

You say nothing of your stomach-ache, the first object of my search before I read your letter temperately, and it not being mentioned, and as your walks are, I trust you was quite recovered. I next shall want to hear that you have begun the water—I rejoice that Agnes has and that their friendship continues.

Take care you both return in perfect health, and both illuminated by as many roses as Agnes brought back last year, or I shall repent of my self-denying ordinance which sent you to Cheltenham—I do not grow at all reconciled to your absence; *pis-allers* are the worst *allers* in the world, and when the coach comes to the door at eight o'clock, and is not to carry me to Cliveden, I grow peevish and almost wish that *Fons Blandusiae*[1] were *fragilior Vitro*, and had been smashed to pieces some years ago in one of his moods when it flew into the most religious and gracious head upon earth[2]. No, I don't; it agreed with

Letter 2972.—Not in C.

[1] So in MS.

[2] The attack of insanity from which the King suffered in 1788-9 was by some people attributed to the Cheltenham waters. He visited Cheltenham shortly before he became insane.

sweet Agnes, and I trust will be as salutiferous to sweet Mary—

O Bessy Belle and Mary Gray,
I love ye streen and am sure can never alter[3],

and if ye find benefit, what signifies a month of insipid evenings?

Of news I have not heard a tittle. Lord Guilford's[4] match is avowed, and they accept joy at Bushy. I was at Lord Mendip's last night, when Gunning[5], his surgeon, came in, and after examining his foot, declared it quite healed; so I suppose he will frisk to Hampshire next month as usual, for he never falls to the earth, but, like Antæus, he springs up again with all his spirits.

On *Sunday*, as it was a most comely evening, I returned the anti-divine Cecilia's visit, concluding she would be on the terrace of the palace sidling towards the Oranges. I had guessed rightly. Then I called on Mrs. Garrick, and to my surprise was for the first time in my life let in, though uninvited. She met me at the door, and told me she had an hundred head of nieces with her—and in truth so I found; there were six gentlewomen, a husband of one of them, and two boys. An elderly fat dame affected at every word to call her *Aunt*. However, they were quiet enough, and did not cackle much, and even the lads were tame, and did not stare at my limping skeleton as I expected, and which I do not love to expose to Giggledom.

[3] So in MS.; incorrectly quoted from the old ballad beginning as follows:—

'O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lasses,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.'

The ballad was printed in *Orpheus Caledonicus*, a collection of Scotch songs published in London in 1733. The name of Lady Walpole, Horace Walpole's mother, occurs in the list of subscribers to the work.

[4] The third Earl of Guilford married (Feb. 28, 1796), as his second wife, Susan, daughter of Thomas Coutts, the banker.

[5] John Gunning (d. 1798), surgeon to St. George's Hospital.

I can coin no more nothings without straw, and this assignat is not worth a farthing more than a French one, and those I see with pleasure sink every day, notwithstanding the Convention has bought peace with so many kings whom they had devoted to destruction! Adieu! I told you I shall be in London to-morrow, and mayhap I may not write to you again for I don't know how many minutes to come.

2973. To Miss Mary Berry.

Pho! wrong end of my paper—turn it up.

Berkeley Square, Wedn., after dinner, Aug. 26, 1795.

Here I am, with no earthly whither to go but to my sister's at supper-time; then why should I not go on writing to you, which I like better than anything when I am not with you, especially as I have some nothingly scraps to send you? I called on poor Stumpity, and found him sick and very yellow—he goes to Bath on Friday; this will delay his peregrination of the rest of his parishes[1], for which I am sorry.

Mrs. Molyneux, grandmother of the present late Princess of Wales[2], is dead; they call it *suddenly*, though she was above ninety years of age before this impromptu came into her head.

The court of Brighthelmstone furnishes the idle of this town with their chief topics of conversation. Mr. Tyrwhit, a favourite of no ancient date, is gathered to his numberless predecessors, for having roundly lectured Lady Jersey on her want of reverence for the *legal* Princess, and the poor injured lady had no way to escape but by inventing a swoon, in the height of which came in the Prince, who, learning

Letter 2973.—Not in C.

[1] A reference to Lysons's *Environs of London*.

[2] Mrs. Fitzherbert. See note 7 on letter to Lady Ossory of Sept. 28, 1786.

the cause, dismissed Nathan. Miss Vanneck[3] is come away furious also, on never being asked to play at cards; nay, she was desired for her *amusement* to bring her spinning-wheel into the play-room, where I suppose she banged and bungled the instrument like Lady Loverule[4]. The Jerseys do not go into the house in Warwick Street—some say on a remonstrance of the present, others of the last Chancellor[5]. They are to have the house of their son-in-law Lord William Russell, which was his grandmother Bedford's in Pall Mall —still *harping* on Carleton House. Don't mention these *ouidires* (for the truth of not one of which I will be responsible) on the Steen or Pantiles of Cheltenham, which I repeat merely to divert you, without caring a straw about the *dramatis personae*. My next paragraph the Darrels probably know, and may have told you: it was printed at the bottom of the play-bills at Richmond last week, that Mrs. Jordan would not perform, as it was the birthday of his R. H. the Duke of Clarence—no, to be sure she could not, for the Prince of Orange was to dine with him, and she did the honours at the head of the table—no, the Princesses were not there.

Well, come, this shall be a complete royal letter, *de par* they say. That honest gentleman, the King of Prussia, say they, does not pay the Margrave his annuity; Dame Cowslip[6], I doubt, will not bring grist enough to the theatrical mill to keep it going.

How very foolish is the tedious wise letter of the new King[7] of France! What business had he to make promises and threats? The former will not restore him an hour

[3] Gertrude, third daughter of Sir Joshua Vanneck, first Baronet, and Privy Purse to the Princess of Wales.

[4] A character in Coffey's farce *The Devil to Pay*.

[5] Loughborough was Chancellor at that time, and Thurlow was his predecessor.

[6] The Margravine, who was fond of amateur theatricals.

[7] The Comte de Provence took the title of king on the death of his nephew (June 5, 1795).

sooner nor be believed; the latter *will* be believed, and will hurt him. Poor M. de Sombreuil's[8] is a most melancholy story. He was in church here at the instant he was going to be married to a young woman with whom he was in love and in love with him, when the courier arrived to summon him for the expedition to Bretagne: 'Then,' said he, 'I must go!' The ceremony was deferred for ever!

Miss Hotham is to have another tea on Friday, and has not only sent me a card for it, but has written to the anti-divine to beg her to press me to be at it. I shall be exceedingly unwilling, and have not promised, for I have heard that on Monday she had Miss Tag, and Miss Rag, and Miss Bobtail, and I suppose will have as many next time.

Lord Lucan is made Earl of the *Ilk*—no wonder. Lady Camden, the Vice-Queen, is, you know, Lady Lucan's niece.

The weather is as gorgeous as in the Summer Islands—I hope you have your full share of it. The verdure is luxuriant, from the snow of the winter and the rains of the summer—it is pity we must buy fine autumns so dear. Methinks when the Parliament brought the months eleven days forwarder it should have ordered that the commencement of summer should not date till after the deluges of St. Swithin. Good night for the present; all I have been saying will keep cold for two or three days.

Strawb., 27th.

The Churchills were not in town, nor could I find a creature but old Pompey, and of him I soon grew tired, and came home at nine o'clock, and this morning returned hither. *The bower you are bigging on yon burn brae*[9] advances rapidly, but the new road across your field is not begun for

[8] Charles de Sombreuil (1769–1795). He joined a body of *émigrés* who landed at Quiberon in June of this year. They were defeated, and Sombreuil, who was made prisoner, was shot at Vannes on July 28.

[9] See note 2 on letter to Miss Berry of Aug. 25, 1795.

want of hands; they are all cutting wheat, which, as nurses say to children, cries, 'Come eat me!' Our dreaded famine is turned into exuberance, every road and lane is filled by loads of corn crossing in every direction, yet such a panic is gone forth that every common is going to be ploughed up and applied to tillage. I received a printed card from the Duke of Northumberland to-day to invite me to meet him and the neighbouring gentry at Isleworth to consider of breaking up Hounslow Heath; his Grace disapproves, to be popular with the cottagers.

A droll idea is started into my head for a drawing by Agnes; but I shall not tap it till you return, for though I think it will divert us amongst ourselves, yet as it is not a good-natured thought, I should be afraid of its getting into the print-shops. Another good night! This is such a heap of trumpery, that I will wait a day or two for something more worth sending; yet at this season what can one have to talk of but weather and harvests—or of French horrors?

28th, eleven at night.

Well, I have been at Miss Hotham's in a bright but most chill moonlight. The assemblage was not so ungain as I expected, for though there were some of the clan of the Bobtails, there were several I knew, as the Guilfords, Mount Edgcumbes, the Yonges, the Cunninghams, Lady Mary Duncan, Lady Marg. Fordyce, and a few more. I played with Lady Cecilia, Lady Guilford, and Mr. Sutton; and Mrs. Sutton, with a thousand civilities, invited me to Molesey for Tuesday next, and I will certainly go, as they are of your acquaintance.

This morning I received your letter, and have great comfort in hearing that the fountain agrees with you; how I shall applaud myself if you find essential benefit! I am glad, too, that you have such an excellent cicerone

as Lysons; if you have time when at Gloucester, make him carry you to the Bishop's Palace and to George Selwyn's late house at Matson, a beautiful situation, and to Prinknage, on the hill to which, in a cottage, I purchased for five shillings a most venerable and most ancient cradle of wood, exactly like one in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that served Edward II, and then I was ashamed to bring it away, as having no babe to put into it; I should be more ashamed now that I have two wives and yet no progeny. Adieu!

2974. To Miss Mary Berry.

Str., Sept. 1, 1795.

I am resolved to correct my hand, for my writing was grown so small and so close, that I myself could scarce read over my last letter; and though your eyes are fifty years younger, I believe you found difficulty to decipher it. At present I have so little to say, that I had better make my alphabet as tall as Jerningham's, though I have not his happy facility of making every sentence a *double entendre*. Mercy on us if he and Sophia were to correspond! They would have occasion, to use an expression of Lord Bacon's, *to speak without fig-leaves*. Some say *the Charming* will succeed Tommy Tyrrwhit[1]. I wish with all my heart he may! He will not offend by leaving his old friend Madame de Main*tenant*[2], nor displease by his abrupt *sophisms*, congenial enough to the climate.

After all his vast profusions Lord Moira's expeditions[3] are given over, and he is retired to Donington Castle, carrying with him his first aide-de-camp, the Duc d'Angoulême[4], son

Letter 2974.—Not in C.

[1] As Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

[2] Lady Jersey; see the previous letter.

[3] He had been at the head of an expedition sent in 1793 to help the French royalists in Brittany, but had not effected anything. He subsequently joined the Duke of York in Belgium.

[4] Louis Antoine de Bourbon (1775–

of Monsieur, who is gone to tap another attempt on Bretagne. How those two *rejetons* of the Plantagenets and Bourbons will sympathize on their vanished grandeurs! This is all I know beyond the next milestone.

Lord Clifden is returned from Ireland, and has been three days at his uncle's, but he and the silent woman and the old bittern are gone to Ramsgate for two months. I am sorry, for my Lord is very agreeable. The Archbishop of Cashell[5] is arrived too, but the patriarch of the Agars[6] is so much recovered that I believe he will soon remove to Hampshire. Every absentee makes a gap now in my narrow beat; but at the end of the month I trust I shall miss nobody, nor care who leaves the neighbourhood.

Did not I hear some time ago that Mr. May was gone to Cheltenham? If he is there, I hope he will be as zealous about my wives as he was last winter about me, and address some more irresistible verses to God, beseeching Him to order Jupiter to restore you two to perfect health. Had his Cupid not been blown from the top of his summer-house into the Thames, perhaps he would have been so gallant as to have sent the urchin on the errand in an ode, and directed him to wait on the Virgin Mary and entreat her to lay her commands on her friend Venus for that purpose.

2nd.

I was last night at Mrs. Sutton's. There was not an inundation of people, as I feared, chiefly Hampton courtiers and its excrescences, Dutch and French. There was a little music, Miss Broadie sung and played, and so did another man, and there was a large supper, at which I left them. The situation seems handsome, the house extremely pretty

1844), Duc d'Angoulême, son of the Comte d'Artois.

[5] Charles Agar, first Baron Somerton, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He was created Earl of Normanton in 1806.

[6] Lord Mendip.

and in very pure taste; there is a lovely little gallery painted in treillage, rather prettier than a paper of that gender, which I have seen somewhere or other, I forget where. Mrs. Sutton's own landscapes, as far as I could judge by candlelight, seem very good. I like her herself and her husband too; he is the civilest of men. I recollect the terror I felt last Christmas when you was to return from a ball there at three o'clock in the snow. I had concluded you was to ferry, and had quite forgot the bridge at Hampton Court; you know I sometimes have such inveterate distractions!

Thus far I had written after breakfast, but though I then received your Monday's letter I could not finish mine, for I had promised Mrs. Doyley to show my house to her, Mrs. Sloane, and a dowager, Miss Agar, who is at Pope's; and they being old women who do not live at the brink of fashion, they came in sunny time, and not three hours after it was pitch dark, as fine ladies would have done who hope to be immortal by always being too late for every diversion they may be supposed to like. Before the trio were gone arrived my niece Lady Horatia with her two glorious eldest boys[7]; the second, especially, is a bold miniature of his mother, and consequently beautiful. They stayed with me till dinner-time; Lady Lincoln has lent her house at Putney, while she is at Tunbridge, to Horatia, who expects Lord Hugh soon from sea.—Now I will answer you.

I am delighted that you have got O'Hara. How he must feel his felicity in being at liberty to rove about as much as he likes[8]! Still I shall not admire his volatility if he quits you soon. I am sorry he thinks Lady Ailesbury

[7] George Francis Seymour, afterwards G.C.H. and Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Lords, and Hugh Henry John Seymour, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel.

[8] General O'Hara was made prisoner at Toulon in 1793. He remained in captivity in the Luxembourg until Aug. 1795, when he was exchanged for Rochambeau.

so much changed, yet how amazing it would be if such a loss as she has had made no visible impression ; a husband who, living and dying, seemed to have thought only of her !

The success of the water on you both charms me, and though I am very *unked* without you, I enjoin you not to think of coming away till you are sufficiently dosed.

Another command I have to give you, and like most, I hope, of my ordinances, not originating in self ; it is, not to write me such long letters. I have always heard that writing is prejudicial in a course of waters—and you are subject too to headaches, for which it must be bad likewise. Besides, it takes up an unconscionable portion of your time, which I wish to have constantly diverted. Don't measure your letters by mine ; I have no other occupation that I like a quarter so well as conversing with you. I wish to amuse your idle moments, but not to misemploy them ; and is it fit that your youth should be confined to the entertainment of your great-grandfather ? Let me babble, but don't reply. Adieu.

2975. To Miss Mary Berry.

Str., Sunday night, Sept. 6, 1795.

I sent two letters to-day, one for your father, the other for your sister, and two to Audley Street, which I received by the post for a Mr. Crofts, who is not within my knowledge, but none from myself, for I had not a morsel of news in the house, and this letter perhaps will wait for a supply ; our region is quite dry, unless I were to send to the scandal-pump at Hampton Court, with which you like to deal as little as I. In our village I suppose I am thought grown very sociable, unless they suspect the true cause, for I call every now and then (at my *vacant*

Letter 2975.—Not in C.

eight o'clock) on the few I do visit; last night a second time at the foot of the bridge[1], where indeed they are very zealous about the Clivedenists. I am a little tired of the clan at Pope's, of the formality and cribbage, and formality again! T'other night there was an Irish miss, who is thought a prodigy in music; and indeed she did belabour the harpsichord as if it had no more feeling than a kettledrum.

I sent the Udneys half a buck: they wanted me to partake it, which luckily I declined; and well it was I did, for they had invited that surfeiting flatterer, Lady Elgin, and such a hogshead of sweet sauce would have overloaded any stomach that has not a royal digestion. Not that I have escaped, for alas! she is there still, which I, not knowing, went thither this evening, and fell into her mouth. Oh, how she crammed me with all that the Queen and Princesses had said to *her* about their breakfast here, and how they every day recollect something new that they admired. I fear I did not offer her to come and see how *she* would like the house. Mrs. Leneve formerly advised me never to begin with civilities to people I don't like; 'for,' said she, 'you soon let them see that, and then they are more offended than they would have been by coldness at first.' You will bear me witness that I did not sniff up the Countess's incense kindly the first time it was offered to me.

Monday night.

The day has produced nothing that will help my letter a step forwarder. I have not seen a soul but Lady Horatia and her two Cupids, who dined with me, and half our conversation has rolled on panegyrics of the weather, which continues as fine, and warm, and summerly as if all the snow and rain in the skies had been let out to clear the

[1] Mr. Cambridge's.

complexion of September; the sun himself is as constant as Lord Derby. Apropos, Lady Betty[2] and her Cole were here this morning to see the house, according to your order. I will talk no more of the weather but to tell you that I, who used to delight in a storm of lightning and thunder, am grown, since I saw your fright at Richmond, to dread a threatening appearance of a tempest, and watch whether it points Cheltenhamhoy. I wish I were always as clear about everything that relates to you, but you know that sometimes my *étourderie* is inconceivable. So it was yesterday: the two letters that I imagined came to me by the post were only sent to me from Cliveden for your servant William Croft, with a view of my transmitting them to Cheltenham. You may tranquillize him about them if you have alarmed him, for having occasion to send Kirgate to town yesterday, I delivered them to him, to be left in Audley Street, where the mystery was cleared up, and whence he brought them back to-day; and they will depart franked to-morrow under your colours, and if there was any sweethearting in the case, William, I hope, will excuse my occasioning him two sleepless nights.

If I receive no letter to answer to-morrow, these two poor homely pages must set as good a face upon the matter as they can, but will own honestly that for these last three weeks the gentleman who sends them has not been at all the man he was, is pleased with nothing he does, nor tells them a syllable that in their humble opinion is worth your Ladyship's reading, though he pretends our successors will be much more entertaining than we are, *quod est demonstrandum* (they say, Madam, you speak Latin as well as Madame Damer, the great statue-woman), but for our parts we confess we should no more have

[2] Daughter of twelfth Earl of Derby and wife of Stephen Thomas Cole, of Twickenham.

thought of acting the part of a letter than of pretending to as much wit as Mr. Congreve, your Ladyship's favourite author.

Tuesday morning.

Yes, here is your letter, and I like all it tells me, that you have chained your General[3] to your car, though you could not make him enter the prison with you; and no wonder that even the divine Mr. Howard's luxuries of a dungeon are not an antidote to the diabolic infection of Robespierre's and Charrier's refinements on barbarity. I like your jaunts, and that they answer so well, and I hope they will be as beneficial as the waters to both of you. I suppose you will advertise me when I am to change my direction, though unless the public is more prolific of events than it has been for this last week, Twickenham is not likely to provoke me to write soon. Adieu!

P.S. Pray observe how exactly the writer of the enclosed letter for you has adhered to the genuine etymology of Clive Den.

2976. To Miss Mary Berry.

Tuesday evening, Sept. 8, 1795.

This is a mere codicil of business to my morning's letter. I have been to survey the works at Cliveden. Imprimis: the new road is not begun. Nobody, they said, had received specific orders about it. I specified them to purpose. Chapman was there, and imagined there was to be a double ditch and rail—no such thing—a simple path of gravel for a coach: what a fright would more be from Agnes's balcony.

The two rooms are covered in; the scaffold will be

[3] General O'Hara.

Letter 2976.—Not in C.

struck to-night. I clambered to the top of the stairs and peeped in, though the steps [are] not placed yet; they will be pretty chambers, and each will have a *closettino* to its own self.

Mr. Berry's rick is almost finished.

I found poor Muff bad, not with his eyes, but his back very mangy. I have ordered him to be entirely clipped, and dipped at the powder mills.

As the letter to the gardener only affected to have been wafered, but came open, I looked to see whether I could expedite any orders. I found that your favourite gardener is leaving you. I asked wherefore; he replied the wages are too low. Pray suspend that decree if you wish to keep him. I think I could accommodate that impediment.

I have given orders for a new gigantic ice-house, that you may not want a profusion, if there should ever be such a *feel-omenon* as a hot summer.

2977. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawb., Sept. 10, 1795.

The postman at Cheltenham may growl as much as he pleases, or make as ill-natured glosses as he has a mind, on my writing to you almost every day: as long as your servant fetches the letters from the office, what has the man to do but to receive them? If Kirgate, who is forced to put my letters into the post so very often, were to complain, and demand an increase of his wages, I should not wonder, though since my press has stopped, he has scarce anything else to do; or if you, the greatest sufferer of all, were to lament being obliged to read such heaps of insipid scribbles, it would be no marvel; but till I receive some remonstrance of that kind, I shall persist to

Letter 2977.—Not in C.

the last drop of the next fortnight. I trust I am still in a free country, and not in one where everybody that is below me is much above me, and has a right to tell me what I shall not do, when I have nothing at all to do, and when, as at this present writing, no mortal can take upon himself to say that I am doing anything at all.

Having thus confuted the postman, and asserted my natural liberty as a peer of England of being as foolish as I please, I come to the next important article of my present life, which is very necessary for you to know, or you would be entirely ignorant of one trifling event of my actual existence. The house of *North and by Douglas* dined here to-day, and I could not get a soul to meet them: the Keenes are at Tunbridge; I sent to the Mount Edgcumbes, but they are gone this blessed day, he to the Mount and she to Norfolk, while the Dowager is merry-making with Lord Cardigan in Northamptonshire. Having mounted *quantum in auras aetherias* of Richmond Hill, I *tantum in Tartara tendebam*, and invited the Mother Ankerström and her daughter-in-law, and they also would not come; so not being able to make a party for Lady Guilford, she and her younger daughters (the elder[1] and her Strephon to love and a cottage) went after tea to Pope's to visit Mrs. Arch-Cashel[2], who, by the way, is created Lady Somerton, for Irishwomen turn to peeresses as easily as the figurantes at the Opera who from shepherdesses in the first dance are changed in the next to graces and goddesses. So being left alone on my own shore, what could I do but fling myself into the Thames or write to you? Now you see and rue the consequences of leaving me by myself in this depopulated region! Another danger is, that if you don't return soon, I shall be devoured by

[1] Lady Catherine Douglas.

[2] Jane, daughter of William Benson, and wife of the Archbishop of Cashell.

venison, and hares, and partridges, and pheasants from Houghton. I am forced to water all my neighbourhood with game: to Lady Anne[3] I shall be supposed to be making court for a legacy, though it is only gratitude for the large cabinet of gold and silver medals which she insisted on giving to me, and which I was so overjoyed when authorized to send back to her. I am not an *heredipeta*, whatever some of my family may be—and *that* stock I have lowered a little since the last interrogatory, and which had not been the first!

Saturday morning, 12th.

Thank all the stars in which I have any friends for bringing me yours of Thursday last at this instant, when I had not a word to say, nor could have made out the semblance of a letter, had I not had this antecedent piece ready cut and dried in my writing box, though, as you justly say, when my pen gets a drop of ink in its eye, it cannot help chattering (to *you*, *s'entend*) as fast as Miss Hotham.

If you have gulped enough of the fountain—though I fear not, nor conceive that water can work miracles in three weeks—I like your journeyings about and diverting yourselves with sights. Of Sudeley Castle, the principal point to tell you is that there is a print of the beautiful chapel in which but a few years ago was found the tomb of Catherine Parr, the castle then belonging to her last husband, Admiral Seymour; and as I am descended from her by her first, I would you had been advertised to say a mass for your great-grandmother.

I do not wonder that Madam K.[4] ordered the windows to be shut when the weather was sultry—it was to display

[3] Probably Lady Anne Conolly, one of the coheirs of her brother, Walpole's old friend and correspondent the Earl of Strafford.

[4] Probably his niece, Mrs. Keppel, for whom he had no great liking.

her dignity, or to increase the volume of her noisy voice, which she always exerts for the same reason. I wish *they* had been gentlewomen, and then they would not have always aimed at being princesses.

I will say nothing about your gardener nor Cliveden now. I believe you will think my pen more fuddled this morning than it was two nights ago, for this part of my letter is much worse written than the former—the truth is, I am very nervous to-day, and my hand shakes, yet I am otherwise quite well, as Mrs. Damer will testify, for I expect her by dinner on her return from London, and she is to stay with me till to-morrow, of which I am very glad.

The out-pensioner of Bedlam, G. H.[5], whom I hoped I had offended in the spring by refusing him a plenary indulgence[6], wrote to me last night to *dine* with him on Tuesday next with the Archbishop of Cashel. I knew this was to imply, 'my cousin[7] is Lord Lieutenant'—with all my heart! Accept I did not; however, as it showed good humour, I sent a very civil sorrowful fib in return, and pleaded having engaged company myself for that day. You know I never enter into dinner-parties that have a round of consequences. Adieu!

2978. To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1795.

I THANK you much, dear Sir, for giving me, as you promised, an account of your health, though it is not yet so good as I heartily wish it, and as I flatter myself it will be. Bath is reckoned very efficacious in your complaint, and you are particularly fortunate in being under the inspection

[5] George Hardinge.

[6] Permission to bring visitors to view Strawberry Hill whenever he pleased.

[7] Earl Camden.

Letter 2978.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

of an uncle[1] able in the requisite profession, and an inhabitant of the spot, well acquainted with the waters, and who will indubitably be most attentive to so meritorious a nephew. You have youth too on your side, which in one light alone may be prejudicial to you—I mean that young men, strong as you are formed, are apt to be impatient on a first serious illness—but patience you must learn—not that I suppose your complaint will be of long duration—no, I rather by *patience* would recommend *perseverance*; drench yourself thoroughly; wash away the seeds of your disorder, and conform to all the rules prescribed to the drinkers of the water. Your body and your mind too are so very active, that I am sure you will but ill submit to such a tasteless insipid life as that of Bath—but even that is not too dear a price to pay for health, and to ensure future years from returns of pain—I certainly speak most disinterestedly when I preach idleness to you—at my great age I must anxiously wish to see your work completed—yet I beseech you not to return to it till the pursuit ceases to be noxious.

I am sorry your society is not more agreeable, though you may always hope for better recruits in such variety as is always at Bath coming and going. You say you expect Mr. Malone; Dutens, who implicitly believes in all and every one of Ireland's[2] Shakespeariana, was here and told me that Mr. Malone is converted to them—but I don't believe all that a believer says.

I do not know Sir Richard Neave[3], but I am glad you have any new inlet to your pursuits.

This region is not a whit more amusing than Bath:

[1] Dr. Daniel Lysons, of Bath.

[2] William Henry Ireland (1777–1835). An exhibition of Shakespeare documents forged by him was held at the house of his father in Norfolk Street in the year 1795, and attracted much attention.

[3] Sir Richard Neave (d. 1814), first Baronet, F.S.A., a governor of the Bank of England, and a West India merchant.

Richmond is deserted at least till next month—but if I spoke fairly, I should sum up all my grievances in the absence of the Berrys; the natives of Twickenham are neither worse nor better than they have been for years. My wives tell me how very obliging your brother has been to them, and what pleasant things he has carried them to see; and they have told me that they intend to visit him at your father's [4]. I am to meet them at Park Place about the 25th on their return from Cheltenham.

I do not know a tittle of news private or even public. All attention seems at bay, gazing at what will be the event of that unparalleled impudence of the French Convention which you mention, attempting to perpetuate themselves by force. It is so outrageous, that one hopes it will have some at least of the consequences it ought to have! When they have run every possible race of wickedness, barbarity, and villainy—but what can one expect after being so oft disappointed? was not the measure full before now?

Adieu! dear Sir, I shall hear with great pleasure of your farther amendment.

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

2979. To Miss Mary Berry.

Str., Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1795.

I THIS moment receive the dear *double* letter (for I am always delighted when I find even a few lines of my sweet Agnes's writing—and yet I am not ungrateful for the many that sweet Mary writes, though against my orders; but though I love both so much and so equally together, I am still always wishing to show a whole affection to each separately; but as two wholes are impossible, except in

[4] Rodmarton in Gloucestershire. LETTER 2979.—Not in C.

a creed, I must go on in the old manner, and only make a distinction whenever either of you lets me discover an individual wish that I can gratify, and then I am sure that there is no preference I show in complying). Well! after this endless parenthesis, I begin in obedience to your commands to write this for your reception, though I have heard nor done anything worth repeating since Saturday, when Mrs. Damer came to me, and gave me the only very agreeable day that I have passed since you left me. Her lameness is greatly better than I expected, and not to be perceived unless one is apprised of it. I settled with her, and by her mother's request, to meet you at Park Place, and you must let me know when that is to be.

I can now do no more than answer your paragraphs, though I must jump to the one that pleases me the most, your finding yourself so well; my having persuaded you to the journey infinitely overpays all the *ennui* it has occasioned to myself. I only wonder how I endured so many summers and autumns here before I knew two persons in whom *some folks can discover nothing so extraordinary*!

My next, and a great satisfaction too, is your purchase of a horse—if it be a sure-footed one—but I do not love a *cheap* horse; pray let it try anybody's neck before yours.

At the General's sober advice I only smiled—if he would give the same to the noisy personage you wot of, I believe she would tell him she is ready to take it and him.

To your friends at Bushy I went last night, but found no soul but the mother and two daughters [1]—the second son [2] I perceived was in the house, but would not condescend to appear—I suppose I am not *mauvais ton* enough for him. To gratify my Lady, who loves cribbage as well as Lady A. or

[1] The Dowager Countess of Guilford, Lady Anne North (afterwards Countess of Sheffield), and Lady Charlotte North (afterwards Lady Charlotte Lindsay).

[2] Hon. Francis North, afterwards fourth Earl of Guilford.

Lady Mendip, we played *four* rubbers, to the joy of poor Lady Anne as little as to mine! It was near eleven before I got home.

This is the whole of my diary, except fifty frets and torments about tickets for seeing the house; and yesterday, though I am forced to keep a list of those I have given out, I had made a confusion, and given two for the same day: this I had discovered, as I hoped in time, and wrote on Saturday to a clergyman at Norwood, one of Nanny's customers, to change the day, but he had not returned home, and, consequently, had not received my letter, and so both companies arrived within three minutes of each other, and I was forced to admit both, only substituting Kirgate to conduct one set, and charging Nanny to be as tedious as she could with the other, that they might not jostle in the gallery—'Yes, yes, my Lord, I'll palaver 'em enough in the blue room'—and with such a plenary indulgence to that perpetual motion her tongue, I do not doubt but she told them ten times instead of three, 'that that on the staircase, gentlemen, is the armour of Francis I.'

The newspaper is not arrived though near one, and I do not know a syllable of truth or falsehood, nor whether the Convention are murdering or murdered. Adieu! both! and a thousand million of thanks, my sweetest Agnes, for your kind postscript! it is not thrown away on me! Return looking as well as last year, and you know how happy it will make me.

2980. To Miss Mary Berry.

Friday night, Sept. 18, 1795.

I MEAN this shall meet you at Mr. Coxe's[1] on Sunday, and am quite happy that you have had and have such a posthu-

LETTER 2980.—Not in C.

[1] A friend of Miss Berry's who lived at Quarley, near Andover.

mous summer for your travels. To-day has been the Phœnix of days, so bright, so clear, so soft, and warm enough to be called hot by the courtesy of England. I am obliged to the weather too for furnishing me with a beginning, for the trade of correspondence is low indeed! I went to the palace at Fulham this morning, and have been at Lady Di's and Lady Betty's this evening, and could not bring away a scrap of novelty, but that the Parliament is to meet on the 29th of next month. What care you or I?

T'other morning Lady Horatia brought her new sister and my new cousin Lady George Seymour[2] to see me: though not formed to promise herself to make an honourable conquest with so small a fortune, and that a poor conquest too, I found her much better than I expected; her person I had heard commended, never her face, yet that I found extremely well, with good complexion and a lively and sensible look.

Lady Ankerström is gone to-day to Park Place on her way to Nuneham—I hope we shall not clash with her.

The best news I can tell you is that that public nuisance of this district, Davensport, seems growing quite frantic; he has quarrelled with his protector the Duke of Northumberland's steward, and has driven a cart across his hedge; and he—not the steward, but Devilport—has beaten a poor woman that he found gleaning on his field unmercifully. Such rich upstarts are apt to grow *tirannoni*. In France he would have guillotined her and her whole family, for gold petrifies dunghills sooner than it does velvets.

The emigrants of Richmond are beginning to return. The Dowager Mount Edgcumbe is arrived at her son's villa. These scraps are all I can sweep together. Were you to be

[2] Isabella, eighth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton (fourth son of seventh Earl of Abercorn); m. (July 20, 1795) Lord George Seymour, seventh son of first Marquis of Hertford.

absent another fortnight, I should be reduced to have recourse to Mrs. Wright at Hampton Court, to learn what all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood have had for dinner every day this week.

Saturday morn.

Oh, thank you, and so does my letter, for it was quite exhausted, and here is yours of 17th to set it going again! And yet I am not quite pleased, for your cold was not gone! Now I shall be impatient for the next from Mr. Coxe's. Yes, I will certainly come to you at Park Place, but as I know I should take fright and conclude you ill, were I not to find you there, I will allow for accidental delays, and will not be there myself till Sunday the 27th, or Monday 28th; if I hear that you have met with any *remora*—not by your cold I hope—but how can it last in this celestial weather, which ought to operate all the miracles in Pope's *Messiah*? —ought—I don't say does, for though I am certainly lame enough for a marvellous experiment, I am so far from finding I can

Leap exulting like the bounding roe,

that last night I was near tumbling headlong down Lady Di's steps, as I got out of my coach, but her footman caught me in his arms. Well! to-day is yesterday's twin, and as like as any two Hobarts or Forbes's. The cream was actually turned this morning at breakfast; what a phenomenon on the 19th of September!

I wish every *Jacobiterian* that would lay waste the face of this beautiful rich country were to taste a few—not a quarter, which would be too many for one human being to wish to another—of the horrors that General O'Hara beheld in France—and where excess of reformation has now produced a system of despotic impudence that surpasses even the triple partition of Poland. Their *unchristened* month of *Fructidor* will retain its denomination in the

memory of mankind by the *fruits* it has generated in its decree of perpetuating two-thirds of the Convention. We shall see how blessed they will be by establishing the power of such a host of tyrannical monsters!—Adieu!

2981. To Miss Mary Berry.

Friday night, 9 o'clock, Oct. 6, 1795.

A storm is *something*, and in a village a big event, and so I have now a wherewithal for writing. We had a tremendous tempest of wind this morning before five o'clock; it did not wake me till the close, though it has done me mischief. It has levelled the two tall elms in the meadow beyond the clump of walnut trees, and snapped two others short in the grove near the terrace; it ripped off the tiles from the corner of the printing-house, and Kirgate rose in a panic. It demolished some large trees in the angle of the common, and threw down one of the vast old elms before Hardinge's door, but it fortunately fell towards the river, or had crushed Ragman's Castle[1], and perhaps some of the inhabitants. At Lord Dysart's it has felled sixteen trees, which I suppose will only improve the prospect, which he always made keep its distance. Havoc, too, I hear, is made in Bushy Park—other distant mails are not yet arrived. This hurricane, I hope, did not extend to any of our fleets!

My fillip of gout is nearly gone as I expected, nor have I stirred from the chimney-corner these three days. Your father, sister, and Miss Dilkes came and sat with me yesterday evening: the two last are gone to-night to the dancing Darrels and to Miss Flora Raphael.

I am impatient to hear the result of Lord Malmsbury's review, and not a little for an authentic confirmation of

Letter 2981.—Not in C.

[1] Where Hardinge lived.

Clairfait's and Wurmser's victories, which though everybody believes do not yet seem substantiated.

I will keep this unsealed till one o'clock to-morrow, in case I should have any casualties to add to the Twickenham Daily Post. Mr. Walter, our neighbour, I suppose, will be prolix on them in the *Times*. Good night!

Saturday.

Good morrow! One of the bricklayers, who is at work on *our* new icehouse, says that there has been a great slaughter of chimneys in London, which I conclude will raise the price of smoke, like everything else; and that two houses have been blown down, but as truth does not know where, it was probably her toad-eater, *Mrs. Theysay*, who told her so.

Pray tell Mr. Hoper, who will be with you to-morrow, that I thank him for his letter, and am not sorry that Thelusson[2] has withdrawn. Lord Malmesbury, I hope, is no banker, and does not propose to buy the most beautiful villa in England[3] to make money of it.

Lady Betty has just been here to visit my goutling, and says Mr. Pitt has written to the Post Office to confirm the Austrian victories—I know not to what amount, nor can tell but what I am told—nor shall save the post if I write a word more.

2982. To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1795.

I beg your pardon, dear Sir, but I cannot at *all* consent in a hurry to let that young man make prints of my chapel and shrine, especially for his next number, which would

[2] Peter Thellusson, merchant and banker; d. 1797.

[3] Park Place; it was bought by Lord Malmesbury in this year.

Letter 2982.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

be done slovenly by haste. He is capable of executing them as they ought to be. The shrine in particular, depending for its beauty on the colours, can convey but little idea by a print. The chapel has already been engraved for my own book, and I could give you a plate of it for yours.

To say the truth I am very unwilling to have anything more written, printed, or said, about my house or me; a great deal too much about all has been said; and people will attribute it to my own vanity, though little of my seeking. I am very old, and going out of the world, and wish to be quiet while I do remain; and how soon I shall be forgotten when I am gone, I do not care a straw—it will be my lot with other men of moderate parts, who happen to have made a little noise among their cotemporaries and while those last, and then exist only on the shelves of a few old libraries—pray do not answer this confession, for indeed I am not poaching for compliments, nor like them.

I am glad you have resumed your activity; it always produces great entertainment to me; and as I never depend on living to see the conclusion of your work, I shall be very glad to see it in its progress—and you and your brother too—I mean after next Monday, when I believe I shall be in town for Sunday next and Monday. I had mistaken you and thought your brother was to be in town the day before yesterday.

Adieu, dear Sir.

O.

2983. To Miss Mary Berry.

Wednesday, Nov. 4th, 1795.

You commanded me, mighty princess, to write to you, and said I write best when I 'have nothing to say'—no

Letter 2983.—Not in C.

flattery to the moments when I have anything to relate. However, were the case so, this letter would be perfection! Lord Rochester, indeed, thought nonentity so fruitful a subject that he wrote an ode on *Nothing* (though he generally chose more productive themes), and I think called *Nothing* the elder brother of *Shade*, which I apprehend was false genealogy, for though they might be twins, I should suppose Master *Light* appeared before Master *Shade*, and that the pre-Adamite *Nothing* was only a false conception. I therefore, who am a rigid genealogist, shall attempt to deduce no progeny from a miscarriage; though I could point out a suitable match for that non-apparent heir, *Nothing*, in my own Princess Royal who never was born[1]. I will wait till I see a precedent of unconsummated marriages producing issue.

Thursday, 5th.

You!—you are no more a judge of what makes a good letter than Dame Piozzi, who writes bad English when she ought to be exactly accurate, but mistakes vulgarisms for synonymous to elegancies. Hear the oracle Lear—not in Ireland's spurious transcript—

Nothing can come of Nothing—speak again.

So I will, when I really have anything to say. At present, not finding the inspirer *Nothing* very procreative, I shall only tell you that I have a little gout in my right foot, and though I had ordered the coach for Cliveden last night, I could not go, nor shall to Lady Betty's to-night; though I am easier to-day, and think it will not be a fit, but I shall propose to my Agnes and Co. to come to me. She has been here, and will come, and sends you this enclosed. Adieu!

[1] An allusion to the second of Walpole's *Hieroglyphic Tales* (see *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. iv. pp. 330–3).

2984. To Miss Mary Berry.

Straw. Hill, Nov. 22, 1795.

I have heard *Nothing*, know *Nothing*. These two negatives not having, according to the proverb, and your position, gotten my pen with child of anything, a misconception will assuredly not engender an entertaining letter, and I only write a line as you desired, but did hope it would be in answer to a note from you, telling me how poor Horace Churchill is.

The night you left me I went to Cambridge's to advance my 50*l.* for the potatoes for the poor here. He told me a curious circumstance, that the great elm which fell into the Thames at Marble Hill in the late hurricane killed several fishes. It is new for gudgeons to be knocked on the head by a tree in their own element; if a dolphin had got into the boughs, or a boar into the current, *à la bonne heure!*

As Mr. C. was *peroring* to me, I did not hear his boy, who entered at nine to tell me my coach was come, so I trespassed half an hour on the prayers. I did not stay till one in the morning, as with you at Teddington. I think I should have found out the length of the time; indeed, I did now wonder that nine o'clock came so slowly, and did ring the bell. However, old Cherrytree was very good-humoured and gracious about my having entrenched on the canonical hour.

As my own stock of Nothing is so unproductive, I will, while expecting Marchand[1], who is to call to see my Jupiter, transcribe the wonderful Sanscrit paragraph which you found t'other morning in Murphy's *Portugal*[2], and which you will like to possess:—

Letter 2984.—Not in C.

[1] Perhaps Baron Nicolas Dumas de Marchant (1767–1833), antiquary.

[2] *Travels in Portugal*, by James Cavanah Murphy.

'From whose splendid virtues, the great men, who delight to sport in the atoms which float in the beams of light issuing from the beauty of the leaf of the sleepy Ketahee of the diadem of the goddess Saraskatee, went to adorn the females of the eight points.'

Such are the treasures of Eastern literature which we are so proud of importing, and which will tend to improve us about as much as the Infantheof and Outfantheof of our Saxon ancestors! or as the *férociser*, *sansculottiser*, *panthéoniser*, &c., of French *néologisme*! Adieu!

2985. To Miss Mary Berry.

Wedn., Nov. 23, '95.

I THANK you much for your note, though it gives me so unsatisfactory an account of you; yet I own I should have been alarmed, if I had not seen your own hand. Still, as you have had a little sleep, I will command myself, and will hope for better news to-morrow. I am even resolved not to see you till Saturday, to leave you to recover entirely by repose; if I came to you to-morrow, as I am much inclined to do, I might draw you too soon out of your room, or disturb you by my anxiety. Therefore I waive my own uneasiness to weigh what is best for you. Nay, if you are not quite well again, I promise you not to be more frightened, even if Agnes writes instead of you, and can tell me *with truth* that you are better. As you suspect a little fever why neglect Dr. James a moment? I even wish you would now and then take a little of his mild powder as an alterative to prevent these frequent returns. I will say no more now, not to provoke you to write yourself.

LETTER 2985.—Not in C.

2986. To Miss Mary Berry.

Straw., Nov. 24, 1795.

By not receiving a word from you yesterday, I own I was a little afraid that you was out of order again; and now I find that I guessed too justly! Would I knew how or what to advise you! Alas! I can only be meanly personal, and say to myself, 'At least she does not suffer by my persuading her to stay in the country, I did not attempt it'; but is that a comfort? Do I feel your pain the less for not having contributed to it? Gone I trust it is by this time, and that hope I can enjoy; but such consolations are of short duration. You are both so delicate, that to-morrow, perhaps, I may hear that Agnes is ill!

I do not like the Churchills being still in the country; it does not look as if Horace were in a good way.

My own story will be very brief. Being a very fine evening, I did go last night to Lady Juliana [1] and delivered your excuse. There was one large bouncing woman that I wish you had seen: she was all in the reigning white, but with an ample stream of blood-coloured riband flowing from her chin to what would have been her knees, had they not spread like t'other side, so that she seemed to be a large carcass of hog into which a butcher had just stuck his knife.

There I heard of the conquest of the *Cape of Good Hope* [2]. I always direct myself to believe in good omens, and never in bad; so this is of the propitious side. It will keep up the credit of our navy a little, which has been sadly hurricaned, and we shall have many trinkets to go to market with at the Peace; yet I had rather we had taken

Letter 2986.—Not in C.

[1] Lady Juliana Penn.

[2] Captured by the English under Admiral Elphinstone and General Clarke on Sept. 16, 1795.

one seaport in France than all the Capes and Corsicas[3] in the ocean.

My former old gardener, who lives near the church and is superannuated, t'other day, in a feverish delirium, flung himself out of a window thirteen feet from the ground, and yet was but little bruised.

Kirgate shall certainly make the cases you want, because *you* desire it; but how ridiculous for *me* to be ordering still *more* great-coats for my own letters! I shall say, like St. John, 'the world will not hold them all.' However, you shall wait a little for the next *liberator*[4] (to talk in my exchequer style) till Kirgate can get better parchment in town. I do think of going thither on Saturday myself for a couple of days, as I have business with Mr. Blake, but shall return hither on Monday for a few more days to pay my bills, and settle my potatoes with George Cambridge, who will not be at Twickenham till Sunday next.

Mr. Coxe comes to me to-morrow, to read some more chapters of my father's life to me. I am exceedingly pleased at its being undertaken by so very able a hand; but I shall wish it not to be published till I am gone. As there will not be a sentence of my writing in it, though I have given him some information, I should be sorry to have a tittle imputed to my partiality, though I have religiously told him nothing but truth. Even when he consulted me on his memoirs of my uncle, I said to him, 'Though I acknowledge that I had the strongest reasons for having great prejudices to my uncle, I will not suffer those prejudices to influence me in what I shall say to you of him'; and, indeed, I believe you will not find in Mr. Coxe's account of that man one hint of the injuries he did me, of which I have told you,

[3] The Corsicans acknowledged George III as their king in 1794.

[4] An allusion to the use of the writ *Liberate* in ordering payments out of the Exchequer.

nor of his base ingratitude to his brother in regard to the descendants of the latter: but keep all this part of my letter to yourself at present.

I am impatient for to-morrow's letter, to confirm your recovery. Adieu!

2987. To Miss Agnes Berry.

My Sweetest, Thursday, half after one [Nov. 27, 1795].

Mr. Coxe, whom I could not dismiss, has stayed reading to me till this instant, till I can scarce save the post. Thank God for a little better account of dearest Mary; yet it is not near good enough. Still, as you say she must be kept quiet, I will suppress my impatience, and *will* not see her till Saturday evening. Yet I shall long to receive a more comfortable letter to-morrow morning. I dare not stay to write a syllable more. Adieu, adieu!

2988. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawb., Dec. 1, 1795.

I am rejoiced that you are free from pain, but shall be sorry indeed if you should be subject to the rheumatism, but I hope you are mistaken. However, I do beg you will, at least to oblige me, once more consult Sir George Baker, and state your complaints exactly to him, and learn his opinion, whether there is no regimen to which he could advise you. I do not know whether Sir George is favourable to Dr. James's powder or not; it certainly is good for rheumatic fevers—but I, who am in general so ignorant in physical cases, shall indubitably not be prescribing for *you*, farther than to insist, as I earnestly do, on having your too frequent disorders thoroughly studied, while you are young, and before they fix into your constitution. I hope

Letter 2987.—Not in C. Letter 2988.—Not in C.

the reasonableness of what I say will make impression on you.

Though so wet, yesterday was quite warm. To-day is soft as possible.

Stumpity left me this morning. I found my poor old gardener dead. I can have nothing else to tell in so short a space of time.

2989. To Miss Mary Berry.

Dec. 3, 1795.

The note your father has brought gives me great comfort by telling me your pain is gone. Still, I must repeatedly implore you to talk to Sir George Baker. Your headaches return so very frequently, that I apprehend there must be some latent cause in your constitution, and that I am earnest to have explored and discovered, that antidotes may be applied, at least palliatives when you are attacked, and a regimen or system adopted, that may effect a cure. I cannot be easy while I apprehend perpetual returns, and see you suffer for three or four days together, and yet you do nothing that even pretends to guard against relapses, or even to mitigate them.

The weather is so soft and mild, that while it lasts so I must stay here a few days longer. However, I shall probably be in town on Monday or Tuesday next.

I have heard nothing, but the Prince is to dine this week at Lady Dancinda Darrell's, who, I suppose, is again to be disappointed. Adieu!

Letter 2989.—Not in C.

2990. To Miss Mary Berry.

Sunday, Dec. 6, 1795.

It will be impossible for me to be in town before Tuesday, and I must want the sight of you for a day longer. I shall certainly come on Tuesday, for I have various threats of the gout, both in the left wrist and foot, yet as neither is swelled or inflamed, I do not apprehend it will be a fit. However, I will not stir out on the night I arrive, not to fatigue myself and fix it. I suppose you will think I have stayed too long in the country, and caught cold, which is far from being the case. The weather has been soft as in the beginning of autumn, and I have not been out of these two rooms since Wednesday morning last. Can I, old and broken, and full of cracks as I am, expect that pain will not enter into some of them? Yes; entirely free I never am; and as I hate to trouble others with complaints of natural infirmities, and perceive how sensibly I decay, I like to be much alone, and care not how few I see, except the very, very few that I really love. I am expecting Mr. Blake on business, and therefore will say no more now. Adieu till Tuesday!

2991. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 11, 1795.

From the little finger of my left, through all that hand, wrist, and elbow, I am a line of gout, Madam; and t'other morning waked with such a rheumatism in arm ditto, that I could not turn in my bed; having, I suppose, caught cold by being brought to town the day before, though, as I thought, extremely swaddled.

Letter 2990.—Not in C.

This account, Madam, which Kirgate is forced to write, would be a full answer to the latter part of your Ladyship's letter; but it would be uncivil not to say a word to the intelligence of the meeting at Bedford, which I own does not alarm me, though it might flatter a young Duke, if he has not yet learnt that 2,000 neighbours of a very rich peer will huzza to anything he condescends to say to them, and will sign their names, which they love to do if they can write, though they don't understand a sentence of what he proposes to them. But how many of his mob does he imagine would, if he requested them, exchange their goose-quills for firelocks, unless for the purpose of shooting his Grace's game and venison?

I am sorry he is so un- or so ill-advised. Methinks his Grace has lived long enough to have seen how men, who have vented their first outrageous fire in politics, can recant their declamations, and wind up their dregs with shame and pensions.

But I will step out of my buskins, and you shall allow me to smile at your exhortation. You tell me it is my *duty* to go to the House and make a speech. Alas! I doubt, Madam. Duty gleams but very dimly when one is at the threshold of fourscore. Your other arguments strike me still more faintly: as I have none of the great abilities and renown of the late Lord Chatham, so I have none of the ambition of aping his death and tumbling down in the House of Lords, which I fear would scarce obtain for me a sixpenny print in a magazine from Mr. Copley [1].

The best use I have made of my very long life has been to treasure up beacons to warn me against being ridiculous in my old age. I remember I was in bed with the gout, some years ago, when I was told that the late Duke of Northumberland had been at St. James's that morning to

Letter 2991.—[1] An allusion to Copley's well-known picture.

kiss hands for being appointed Master of the Horse to the King. I said, 'Well, the Duke is three or four years older than I am, he has the gout as I have, and he has the stone, which thank God I have not. Now, should anybody come to my bedside, and propose to me to rise and drive about the streets in a gold glass-case, I should conclude they had heard I had lost my senses, though I had not discovered it myself.'

Well, Madam, that path of glory was not suggested to me; but I have been more recently tempted to enter that Temple to which your Ladyship would send me. When my nephew died, Mrs. Epictetus Carter came and wished me joy of my new title, and said, 'Now, I hope, you will go to the House of Lords and put down faro.'

I have dictated, Madam, till I am quite exhausted, and most probably have tired your Ladyship too, and begging your pardon, am for once, your most disobedient humble servant.

2992. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 26, 1795.

Lord Orford is extremely obliged to Lord and Lady Ossory for their kind inquiries, but very sorry they give themselves that trouble, for there is so little amendment in his situation, and he is so very low and weak, that it is not worth while to detail particulars.

2993. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 14, 1796.

I flatter myself, or must bid adieu to all vanities, that your Ladyship will not be sorry to hear of my resurrection, which was decided in my favour by a few minutes on

Saturday was sennight, by the rapid advance of a mortification in my bowels, so that I said to my surgeon, who was holding my clammy cold hand, 'Am not I dying?' he replied in a despondent voice, 'I hope not!' But my herculean *weakness*, after a struggle of two days, saved me, and I am again in the land of living easy chairs, though still tossed into bed by three servants; yet, after eleven weeks, the gout has quite left me, and had they any marrow left in them, I could use hands or feet. I don't mean indifferently, like Buckinger; but you see, I pay homage to your Ladyship with the first that revives, as you were pleased to order me to give you the first tolerable account of myself that I could. Here, then, I am again, having executed another portion of my death, which I have long reckoned every attack is doing. I have, as I told Lord Ossory ten days ago, patience enough, but I have not time enough for patience, my fits return too quick to leave me sufficient respite for recovery; but if I am totally disabled, I hope the passage will be but the easier!—I have gone through enough of the ceremony.

It is perhaps silly and impertinent to trouble your Ladyship with a detail of my own situation, yet, not having been able for above two months even to dictate a passable account of myself as you desired, I could not forget the years of correspondence with which you have honoured me, nor bear to seem neglectful of that grace, when I have a finger to express remembrance and gratitude. In fact, too, I have always observed that persons shut up from the world, and witnesses to few incidents but those which happen to themselves, grow to think those events of mighty moment, and to relate, as if novelties that could interest any mortal, even when passed and over. 'Tis pity I did not recollect this remark a page sooner!

Secluded as I have lived for weeks, surely events lusty

enough and fresh enough have arrived to have pierced even to me, and to have tinged my thoughts with other hues than those all about myself; but pain, languor, a total extinction of voice that forbad my conversing, had rendered me inattentive: I seem to have awaked within a few days! —and what a mass of topics have I found to have been in agitation! Attacks on the King[1]; storms and tempests for several successive months, yet all seeming to belong to summer rather than to winter; dispersion and destruction of navies without encounters; conquest of the Cape and of Trincomalee[2] in an island with which I was well acquainted in my fairy-days, and which was then called *Serendip*; a Princess[3] born; *starvation* dreaded; most of the King's sons wandering about the world; the brother of the King of France lodged in Holyrood House, and the house of Orange in the palace of Hampton Court; the victories[4] of Clairfait, his armistice, and for these last two days, the forged French Gazette, announcing universal peace—these (only the bigger outlines) might have shut my lips about myself. And then for the town's *menus plaisirs*, there has been, and for a little longer will be, the new brazen-fronted Shakespeare[5], to complete the triumvirate with Macpherson, *soi-disant* Ossian, and Chatterton. But none of these themes can be new to your Ladyship, and I will rest a weary hand, which for two days has been scrawling these two sides, and, I doubt, not made them legible at last.

Letter 2993.—[1] A stone (which struck the Queen) was thrown at the royal carriage as the King and Queen were returning from Drury Lane Theatre on Feb. 1, 1796.

[2] Taken by the English under Colonel Stewart on Aug. 26, 1795.

[3] The Princess Charlotte of Wales was born on Jan. 7, 1796.

[4] Clairfait was victorious over the French at Mönchbach on Oct. 29, 1795. An armistice on the Rhine was concluded on Dec. 31.

[5] William Henry Ireland.

2994. To Bertie Greathed.

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, Feb. 22, 1796.

I have been debating with myself for two days whether I should trouble you with this letter or not—at last I find that I cannot resist indulging myself. The grateful part is certainly most due, and my thanks must be very sincere, when vanity is the source of them, and the spring of what I have to say besides.

My extreme surprise at your son's[1] drawings which you was so very kind as to show me the other night, and I hope a little modesty on finding them so superior to the trifling and fantastic subjects on which they are founded, prevented my expressing half of what I felt—but it would be unjust to a father's feelings to suppress the high ideas I have conceived of your son's genius.

Though he is so extremely young, I am perfectly sure the drawings are completely his own—and I will tell you. Sir, what certifies me, I have seen many drawings and prints made from my idle—I don't know what to call it—novel or romance—not one of them approached to any one of your son's four—a clear proof of which is, that not one of the rest satisfied the author's ideas—it is as strictly, and upon my honour, true, that your son's conception of some of the passions has improved them, and added more expression than I myself had formed in my own mind; for example, in the figure of the ghost in the chapel, to whose hollow sockets your son has given an air of reproachful anger, and to the whole turn of his person dignity. Manfred in the last scene has an uncertain horror, that shows he has not yet had time to know what kind of agony he

Letter 2994.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mr. John W. Ford).

[1] Bertie Greathed the younger. He was a talented amateur artist, and died in 1804, aged twenty-three. The drawings were in illustration of scenes in *The Castle of Otranto*.

feels at what he has done. Such delineation of passions at so very youthful a period, or rather in boyhood, are indubitably indications of real genius, and cannot have issued from the instructions or corrections of a master—I know no man but young Mr. Lock capable of such exertions. He, not quite so juvenile as your son, shone by foreshortening and muscling—generally amongst the last acquisitions even of an able master—your son approaches him even in those uncommon talents, and as far as I can presume to judge, draws excellently.

I am so charmed and interested in what you showed me, that if I flatter myself, Sir, at least you will be sure that I am not flattering you—in short, I must speak out. I am so delighted and think myself so much honoured by having contributed to inspire young Mr. Greathed with such speaking conceptions, that you cannot be surprised, if after meditating for above two days on the pleasure they gave me, I cannot sit down contented with a transient view, and with the bare recollection of every circumstance and attitude that struck me—and yet could I design at all like your son, I am certain that I could sketch out at least the disposition of every one of the four drawings, and of every one of the principal characters, indeed of all but three or four. Will it then be taking too great a liberty, Sir, to own how much you would add to the great obligation you have already conferred on me, to allow me to have copies made of these astonishing drawings—you can depend on the care my own vanity would make me take of the originals, which my gratitude would oblige me to restore as safely.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with the strongest sense of your kindness, and with the greatest esteem,

Your most obliged
And most obedient humble servant,
ORFORD.

2995. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, March 19, 1796.

I was rejoiced to see your hand again, though I am not yet able to answer it with mine, but I will as soon as I can scrawl out a letter, which you will be able to read, and which has not been possible for me to do these fifteen weeks: I have had a very bad fit of the gout for fifteen weeks in every limb. I still cannot walk across my room, but held up by two or three servants, and have to this moment five or six orifices venting chalk in one finger of my right hand, which is dressed every day by a surgeon; besides all this, I was very near going off towards the beginning of my illness by an inflammation in my bowels.

I am ashamed to trouble you with all this, especially when I was eager to thank you and reply particularly to your letter—that I must contrive to do myself, being happy that your sentiments agree so much with mine on the particular subject of your letter, though some singular circumstances, which I will explain at large, and which are well known to Lord Harcourt and Mr. Frederic Montagu, will prevent my going farther than I have already done, though that has not been moderately neither, for I have been full as much offended as you are, and will point out to you more rocks of offence than you yet know, not forgetting the former subject.

This is all I can say till I can explain myself more at large, which I will do as fast as my weakness and miserable hand will let me. In the meantime I am with great sincerity and cordiality, dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

Orford.

2996. To the Rev. William Mason.

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, March 22, 1796.

I could not without using too many words express to you how very much I am offended and disgusted by Mr. Knight's new insolent and self-conceited poem[1]; considering to what *height* he dares to carry his impious attack, it might be sufficient to lump all the rest of his impertinent sallies in one mass of censure as trifling peccadilloes; but as you and I are personally interested to resent the liberties he has taken with our late great and respectable friend, I must, if I can get through this letter, enter more minutely into some detail.

The vanity of supposing that his authority, the authority of such a trumpery prosaic poetaster as Mr. Knight, was sufficient to re-establish the superannuated atheism of Lucretius by his. His presuming to pronounce him the best of the Roman poets, just as he allots the same rank to Sheridan over Gray and our first bards, was I believe partly intended to establish a precedent for scores of his own wretched lines full of tautology, void of novelty, and his descriptions spun out to tediousness. In one respect he has executed justice on himself by his audacity in polluting Gray's *Champagne* and Heliconian element with his hog-wash: who that sips the latter after tasting the other can help rinsing his mouth? Nor is this his only violation of our immortal friend's ashes. He tells a silly falsehood of Gray being terrified from writing by Lloyd's and Colman's trash, that was squirted from the kennel against you both, forgetting (though affecting to revere Gray) the excellent letter to you on that occasion, about *combustling*[2], derisory enough

Letter 2996.—[1] Probably *The Landscape, a Didactic Poem*, of which a second edition appeared in 1795.

[2] See Gray to Mason, June 7, 1760.

to have stopped their writing any more, instead of their checking him.

I could make fifty other objections to this pretended and ill-warranted dictator, to all taste who Jacobinically would level the purity of gardens, would as malignantly as Tom Paine or Priestley guillotine Mr. Brown, and who to give a specimen of his own genius for gardening, the Lord knows how connected! has given in his *Landscape* an ugly clumsy Etruscan brass milkpot as a model of the line of beauty.

Notwithstanding all I have said, I cannot engage in an open war with him, and beg not to be named in it. He is a great favourite of a very near relation of mine and intimate friend, with whom I have already had a warm altercation, and whom I should mortally disoblige, and through whom I have received several civilities from the person himself. I am besides too frank and open, and too much pleased and honoured by the revival of our correspondence to have any mean *reserve* with you, and therefore I acknowledge to you that weak and broken as I am, and tottering to the grave, at some months past seventy-eight, I have not spirits or courage enough to tap a paper-war, and what moderate abilities I may have had are not less decayed than my limbs, and the labour I have forced myself to take to make this second page more legible than the first, which my poor fingers from such long disuse had almost forgotten to do, tells me how very helpless I am, and how unfit to engage in a controversy of any kind. In fact, repose without pain and a tranquil end is all I dare to wish, though pain I fear I must expect.

You, dear Sir, I would not divert from dethroning the usurper. I did ardently wish you had overturned and expelled out of gardens this new Priapus, who is only fit to be erected in the Palais de l'Égalité. But should you

determine on a crusade against such infidels, I should rather wish you to employ your all-puissant arms, irony and ridicule. Your sonnet would imply anger, and it is below your dignity to be provoked by this Knight of the Brazen Milk-Pot, who would be proud of having *you* for a serious antagonist. Indeed I doubt, unless you make it ridiculous to read him, whether you may not help it off the bookseller's counter, where I hear it is likely to doze with other litterati, till it takes its degrees in the university of waste paper.

Having been for three days carving this letter, which by extreme slowness and care I hope will not give you much trouble to decipher after the first page, which I scribbled with my ancient precipitation, till I found I could not read it myself, I will attempt no more at present, but to send you a parody on two lines of Mr. Knight, which will show you that his poem is seen in its true light by a young man of allowed parts, Mr. Canning[3], whom I never saw. The originals are the two first lines at the top of page 5 :—

> Some fainter irritations seem to feel
> Which o'er its languid fibres gently steal.—Knight.
>
> Cools the crimp'd cod, to pond-perch pangs imparts—
> Thrills the shelled shrimps and opens oysters' hearts.—
> Canning.

However, I wish to see much superior wit, and far superior and genuine poetry lanced at the head of this marauder, and in any case I flatter myself our correspondence will not close again while there is a finger left of,

Dear Sir,
Your sincere humble servant,
Orford.

[3] George Canning (1770–1827), who had entered the House of Commons in 1794.

2997. To Miss Mary Berry.

May 30, 1796, 3 o'clock.

A million of thanks for your letter, though with my poor unwriting hand I don't think I can have time to answer a quarter of it before the post departs. I have had people till this instant, and Kirgate is not at home, and I have [been] forced to get Sir Charles[1] to write letters to Norfolk, where there is started up an opposition to Coke and Wodehouse[2], whom I must support.

My first object is to beg you to stay as long as it does you all good; yet to-day is most unfavourable.

I want no book but Farringdon's first volume of the Thames.

The scene at the Opera on Saturday was much stronger than even the papers represented. The Princess[3] at first retired, but the Duke of Leeds persuaded her to stand up and curtsey. She did, and then all the house rose, and then every woman as well as man, in every part, clapped incessantly, and repeated it, and it was well *two* other persons were not there, as insults were loudly declared to be intended, and on their not appearing, 'God save the *King*' was called for, and sung with the same view. Their Majesties were not there, or a third person might have heard something unpleasant, as the town has got a notion of too much favouring Lady J.[4] at least.

My fingers are too bad to suffer my writing more, and I am sure you will forgive your

O.

Letter 2997.—Not in C.

[1] Probably Sir Charles Blagden.

[2] Sir John Wodehouse (d. 1834), sixth Baronet, M.P. for Norfolk; afterwards first Baron Wodehouse.

[3] The Princess of Wales, who was now separated from the Prince.

[4] Lady Jersey

2998. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, June 2, 1796.

I hope the post will bring this to you before you set out to-morrow, which I do not write so much to answer your letter, which I might have delayed for a day, as to remind you that you must return to-morrow if you mean to go to the Exhibition on Sunday with Mr. Farringdon, who lives at *No.* 35, *in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place.* I speak very disinterestedly, for I am sure I shall not be able to accompany you, as my leg is not yet well.

I am glad all your improvements have succeeded so well; I wish I may ever see them!

I did not suppose you could send me my commissions on Monday, it was so tempestuous that nobody who had not a rage for going abroad at the very moment she had proposed to do anything, could have taken it for a day suited for a jaunt into the country, much less was it one for your crossing my lawn. Apropos, the *Thames* is not in numbers, but in a volume half-bound, I think.

The crisis ripens, the universal applause was repeated on Tuesday at the Opera, but nothing offensive heard. I think *her* appearance[1] was well advised; her absence would have fallen on her husband and been imputed to him; to suppose that she sought popularity would have offended nobody but him, which at this moment could not have made the case worse. He is said to be gone to the Grange for a month.—Oh, I must interrupt myself, I have this moment had such infinite pleasure! my dearest Duchess of Richmond has this moment been here! and oh, she looks so much better than when I saw her in the summer. She has recovered much of her sweet countenance, her spirits are returned,

Letter 2998.—Not in C.

[1] See the previous letter.

and her manner is like itself—in short, my joy has made me shed tears! But I will resume my letter, or I shall not save the post.

——and is not to be at the Birthday. Lady J. removed three days ago to her daughter's new house, and, as her new child is dead, will probably move farther, for her present position is not tenable. Lady Harcourt is gone to Nuneham for a long season, on pretence of St. Antony's fire—but I must finish.

The Dutch fleet has been found at the Canaries, nine ships, but in a most deplorable condition, and the sailors all ill. Adieu till to-morrow.

2999. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berk. Sq., June 25, 1796.

How grieved I am at the bad account you still give of yourself, and that real summer does not mend you! Yesterday and to-day I hope will have more effect. My hand is better, though you see with what difficulty I yet write, yet I *would* positively scratch out a few words to convince you I can, and to tell you Hewetson has assured me I may go with perfect security to Str. on Thursday next, and even stay there for some days; but I shall see you on Monday.

I have been tempted to make Kirgate frank this, as his hand is so very like to mine; but I would not venture any miscarriage, when a note to you and a letter to Agnes were concerned. I will try my utmost in the frank. This attempt says more than all I would say if I had my old pen from the wing of Hercules, my ancient goosely stationer.

Letter 2999.—Not in C.

3000. To Miss Mary Berry.

June 25th, 1796, in the evening.

You need not return to town, for, were I Mrs. Pennant, I should persuade myself that all the world and all my posterity is and will be thinking of nothing but comforting me in my widowhood; for since you went my coffee-house has been much more crowded than it has been since the General Election began. On the evening you left me your Sir Harry Englefield came for the first time this year, and kept my sack of old stories open till past midnight. This morning Mrs. Buller and her son came, and you will wonder at my presence of mind as I never once called him but Mr. Cocks[1]. After them Lord Macartney came, for the first time too since he returned from all the world[2], I mean from the late King of France, who perhaps never was present King of France; from one who I don't know whether present or late Pope[3]; and from another who probably is yet King of Naples; besides having had a conversation *en passant* with the Prince of Piedmont, just before their late mishaps[4]. We had not time for all that my Lord did not see in China; besides that, we shall know all that next winter.

Moreover, Lord Holland, who is just arrived, assured him that he has lately been at Berlin, and *seen* there Pitt's famous diamond, which elucidates the Duke of Brunswick's retreat by order of that honest monarch the King of Prussia. Lord H. told Lord M., too, that the Emperor, a shade more honest, is in possession of the million's worth of diamonds

Letter 3000.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

[1] So in MS.

[2] From 1795-6 Lord Macartney was in Italy on a confidential mission to Louis XVIII, then at Verona.

[3] Pius VI, who had joined the league of princes against France.

[4] Bonaparte's first campaign in Italy was at this time in progress.

that was seized on the French minister, who was carrying them to Constantinople, and as his Imperial Eagleship is mighty conscientious he reserves them, not for the late present King, but for Madame, who is sole heir-male to her mother, to whom they had never been bequeathed.

Here I think is enough of would-be news. I could tell you, but mind I do not, of a great victory, nobody knows yet how 'tis obtained, by the Archduke Charles[5], who has driven the French back beyond the Rhine, as the latter swear by all the gods of their own making in the Pantheon —I assert nothing, because you and Mrs. *Damer*, who love to contradict me, would not believe it; and I myself am not at all fond of being disappointed of what I should like much—*Basta pour l'Europe.*

George Nicol brought me yesterday two of Mr. Westall's[6] pictures that were in the Exhibition. I was astonished. Were the Houghton collection mine now I should be glad to have the Hesiod in it; it is by far one of the finest compositions ever painted in England, the groups are so finely detached, and there is still so much harmony in the whole, a favourite object with me (though I own not deserving to be the principal one), that I should not haggle long about its great price of 150*l.*, though, being in water colours, I fear it may be changeable. The figure of Sappho in its companion is beautiful beyond description, and a few of the other figures are very good too; but there are some large detached masses, some of great light and some of great shade, which destroy the unity of the whole, and which I think are rarely to be found in such a given space. There! I am tired, besides having nothing more to say, unless to-morrow morning produces any new matter before

[5] Charles Louis (1771–1847), third son of the Emperor Leopold II, at this time in command of the Austrian army on the Rhine.

[6] Richard Westall (1765–1836).

I send this away by the coachman, who shall bring two of my horses to you to-morrow evening, that they may be rested ready for you to set out as early as you please on Monday. O.

P.S. Newer news of last night late.

It was affirmed to me that the King had written to Lady Jersey to dismiss her, and to forbid her appearing at Carlton House. I did not believe a syllable of it—nay, I do not and shall not yet. However, I think I may venture to advise you to be ready to change part of your creed by Tuesday next, when, as great secrets of state will not keep three days, any more than positive resolutions, *moi, qui n'opine pas, opine*[7], that you may chance to hear of the contents of a letter, or perchance see a copy of it in the newspapers, from an affectionate father-in-law to a tender daughter-in-law, acquainting her with the dutiful submission of the prodigal son, who *consents* to the removal of the mote out of his lady's eye—further, this deponent saith not.

P.S. The health of the Earl of Chester[8] was refused to be drunk by the Mayor of that ilk at the late election.

3001. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1796.

I can only thank your Ladyship by proxy, for a new mark of your accustomed kindness; for, though I am quite

[7] A reference to the following anecdote from the letter of Madame du Deffand to Walpole of July 9, 1774:—'Un jeune homme ayant acheté une charge de conseiller au parlement, y prit sa place un jour qu'on y devait juger une cause. L'usage, à ce qu'on dit, est que le dernier reçu opine le premier. Quand on en vint à prendre les voix, le jeune homme ne disait mot. Le premier président lui dit: "Eh bien, monsieur, qu'opinez-vous?" "Moi, monsieur, je ne qu'opine point, c'est à ces messieurs à qu'opiner; quand ils auront qu'opiné, je qu'opinerai après eux."'

[8] The Prince of Wales was Earl of Chester.

content with being here again, which I little expected to be any more, I cannot say I find any benefit by my removal. My fingers are rather worse than they were, and my ankle so weak that I cannot rest upon it a moment, though held up by two servants. But I have all my playthings about me; and, when one is arrived at one's second childhood, is not one fortunate enough in having them and being able to be amused by them? How many poor old wretches are there who suffer more, and who have none of my comforts and assistances, though probably deserving them, which is not my case!

I try to make my soaking hay my principal distress, for the newspapers are too vexatious; the Austrian campaign does not proceed with the rapidity from which I began to expect great matters; and the Gauls are again dictating to the Capitol. I was so silly as to be shocked at their plundering my favourite school, the Bolognese, though I should never have seen it again, when I had recollected that I have lost my own pictures at Houghton! What signifies whether Verres or Catherine Slay-Czar has a fine collection under the Pole or on the Place de la Guillotine?

3002. To Miss Mary Berry.

Straw. Hill, July 25, 1796.

I have not writ to you till to-day that I was sure I was well enough; for two days I was in a strange way, yet said nothing of it. On Friday I came down to breakfast, and then attempting to dictate my catalogue for Princess Elizabeth, Kirgate perceived that I neither articulated, nor used right words, and advised me to leave off. I did, and sent for the apothecary, who found my pulse low and quick,

Letter 3002.—Not in C.

and would have had me take ether, but I would take nothing without Hewetson. Your father and sister were with me looking over prints in the evening, but thought I was very low, though I complained of nothing; but at one I waked with a great palpitation, and though I took fourscore drops of hartshorn, I was forced to call up my servants, and rise out of bed, and sit in my night-gown, and really thought I was going; but about three I was seized with a strong vomiting, which instantly took off the spasm; and after a small basin of camomile tea, I felt sleepy, went to bed by half an hour after three, and did not wake for a moment till eleven o'clock, since when I have been perfectly well—such a strange constitution I have! I believe raspberries and cream were in fault.

Lysons and Mr. Farringdon dined with me yesterday, but I did not go down to dinner. They went in the evening to see Agnes's bower, and they came at night with her and her father hither.

I am glad you find your rocks[1] are groves not quarries, and, consequently, that you will saunter, not be snapped up by a privateer. I wish you could have given me a better account of my dearest Duchess[2]; tell me when you see her again exactly how you find her.

I have made more blots than words, but they make so considerable a part of my letter, that I could no more spare them than Miss Maryland, though they contribute nothing to the story. Both my hands and my head are much worn out, and as I cannot write with my pulse, I will set you no longer to deciphering.—Adieu!

[1] Miss Berry was at Bognor.

[2] The Duchess of Richmond.

3003. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawb. Hill, July 26, '96.

I received your letter from Bognor this morning, and am mighty glad your rocks are not of a temper to receive vessels with open arms. It would not be pleasant to have one's betrothed turned into the *Fiancée du Roi du Garbe.* Our Tritons are humane and polite enough to have all manner of attentions for women; but the French, if they get to Rome, will be brutal even to the Virgin Mary.

You see I am piquing myself upon writing legibly, and not making a thousand blots; consequently, the Lord knows when I shall have finished my letter; besides, my pen limps, and forgets its spelling. I shall go to town to-morrow for a couple of days, but am not likely to see a soul but people on business. I sat with Agnes's swelled face this evening, which is much better; she is delighted with your writing to her so daily. Before I went to her, Lady Cecilia and Mrs. Johnstone came and drank tea with me, and to thank me for venison and orange-flowers. They told me it is feared the French will forbid the banns with the Duke of Wurtemburg[1] by seizing his dominions, and that Lady A. Cumberland[2] is appointed Lady to the younger Princesses. I answer for nothing from Hampton gazettes, nor know anything more substantial.

The living of Crostwick—which the madam who calls herself Mrs. *Aufrere,* and I would call Mrs. *Auferre,* would have *carried off* from me, is not vacant, and if it were, and in my gift, I should have wished it a thousand—is a miserable pittance of not thirty pounds a year; so you will not

Letter 3003.—Not in C.

[1] Frederick Charles William, Duke (afterwards King) of Wurtemberg. He married (May 18, 1794) Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal.

[2] Eldest daughter of third Earl of Buckinghamshire.

name it, unless it will please my sweetest to hear she was the first in my thoughts.

Wednesday evening.

I came as I told you I intended, but I have not heard a syllable new, or seen an acquaintance, but the Churchills and Horace, and they were going with the children to Astley's; fortunately Mrs. Chatterpost had intended to bring her husband to dine with me to-morrow, which my coming prevented. I suppose she thought I should be melancholy not to know everything in the world that is not worth knowing[3].

I find that my memory fails in a very novel manner. I moult many of my letters; my words look like Hebrew without points. I do not recover my walking at all. In short, I advance to what I have foretold, that I should have nothing but my inside left, and then I shall be but an odd figure.

Having nothing better to talk of than my ruins, I shall not make my dispatches tedious; it will be trouble enough merely to read them. Adieu.

3004. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1796.

It is almost ridiculous for me to attempt to write with my own hand; my fingers are so maimed they stumble at every long word; my attention dozes, and I have no more imagination left than if I were forcing myself to write a new novel in five volumes. In short, my decay is so sensible to me, that I will not deceive myself, nor expect any further recovery—no change will turn quite round; I must only take care not to let it expose me.

[3] Here in the original follows a quotation of two lines, carefully erased by Walpole.

Letter 3004.—Not in C.

Agnes will give you Lady Charlotte's intelligence from Brighthelm[stone]. Our villages furnish us with nothing but a reconciliation which I conclude will not be much longer-lived than the royal one—it is between Hardinge and his wife: the separation failed for want of a wherewithal for a separate maintenance.

Sir Joseph Banks has carried Lysons to Kew with drawings of all his discoveries at Woodchester[1]. They made great impression, and he is to send patterns of the mosaics for the Queen and Princesses to work.

Aug. 1.

As Agnes has told me that I shall have a letter from you to-morrow, and as I had not a word to add to this, I shall postpone it till then. Your sister has a sweeter Cecilia with her than grows at Hampton.

Tuesday, Aug. 2.

The post is going out, and none is come in, which is a great disappointment; and besides, writing in a hurry, my hand shakes, and I am forced to call for Kirgate. I hoped to hear of all at Goodwood, and flattered myself that I should have better accounts both of you and my dear Duchess—now I am in perfect ignorance of everything. Sir Charles Blagden came to me yesterday, and stays till to-morrow, but he is gone to see Lord Mendip and Pope's. Your sister goes to music at Udney's this evening. I shall be jealous if she has had a letter when I have not, and yet I wish she may have had, that I may be sure no disorder or accident prevented your writing to me as you had promised. I will keep my letter a few minutes longer, though it will be barely in time.

[1] Near Minchinhampton in Gloucestershire. Samuel Lysons took much interest in the Roman remains there, and published an *Account* of them in 1797.

3005. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawb. Hill, Aug. 5, 1796.

As I am not much in your debt for letters, I shall not complain that I have nothing to send you in return. I do this moment receive one from Goodwood, which I am not surprised at your not admiring. The park at Halnaker is pretty, but the old part of the house was, even in my eyes, deplorable, and scarce preferable even to the vile modern part.

I am grieved that you can give me no better an account of my dearest Duchess; still, though slow (and slow indeed it is to me who have it so very much at heart), I am confident she will recover, though I may not be so happy as to see it!

Yes, I will certainly encourage any plan that may be of service to your sister. I am not indifferent to the very few persons on whose affection I depend.

I do not know a tittle that is worth calling for Kirgate to write for me, and as the day is very fine, I am going to be carried down to sit in the garden, which I have literally not been able to do but twice since I came out of town—my pen, you see, can walk a little better—that is all I can boast of. Your bathing, I hope, will be more prosperous. Adieu!

3006. To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1796.

I am going to ask a favour of you, which, as it will be none to you, I will fairly explain to you that you may refuse it if you don't choose to grant it. A person[1] whom I have not seen in near thirty years, and who I believe

Letter 3005.—Not in C.

Letter 3006.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

[1] The Rev. William Pentycross. See also letter to Cole of July 24, 1776.

is now a clergyman, and who I know is a schoolmaster now at Wallingford, was presented to me as a lad of poetical parts. He came to town at Christmas, called in Berkeley Square, when I was much too ill to see anybody, but left such an humble, modest letter, begging much to see me, and to see Strawberry Hill. I promised to see him here in the summer, if I should be well enough, and have accordingly offered him a bed here, and he is to dine and sleep here on Wednesday next. Now I shall certainly be tired of passing a whole day with one I know so little. I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, if you think you can want to consult any of my books here, if you can come and dine and sleep here too. It will really be charity to pay me for mine, and I will be more than ever

Your obliged
Humble servant,
ORFORD.

3007. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1796.

I HAVE just received such a long letter from you of the 6th that if I attempted to answer it with my own hand I should be two days engraving it. Besides, though I like to hear so much from you, I am very averse to your writing much, especially when you are bathing, which I am delighted to hear is of service to you. I like your drawing too, though not just now, as it adds to your being sedentary. I have another strong reason against your writing more than short notes to me; it would curtail your frequent letters to poor dear Agnes, which make her so very happy.

I will reply as briefly as I can to some other points of your letter. I am grieved that my dear Duchess has any

LETTER 3007.—Not in C.

additional pains, and yet flatter myself that eruptions will tend to restore her health: I foretold the same of the Duchess of Gloucester and proved in the right.

When I saw Halnaker House there was a new red-brick apartment that had been run up by the last Earl of Derby that possessed it, but I suppose the D. of R.[1] has pulled it down.

I am glad you have no worse new neighbours than the Pepys's, though, as you and your companion[2] are both so erudite, I shall not wonder if he brings some of his clan to educate under your eyes.

You may be assured that Lady J. does not go to Brighton, nor any of the connection or disconnection. Mrs. Lisle is commissioned to search for a villa for her mistress, which she has not yet found. The Countess drives about in a plain coach without arms. The Pss. told the P. she could not let Mrs. P.[3] wait any more, but might keep her salary; he replied that was impossible; and it is said Miss Colman, the late Maid of Honour, is to succeed as Bedchamber Woman. The *bon mot* in the *Times* was certainly not mine, but perhaps was borrowed from a very ancient one: when Lord Cowper got himself made a titular prince of the empire, he wrote to England to know what place he was to take; I said I could tell him exactly—between Prince Boothby and Count Ellis.

I have little faith in an invasion at present; the unparalleled spirit, activity, and cleverness of our seamen will not tempt the French sailors much to embark; they may attempt to run in a few vessels here and there into open coasts of the three kingdoms, and they do give out that they will try one more campaign against us, *corps à corps*.

Have you heard of single-speech Hamilton's mad will? He bequeathed the landed estate to Lord Egremont, and

[1] The Duke of Richmond. [2] Mrs. Damer.
[3] Mrs. Pelham.

ten thousand pounds to the young Lady Spencer, and then said he was very sorry that both land and money had been entailed by his father, and that he only made the bequest to show his kind disposition towards them.

The Duchess of Devonshire has been in great danger of losing her sight, by catching cold very indiscreetly. They have saved her eyes by almost strangling her with a handkerchief, and forcing all the blood up into her head, and then bleeding her with leeches. This is all I have to tell you but a few words on myself. I take the air every morning in my coach, and sit an hour out upon the lawn, and crawl a little about between two servants, and do think I have gained a grain of strength; nay, last night I took courage and was carried up into Lady Mendip's room, and even played two rubbers at cribbage. I found nobody there but the tribe of Agar (for I had informed myself) and Mr. Williams, and the General and Lady Cecilia: the good General is returned, but much out of order with a low fever and loss of appetite. Most of the neighbourhood is dispersed; the house of Orange (which is nothing to me) are gone to Nuneham, Oxford, and Blenheim; the Murrays to make a visit somewhere for a fortnight; the Mackinzys to Brighton for his rheumatism; and the Darrells to Cheltenham, as usual. Lady Mount brought Madame de Cambis here t'other morning; the young Mounts are upon their mountain. *Dixi.*

3008. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Aug. 16, 1796.

Though I this morning received your Sunday's full letter, it is three o'clock before I have a moment to begin answering it, and must do it myself, for Kirgate is not at

Letter 3008.—Collated with original in British Museum (Add. MSS. 21,555).

home. First came in Mr. Barrett, and then Cosway, who has been for some days at Mr. Udney's with his wife; she is so afflicted for her only little girl, that she shut herself up in her chamber, and would not be seen—the man Cosway does not seem to think that much of the loss belonged to him: he romanced with his usual vivacity. Next arrived Dr. Burney, on his way to Mrs. Boscawen. He asked me about deplorable *Camilla*[1]—alas! I had not recovered of it enough to be loud in its praise. I am glad, however, to hear that she has realized about two thousand pounds—and the worth (no doubt) of as much in honours at Windsor, where she was detained three days, and where even Monr. Darbelay was allowed to dine.

I rejoice at your bathing promising so well. If the beautiful fugitive from Brighthelmston dips too, the waves will be still more salutary:—

Venus, orta Mari, mare praestat cunti.

I like your going to survey castles and houses: it is wholesomer than drawing and writing tomes of letters—which you see I cannot do.

Wednesday, after breakfast.

When I came home from Lady Mendip's last night, I attempted to finish this myself, but my poor fingers were so tired by all the work of the day, that it will require Sir W. Jones's gift of tongues to interpret my pot-hooks. One would think Arabic characters were catching; for Agnes had shown me a volume of their poems[2], finely printed at Cambridge, with a version, which Mr. Douglas had lent to her, and said were very simple, and not in the inflated style of the East—you shall judge—in the first page I opened, I found a storm of lightning

[1] A novel by Mme. d'Arblay.
[2] *Specimens of Arabian Poetry*, by Joseph Dacre Carlyle (1759–1804).

that had burst into a horse-laugh—I resume the thread of my letter. You had not examined Arundel Castle enough, for you do not mention the noble monuments, in alabaster, of the Fitz-Alans, one of whom bragged of having married Adeliza, widow of Henry the First. In good sooth, they were somewhat defaced by Cromwell having mounted his cannon on the roof to batter the castle, of which, when I saw it, he had left little but ruins, and they were choked up by a vile modern brick house, which I know Solomon[3] has pulled down, for he came hither two years ago to consult me about Gothicizing his restoration of the castle. I recommended Mr. Wyat, lest he should copy the Temple of Jerusalem.

So you found a picture of your predecessor[4]! She had had a good figure: but I had rather it had been a portrait of her aunt, Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the *Lock*, of whom I never saw a resemblance. You did not, I suppose, see the giant, who, the very old Duke told me, used to walk among the ruins, but who, to be sure, Duke Solomon has laid in a Red Sea of claret.

There are other splendid seats to be seen within your reach; as Petworth, and Standstead, and Uppark[5]—but I know why I guess that you may even be of parties, more than once, at the last.

As Agnes says she has promised I should give you an account of a visit I have lately had, I will, if I have time, before anybody comes in. It was from a Mr. Pentycross, a clergyman and schoolmaster of Wallingford, of whom I had heard nothing for eight-and-twenty years, and then having only known him as a Blue-coat boy from Kingston:

[3] The Duke of Norfolk; in a painted window in Arundel Castle he was represented as Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba.

[4] Walpole's friend and correspondent Lady Browne, *née* Fermor. He sometimes addresses her as his wife in his letters.

[5] Near Harting in Sussex.

and how that happened, he gave me this account last week. He was born with a poetic impetus, and walked over hither with a copy of verses by no means despicable, which he begged old Margaret to bring up to me. She refused; he supplicated. At last she told him that her master was very learned, and that if he would write something in the learned languages, especially in French, she would present his poem to me. In the meantime she yielded; I saw him, and let her show him the house. I think he sent me an ode or two afterwards, and I never heard his name again till this winter, when I received a letter from him from his place of residence, with high compliments on some of my editions, and beseeching me to give him a print of myself, which I did send to him. In the Christmas holidays he came to town for a few days, and called in Berkeley Square; but it was when I was too ill to see anybody. He then left a most modest and humble letter, only begging that, some time or other, I would give him leave to see Strawberry Hill. I sent him a note by Kirgate, that should he come to town in summer, and I should be well enough, he should certainly see my house. Accordingly, about a fortnight ago, I let him know, that if he could fix any day in this month, I would give him a dinner and a bed. He jumped at the offer, named Wednesday last, and came. However, I considered that to pass a whole day with this unknown being might be rather too much. I got Lysons, the parson, from Putney, to meet him; but it would not have been necessary, for I found my Blue-coat boy grown to a very sensible, rational, learned, and remaining a most modest personage, with an excellent taste for poetry —for he is an enthusiast for Dr. Darwin: but, alas! infinitely too learned for me; for in the evening, upon questioning him about his own vein of poetry, he humbly drew out a paper, with proposition forty-seven of Euclid turned into

Latin verse. I shrunk back and cried, 'Oh, dear Sir, how little you know me! I have forgotten almost the little Latin I knew, and was always so incapable of learning mathematics, that I could not even get by heart the multiplication-table, as blind Professor Sanderson honestly told me, above threescore years ago, when I went to his lectures at Cambridge.' After the first fortnight, he said to me, 'Young man, it would be cheating you to take your money; for you never can learn what I am trying to teach you.' I was exceedingly mortified, and cried; for, being a Prime Minister's son, I had firmly believed all the flattery with which I had been assured that my parts were capable of anything. I paid a private instructor for a year, but, at the year's end, was forced to own Sanderson had been in the right; and here luckily ends, with my paper, my Penticrusade.

3009. To Miss Mary Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24, 1796.

Bathe on, bathe on and wash away all your complaints; the sea air and such an oriental season must cure everything but positive decay and decrepitude. On me they have no more effect than they would have on an Egyptian queen who has been embowelled and preserved in her sycamore *étui* ever since dying was first invented, and people notwithstanding liked to last for ever, though even in a pyramid. In short, Mr. Huitson has teased me so much about jumbling my relics, that I have aired them every morning[1] in the coach for this fortnight; and yet, you see, I cannot write ten lines together! Lady Cecilia lets me call on her at twelve, and take her with me: and

Letter 3009.—Collated with original in possession of Messrs. Pearson & Co.

[1] Kirgate's writing begins here in original.

yet I grow tired of it, and shall not have patience to continue, but shall remain, I believe, in my mummyhood. I begin by giving myself a holiday to-day, in order to answer your letter of the 21st; while Lady Waldegrave, who is with me, and who has brought her eldest son [2], whom, poor soul! she cannot yet bear to call Lord Waldegrave, is gone to the Pavilions. If I continued with my own hand I should not finish this by midnight. Here is a letter for you from Hannah More, unsealed indeed, for chiefly *à mon intention.* Be so good as to tell her how little I am really recovered; but that I will hammer out a few words as fast, that is, as slowly as I can to her, in return.

I am scandalized at the slovenly neglect of the brave chapel of the Fitz-Alans. I thought the longer any peer's genealogy had been spun out, the prouder he was of the most ancient coronets in it; but since Solomon despises the Arundels for not having been Dukes, I suppose he does not acknowledge Adam for a relation; who, though he had a tolerably numerous progeny, his Grace does not allow to have been the patriarch of the Mowbrays and Howards, as the devil did not make Eve a Duchess, though he has made the wives of some other folks so, and may propose to make one more so some time or other.

News I know none; but that Wurmser seems to have put a little spoke into the wheel of the French triumphal car in Italy: and as those banditti have deigned to smile on the Duke of Wirtemberg, I suppose they mean to postpone imposing a heavy contribution on him till he shall have received the fortune of the Princess Royal. Home news: the bower with its three round apertures, whence I call it the *OratOriO*, advances. Lady Englefield dined there yesterday: the sweeter Cecilia is gone, to my sorrow—which

[2] John James Waldegrave (1785–1835), sixth Earl Waldegrave. He succeeded his brother the fifth Earl, who was drowned when at Eton.

does not always happen. The Udneys are gone to Bristol, and so will the post be too if I do not finish incontinently. Adieu!

3010. To Miss Hannah More.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1796.

You are not only the most beneficent, but the most benevolent of human beings. Not content with being a perfect saint yourself, which (forgive me for saying) does not always imply prodigious compassion for others; not satisfied with being the most disinterested, nay, the reverse of all patriots, for you sacrifice your very slender fortune, not to improve it, but to keep the poor honest instead of corrupting them; and you write politics as simply, intelligibly, and unartfully, not as cunningly as you can to mislead. Well, with all these giant virtues, you can find room and time in your heart and occupations for harbouring and exercising what those monkeys of pretensions, the French, invented and called *les petites morales*, which were to supply society with filigrain duties, in the room of all virtues, which they abolished on their road to the adoption of philosophy and atheism. Yes, though for ever busied in exercising services and charities for individuals, or for whole bodies of people, you do not leave a cranny empty into which you can slip a kindness. Your inquiry after me to Miss Berry is so friendly, that I cannot trust solely to her thanking you for your letter, as I am sure she will, having sent it to her as she is bathing in the sea at Bognor Rocks; but I must with infinite gratitude give you a brief account of myself—a very poor one indeed must I give. Condemned as a cripple to my couch for the rest of my days I doubt I am. Though perfectly healed, and even without a scar, my leg is so weakened that I have not recovered the least use of it, nor can move across my chamber unless

lifted up and held by two servants. This constitutes me totally a prisoner. But why should not I be so? What business had I to live to the brink of seventy-nine? And why should one litter the world at that age? Then, I thank God, I have vast blessings; I have preserved my eyes, ears, and teeth; I have no pain left; and I would bet with any dormouse that it cannot outsleep me. And when one can afford to pay for every relief, comfort, or assistance that can be procured at fourscore, dares one complain? Must not one reflect on the thousands of old poor, who are suffering martyrdom, and have none of those alleviations? Oh, my good friend, I must consider myself as at my best; for if I drag on a little longer, can I expect to remain even so tolerably? Nay, does the world present a pleasing scene? Are not the devils escaped out of the swine, and overrunning the earth headlong?

What a theme for meditation, that the excellent humane Louis Seize should have been prevented from saving himself by that monster Drouet[1], and that that execrable wretch should be saved even by those, some of whom one may suppose he meditated to massacre; for at what does a Frenchman stop? But I will quit this shocking subject, and for another reason too: I omitted one of my losses, almost the use of my fingers: they are so lame that I cannot write a dozen lines legibly, but am forced to have recourse to my secretary. I will only reply by a word or two to a question you seem to ask; how I like *Camilla*? I do not care to say how little. Alas! she has reversed experience, which I have long thought reverses its own utility by coming at the wrong end of our life when we do not want it. This author knew the world and penetrated characters

LETTER 3010. — [1] Jean-Baptiste Drouet (1763–1824). As postmaster at Ste. Menehould he had recognized the King when the royal family attempted to leave France.

before she had stepped over the threshold; and, now she has seen so much of it, she has little or no insight at all: perhaps she apprehended having seen too much, and kept the bags of foul air that she brought from the Cave of Tempests too closely tied.

Adieu, thou who mightest be one of the cleverest of women if thou didst not prefer being *one* of the best! And when I say *one* of the best, I have not engaged my vote for the second. Yours most gratefully,

ORFORD.

3011. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 2, 1796.

HABITUATED as I am, Madam, to your Ladyship's kindness, for I will not say how many lustrums, can I be surprised at your repeating marks of it to my last hours, even after I have no longer the power of answering it with my own hand, which I could not do with any limb, unless, like Buckinger, I could write with my stumps. From pain, I thank God, I am free, but in no other respect at all recovered; nor expect to be. I am pinned to my couch, and only move from one side of my room to the other, like a coat-of-arms, by two supporters; and even my motto of *fari quae sentiat*, you see, Madam, I must deliver by a herald.

I will say no more of myself, but to apply part of what I have said to Lord Holland's much too flattering mention of me. While I do remain here, I shall be happy to be of any use to him: a superannuated invalid would be a very unfit correspondent for a young man of his genius; though I shall be most ready to answer any questions he pleases to ask me, or to give him any information I can about past times, as far as my memory will let me, though much decay

there must have accompanied my other defects at seventy-nine, though love of babbling at that age is not a common failure, nor, I fear, one of mine. Old men are apt to think that the moment at which they entered into the great world was the brightest and most agreeable period possible, and that everything has declined as their contemporaries have gone off. I have not contracted that opinion, for, though the names Lord Holland has found amongst his papers were those of shining men, I have lived to see more marvellous talents of an earlier age, though the felicity of those times makes me prefer the recollection of them to the present.

Our harvests have been gorgeous, Madam, indeed; even our farmers acknowledge it—the least they could do to compensate for the scarcity they proclaimed last year, and in part, I believe, only feigned. I wish plenty may be followed by peace: *I* am particularly, at this moment, lamenting one consequence of the war, not from weapons, but by the yellow fever of the West Indies, which has carried off a most meritorious nephew of mine, George Churchill[1]. He was a major-general, and so very spirited and brave a young man, that every letter which during his campaigns was loud in his praise, frequently drew tears of joy from his father. I had flattered myself, from his aptitude and ability in his profession, that he would prove a second immortal Churchill: alas! immortality has a sad chance in a bad climate! This reflection has persuaded me to be of the opinion of those who have supposed that America was a very juvenile continent when first discovered. I never heard that Jamaica bragged of having produced patriarchs, Methusalems, Nestors, or Old Parrs.

Letter 3011.—[1] This was a false report.

3012. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 17, 1796.

I am exceedingly obliged by your Ladyship's congratulation on the supposed safety of my nephew; but alas! I am far from being convinced of it myself, nor am I yet certain that his poor parents are satisfied of it.

I will assuredly, Madam, give what answers I can to Lord Holland's questions, when I have had a little time to recollect myself; but on reading them over, I fear my replies will be very imperfect, for on opening the old cupboard of my memory, I perceived its contents were sadly confused; and there is even one person inquired after, a Mr. Wigan, whose person, or even name, I do not recollect, nor ever to have heard of his poetry; but I will scrape together what remnants of recollection I can, and endeavour not to remember too minutely, as old folks are apt to do, what passed in their earlier days, not because the circumstances were worth being preserved, but because they had happened in *their* time. However, as I can only dictate my remembrances, it will check my garrulity a little. Mercy on Lord Holland, if I were to answer him by word of mouth, for every trifling fact in ancient memories touches the chord of some other, and produces a genealogy of gossiping!

3013. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1796.

I return your Ladyship, with many thanks, Lord Holland's pretty, easy verses, but am sorry he has turned his talent to Greek poetry, of which, if honoured with a sight, I should not understand a line, having forgotten my Greek

these forty years. The conclusion to the lady is extremely *genteel*, and there is great ingenuity in rhyming the absurd whims of the Florentine philosopher. I look upon paradoxes as the impotent efforts of men, who, not having capacity to draw attention and celebrity by good sense, fly to eccentricities to make themselves pointed out. It was the delirium of J. J. Rousseau, who possessing a superiority of genius that might have carried common sense to its highest perfection, often distorted by contradicting it, and wasted on tricks and *charlatanerie* meditations that might have led to the noblest discoveries. While we do know so little, have cause to wish to know so much, and have the calamity of acquiescing in so many errors that might perhaps be exploded to the comfort of mankind, I do not think we are arrived at that period of the world when science and knowledge have nothing better to do than to discover, alter, and correct the regular order of creation, and the mechanism and habits of the universe and its elements.

Now, Madam, with regard to Lord Holland's commissions. Fortunately I have had a visit from Lord Macartney, and have transmitted through him my excuses to Lord Holland, not only for delaying to answer his queries, but in reality to beg he will dispense with my answering them in writing. Listen to my case, Madam: when I came to rummage in the old chest of my memory, I found it so full of rubbish that when I came to set down the contents, some of which were imperfect remnants, I grew ashamed, and found I should be writing an *Atalantis*; and though I should, like Brantôme, protest that all my heroines were *très dignes et très vertueuses princesses*, I should nevertheless be forming a *chronique scandaleuse*, and not a very delicate one, were I to answer to all the queries which relate to a principal performer, Lord Hervey. Still *his* history (*with whom* and with much of which I was well acquainted) was so curious,

that I begged Lord Macartney to tell Lord Holland, that if when I go to town he will honour me with his company for half an hour (out of decency I must not mention a longer space of time, though there is no trusting to an old gossip cock or hen, if you tap their bag of ancient tales) I will satisfy his curiosity as briefly as I can contrive to do, and without a tittle of invention, which at seventy-nine I assure him I do not possess. His and your Ladyship's most obedient, &c.

3014. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Tuesday night, Nov. 6, 1796.

Lord Orford was struck last Thursday night by the intense cold, which first flung him into a violent vomiting, and then gave him great pain in both legs, which turned into an inflammation the next day in the right leg, and seemed tending to an abscess like that he had in the other leg last year. In this state he was brought to town on Friday last, with scarce the sound of a voice, and where he is now lying on a couch in a state of weakness and age, that keeps him from seeing anybody, and makes him incapable of conversing on any subjects, public or private.

. . . . . .

All I can possibly do now, Madam, is to tell your Ladyship, for the information of Mr. Watts, that Mr. Gough's second volume of *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain* is come out within these very few days. He had sent it to me, and I found it on my table, and it is the most stupendous and largest volume, I believe, ever seen on this side of Brobdingnag, and crammed with prints of all the brasses of the sons of Anak. In vol. ii. p. 309 begins a minute account in that and several subsequent pages, of the tombs of the Percys in Beverley Minster, with quotations from the Bishop of Dromore, as I foretold. My surgeon flatters me that by

fumigations, and the measures he has used, I am likely to escape a wound in my leg.

Well, it may be so; but your Ladyship must give me a little time, and let me retire for rest into a closet in my coffin.

3015. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 13, 1796.

I have very few leaves left, indeed, Madam, and feel how fast they fall! Your Ladyship's remembrance of the perishing old trunk still, I see with gratitude, hangs upon it and honours it like a trophy, when a severe new blast has sadly shaken it! I had loved the Duchess of Richmond most affectionately from the moment I first knew her, when she was but five years old; her sweet temper and unalterable good nature had made her retain a friendship for and confidence in me that was more steady than I ever found in any other person to whom I have been the most attached. It is a heavy blow! I had flattered myself the last time I saw her five months ago, for she came to me twice when I was so extremely ill last winter in town, that she would recover. She has languished ever since, suffered terribly, as much as could be discovered under her invincible patience and silence; but she is gone, and I am still here, though above twenty years older[1]!

The Duke, who is exceedingly afflicted, and retains all her servants, and pensioned them all for their lives, has sent me, as the dear soul had desired him, one of her own rings.

Letter 3015.—[1] The death of the Duchess is thus mentioned in *Gent. Mag.* 1796, pt. ii. p. 970:—'Nov. 1. At Goodwood, Sussex, Mary, Duchess of Richmond; a woman whom neither titles could dazzle nor pains depress; who bore her honours so modestly upon her, that, while her dignity enforced respect, her gentleness inspired love. Though nursed in all the luxury and splendour which rank and opulence could procure, and gratified with every object of human avidity and ambition, she never forgot the hand of Heaven whence she received them.'

I can never put it on my swelled fingers, but I will for ever carry it about me, while there is any *for ever for me*!

Forgive me, my dear Lady, for not being able to restrain this gush of grief when my heart was full, and you put the pen into my hand. Though so painful to me to write, I could not have the patience to dictate—but I must take another day before I can finish.

Monday, 14th.

I am come to town to-day, Madam, for two days, to see Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer, who are returned from their afflicting attendance on the poor dear Duchess to the last; her sister was the only person she knew in those sad moments. But I will say no more; it is not generous to return your Ladyship's kindness by venting my sorrows on you, who cannot be interested in them.

As you mention Lord Holland, I have heard that he is going to live in Holland House, and to new-furnish it, on which occasion I was desired to beg Lord Ossory to tell him that Mr. Samuel Lysons is having beautiful carpets made of very large dimensions from the Roman pavements, which he has lately discovered in Gloucestershire, and of which, by their own orders, he has carried drawings to the Queen and Princesses, and which I should think would be handsome ornaments for the spacious rooms at Holland House.

I cannot say that I admire Mr. Burke's pamphlet[2] so much as I expected, especially as I agree with him in not liking our homage to the Pandemonium. Parts to me are very obscure: the justice done to the character and firmness of King William is noble, but not a little damaged and contradicted in the sequel, by telling the Directory that perseverance must succeed, and that a great country can never want resources. If they take those hints, I hope they will find that he is no prophet on all sides.

[2] *Thoughts on the Prospect of a Peace with the Regicide Directory.*

For my part I know nothing, but have made one remark as a great novelty in the present times; there is both a King and a Queen dead [3] without being murdered.

3016. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 20, 1796.

Oh, Madam, you remember that I have been an antiquary, but you forget that I am a superannuated one, on the verge of fourscore, and that now I know no more of what people did, and what garb they wore five hundred years ago, than if I had lived in their time, or were acquainted with the modes in vogue at present. If I had the impudence of an oracle, or could coin equivocal answers extempore, I might expound Gothic rebuses at Beverley: but alack! Madam, I have lost my craft, and cannot even recollect why King Stephen rated his Chamberlain for charging him all too dear for a new pair of hosen[1]. You may judge how unfit I am grown to solve ancient symbols; for three days ago I received a portly quarto inscribed *History of Kingston on Hull*, and little did I conceive that it meant the town of Hull and not of my little neighbour Kingston.

In short, my dear Madam, I am very sorry for being so unable to assist your Ladyship's friend's friend in deciphering the queries on which he does me the honour of consulting me about the Minster at Beverley; but I will put him as well as I can into the way of getting some information. I know nothing of the conjunction between the Percys and the Hothams, but I dare to say that Dr. Percy, the present Bishop of Dromore, who has taken true pains to adopt

[3] Juliana Maria, Queen Dowager of Denmark (d. Oct. 10), and Victor Amadeus, King of Savoy (d. Oct. 16).

Letter 3016.—[1] 'King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.'—*Othello*, ii. 3.

himself into the line of the former, can tell exactly when they conjoined; and what form of shoes the majesties of those times wore will probably be to be known before Christmas, for Mr. Gough is at the eve of publishing his second volume of *British Monuments*, wherein probably will be displayed figures of all the parts of all ancient royal wardrobes.

You see, Madam, that it is not from idleness, but from real ignorance, that I give your Ladyship's friend such poor information: having outlived my vocation, I can furnish nothing but its ashes.

Give me leave to correct a blunder I made in my last; I mentioned *carpets* made from Mr. Lysons's mosaic pavements; I ought to have said *oil-cloths*, which cost a great deal less.

3017. To Richard Gough.

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, Dec. 5, 1796.

Being struck with the extreme cold of last week, it has brought a violent gouty inflammation into one of my legs, and I was forced to be instantly brought to town very ill. As soon as I was a little recovered, I found here your most magnificent present of the second volume of *Sepulchral Monuments*, the most splendid work I ever saw, and which I congratulate myself on having lived long enough to see. Indeed, I congratulate my country on its appearance exactly at so illustrious a moment, when the patriotism and zeal of London have exhibited so astonishing marks of their opulence and attachment to the constitution, by a voluntary subscription of seventeen millions of money in three days. Your book, Sir, appearing at that very instant, will be a monument of a fact so unexampled in history; the treasure of fine prints with which it is bestowed well becomes such a production and such a work, the expense of which becomes

it too. I am impatient to be able to sit up and examine it more, and am sure my gratitude will increase in proportion. As soon as I shall receive the complete sheets, I will have the whole work bound in the most superb manner that can be: and though, being so infirm now, and just entered into my eightieth year, I am not likely to wait on you, and thank you, I shall be happy to have an opportunity, whenever you come this way, of telling you in person how much I am charmed with so splendid a monument of British glories, and which will be so proud an ornament to the libraries of any nation.

3018. To Miss Mary Berry.

Berkeley Square, Wednesday morning [Dec. 1796].

Though I thank you for letting me hear so often, your last night's letter by the penny post was most uncomfortable. You had not grown better, as I hoped and expected. The weather is grown so much softer to-day that I trust you will recover faster, but pray take notice and remember that you are too delicate to run any risks: your going out of town with such a cold was rash indeed! My horses shall certainly be with you on Friday night. I have seen nobody yet to-day. Last night I had Mrs. D. and my sister, and G. Nicol, and Cosway, whose *glibity* was very entertaining. He told us that the late Duke of Orléans had told *him* that his object was to make his son, the Duke of Chartres, king; and he said that Monsieur de Vergennes, the day after signing the commercial treaty with us, had said to him (still to him, Cosway) that he (Vergennes) must have been drunk when he signed a treaty so favourable to England —such blabs were the French!

My kin have at last had a letter from their son, George

Letter 3018.—Not in C.

Churchill, in Jamaica, who is perfectly well, and who even does not mention having been otherwise, whence they conclude some previous letter must have miscarried. Adieu, unless I hear anything before the post goes out.

3019. To Miss Mary Berry.

Thursday, December 15, past noon, 1796.

I had no account of you at all yesterday, but in Mrs. Damer's letter, which was rather better than the preceding; nor have I had any letter before post to-day, as you promised me in hers. I had, indeed, a humorous letter from a puss [1] that is about your house, which is more comfortable; as I think she would not have written cheerfully if you had not been in a good way. I would answer it, but I am grown a dull old tabby, and have no 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles' left; but I shall be glad to see her when she follows you to town, which I earnestly hope will not pass Saturday. My horses will be with you on Friday night.

The House of Commons sat till half an hour after three this morning, on Mr. Pitt's loan to the Emperor; when it was approved by a majority of above two hundred. Mr. Fox was more temperate than was expected; Mr. Grey [2] did not speak; Mr. Sheridan was very entertaining: several were convinced and voted for Mr. Pitt, who had gone down determined against it. The Prince came to town t'other day ill, was blooded twice, but has now a strong eruption upon his skin, which will probably be of great service to him. Sir Charles Blagden has been with the Duchess of Devonshire, and found her much better than he expected.

Letter 3019.—[1] This was written by Miss Seton, in the name of a kitten at Little Strawberry Hill, with whose gambols Lord Orford had been much amused.—*Berry.*

[2] Charles, son of Sir Charles (afterwards first Earl) Grey, whom he succeeded in 1807. The younger Charles Grey entered Parliament in 1784 as member for Northumberland. He was Prime Minister, 1830–4.

Her look is little altered: she suffers but little, and finds herself benefited by being electrified.

I have received a compliment to-day very little expected by a superannuated old Etonian. Two tickets from the gentlemen of Westminster School, for their play on Monday next. I excused myself as civilly and respectfully as I could, on my utter impossibility of attending them. Adieu! I hope this will be the last letter I shall write before I see you [3].

3020. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 4, 1797.

Well, Madam, little as I expected it would happen, the French have seriously intended to invade *us* [1], or rather *you* [2], but so clumsily, that we may rejoice at the experiment; and had we had a little more luck, we might have captured half their expedition, and may still hear of their having lost many of their ships. Seven had nearly fallen into the mouth of Colpoys [3], but were saved by a fog; those

[3] 'Very soon after the date of the above letter, the gout, the attacks of which were every day becoming more frequent and longer, made those with whom Lord Orford had been living at Strawberry Hill very anxious that he should remove to Berkeley Square, to be nearer assistance, in case of any sudden seizure. As his correspondents, soon after his removal, were likewise established in London, no more letters passed between them. When not immediately suffering from pain, his mind was tranquil and cheerful. He was still capable of being amused and of taking some part in conversation; but, during the last weeks of his life, when fever was superadded to his other ills, his mind became subject to the cruel hallucination of supposing himself neglected and abandoned by the only persons to whom his memory clung, and whom he always desired to see. In vain they recalled to his recollection how recently they had left him and how short had been their absence: it satisfied him for the moment, but the same idea recurred as soon as he had lost sight of them. At last, nature, sinking under the exhaustion of weakness, obliterated all ideas but those of mere existence, which ended, without a struggle, on the 2nd of March, 1797.—*M. B.*'

Letter 3020.—[1] A French expedition was sent against Ireland in December.

[2] Alluding to Lord Ossory's Irish property.

[3] Vice-Admiral (afterwards Admiral) John Colpoys (d. 1821).

that lay for three days in Bantry Bay took a sudden panic and fled, as if they had just recollected that no venomous creature can live in Ireland. Indeed, whatever invitation they might have received, they were received very inhospitably, not a single crew of a ship was asked to land and drink a glass of whisky, but the whole country was ready to rise and knock their brains out. Those that retired were pursued by two violent storms, and have probably suffered like a mightier Armada. It is supposed that this disappointed invasion was one motive to the interruption of the pacification, though so wretchedly equipped, and so little consonant to the poverty of which they have talked so much lately, and which has made me recollect an expression which my father used on the mobs which were raised by the distillers against his Excise Bill, whom he called *sturdy beggars*, words re-echoed in a thousand libels.

Another motive for the dismission of Lord Malmesbury, is supposed to be the death of Catherine Slay-Czar; but even that does not seem to promise much favour to the regicides, for the new Emperor[4] has already sent a gracious message by Simonin to Louis XVIII, though not very partial to his mother, since he has buried her by his father's side, as if to recall the memory of his murder. Queen Elizabeth had the sense not to vindicate Anne Boleyn.

So much for big politics: I am in your Ladyship's debt for your last inquiries after me: I am quite out of pain, and full as well as I am ever likely to be; walk again I never shall, but my invulnerable stomach, my pulse that beats the tattoo as strongly and regularly as a young soldier, and the governor of my citadel, I mean my Sergeant-Surgeon Mr. Huitson, who watches me incessantly, has

[4] The Emperor Paul, d. 1801.

removed the inflammation from my leg, and I may last a little longer—if to see France humbled, I shall be glad. I have great faith in our Neptune, Lord Spencer[5], but even if he should destroy the French marine, I shall dread our making a scandalous peace, like those of Utrecht and Paris.

3021. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

My dear Madam, Jan. 15, 1797.

You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honour me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say; I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything, and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family, and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, Madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate?

Oh, my good Madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with

[5] First Lord of the Admiralty.

a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shop-boards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then, pray, Madam, accept the resignation of your

Ancient servant,

ORFORD.

APPENDIX

3022. To Mrs. Abington.

Mr. Walpole cannot express how much he is mortified that he cannot accept of Mrs. Abington's obliging invitation, as he had engaged company to dine with him on Sunday at Strawberry Hill, whom he would put off, if not foreigners who are leaving England. Mr. Walpole hopes, however, that this accident will not prevent an acquaintance which his admiration of Mrs. Abington's genius has made him long desire; and which he hopes to cultivate at Strawberry Hill, when her leisure will give him leave to trouble her with an invitation.

3023. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir,

I wish you would be so good as to give five guineas for me (but without my name) to the subscription for the French prisoners, which I see by the enclosed advertisement has taken place; and put it into the next account.

It is at Mr. Biddulph's, banker, at Charing Cross.

Yours ever,

H. W.

3024. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12.

The next time you go that way, be so good as to drop two guineas for me, but not in my name, according to the enclosed advertisement.

I hope your gout is quite gone off. Yours ever,

H. W.

3025. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Oct. 29.

As you go into the City, I will be obliged to you if you will give two guineas for me at the Poultry, but it must be ordered to be laid out only for the comfort of the sick prisoners, according to this enclosed advertisement.

Yours, &c.,
H. W.

3026. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir,

I wish that any morning as you go into the City, you would take the trouble of calling at the Poultry Compter. The poor people there have advertised several times to beg money to pay their fees of discharge. I would give them two guineas towards it if I could be sure it would be honestly employed for them, and will beg you, if you find that possible, to advance it.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

3027. To Grosvenor Bedford.

As soon as ever you receive the enclosed advertisement, pray carry it yourself to G. Woodfall, printer, next Craig's Court, Charing Cross, and have it put into the *Public Advertiser* of to-morrow. Be so good not to mention it to any mortal, and take care he does not know you nor suspect that you are a friend of mine. If he makes any scruple of inserting the last words, offer him more money, and if he will not, propose to change *scandalous* into *abusive*,

and then I think he will have no exception. I will explain all this to you when I see you. Yours, &c.,

H. W.

3028. To the Miss Berrys.

Mes très chères Fraises, Saturday.

As the honeymoon is not over, I hope you will come to me again to-morrow evening, and that our papa will not be sleepy so very early.

Your most affectionate
And *doubly* constant husband,
H. W.

3029. To Lady Browne.

I am much obliged to your Ladyship, and certainly could not take anything ill that was accident, but I own I never suffered more uneasiness in my life. I was in pain and not well; the heat of the evening, the fatigue of playing so long at whist, and with three persons I had never spoken to in my life, and the lameness of my hand, made me ready to faint, and I went home in a fever, and got no sleep for some hours. But I beg your Ladyship will never name it to Lady Egremont, who was extremely civil and obliging; but I will take care never to be in such a scrape again, which was too much for my weakness. I will certainly call on your Ladyship on Monday—I suppose by half an hour after six.

3030. To Lady Browne.

I returned yesterday, Madam, but am still troubled with the rheumatism at night, and made it worse by going to

Letter 3028.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Sir T. V. Lister, K.C.M.G.

Letter 3030.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

Mrs. Keppel's. As I do not design to stir out to-day, if your Ladyship goes out to air this morning, I should be happy if it was this way, and shall hope to see you much better.

3031. To Lady Browne.

Your Ladyship is exceedingly kind in all your different attentions. I am indeed very low, for these frequent attacks shake my nerves so much, that every fit, great or small, makes them worse; and they come so often, that I have not time to recover; but nobody is to be pitied in comparison to Mrs. Stapleton; nor has anybody deserved misfortune and ill-usage so little. I hope she will wrap herself up in her own virtues, and do, what never was so justifiable, think only of herself. I beg, if you see her, your Ladyship will tell her how very high my regard for her is. I hope she has friends in her own family who will know how to value her—the Grenvilles did not deserve her.

3032. To Lady Browne.

As the Pococks will not be at home this evening, Madam, and Lady Margaret goes to Twickenham Park, you would like perhaps to go thither too, and I should be too many; I will, therefore, defer waiting on your Ladyship to-night, and go with you to the Pococks or to the Duchess of Montrose to-morrow, which you please, if you are not engaged; but send me word what you choose of all.

Letter 3032. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Messrs. Pearson & Co.

3033. To Dr. Burney.

Lord Orford is very sorry he was too ill to see Dr. Burney when he was so obliging as to call, but being a little recovered, shall be very glad to see Dr. Burney whenever he has half an hour to spare.

3034. To Lady Mary Coke.

Sure, dear Madam, I deserve no thanks for not listening to idle stories! My regard for you is too well founded to be shaken by tittle-tattle; yet if it deserves your notice I am perfectly happy. I should be glad at any time to contribute to any reconcilement; but depend upon it, I shall never take part in anything that gives you uneasiness. I am but this instant come to town, or should have thanked your Ladyship sooner.

3035. To Lady Mary Coke.

Thank you, Madam, for the sight of the enclosed. There are very pretty lines, and the tune of the churchyard is well imitated, but it wants correction; there are some very unpoetic lines in it, others full of monosyllables, and two or three times an *e* open before a vowel, which sounds harsh. 'Zenith-height' is very inharmonious, and the conclusion is flat. Upon the whole there is poetry enough to make me think the author is capable of making it better. I think you like I should tell you my opinion freely, rather

Letter 3033. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Mrs. Chappel.

Letter 3034.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxiii.

Letter 3035.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. xxiv.

than commend whether I approve or not. Your Ladyship is the only thing I approve without reserve.

3036. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill.

You are good for nothing; you have no engagement, you have no principles; and all this I am not afraid to tell you, as you have left your sword behind you. If you take it ill, I have given my nephew, who brings your sword, a letter of attorney to fight you for me; I shall certainly not see you: my Lady Waldegrave goes to town on Friday, but I remain here. You lose Lady Anne Connolly and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day upon a few loaves and three small fishes. I should have been glad if you would have breakfasted here on Friday on your way; but as I lie in bed rather longer than the lark, I fear our hours would not suit one another. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

3037. To John Cowslade.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 16.

I enclose [a] ticket with pleasure because I love to obey you, and I do not fill up the blank, that you may fix what day you please. I must only beg it may not be next Monday, when I am to have a good deal of company, nor on the 24th, when I am to have people on business.

Can you tell me anything of Mr. Chute, I mean that he is well? He promised to come hither this month, and

Letter 3037.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, U.S.A.).

though it is not elapsed, I am a little afraid of his having the gout, as he sent me some game without a line, and I have not heard a word of him for above a fortnight, which would not surprise me at any other time. If I knew when he would be here, I know what I should ask. If you know, cannot you ask the favour I should ask? in short, with him or without him your company will be always most acceptable to,

Dear Sir,
Your obedient
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

3038. To HENRY FOX.

Saturday night.

I SEND you an expeditious answer, that you may lose no time in other applications. It is out of my power to serve you and Lady Caroline, zealously as I wish for both. I am earnestly suing myself for another person, at present with very small hopes, and with not much better hereafter. It will, perhaps, surprise you, but I literally have not yet obtained a single ticket for any person. I was too modest at first with my own particular friends, knowing how they would be tormented, and the consequence has been literally as I tell you. I write in so uneasy a posture that you will excuse my saying more than that I wish you better interest than that of,

Yours ever,
H. W.

LETTER 3038.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

3039. To Earl Harcourt.

My good Lord, Saturday night.

May I take the liberty of asking a favour of you, provided you will refuse without the least difficulty? It is to beg a ticket for Westminster Hall on Monday next—not for myself, the Lord knows, who go into no crowds, but for a young lady, for whom I am much interested. Most probably your Lordship's tickets are all engaged, but I could not refuse to solicit for her, and I flatter myself your Lordship will excuse it, with your usual indulgence to your Lordship's

Most obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

I have written very bad English, for I have said the Lord goes into no crowds, which, though divines say so, I hope is not true.

3040. To George Hardinge.

I shall be very glad of your company at dinner on Wednesday, dear Sir; but for the key of the Park, I do not believe it is to be obtained. The Duke, I think, gives none, at least I remember hearing a great deal that I forget about it when he was in England; and, I dare to say, Mrs. Keppel nor any one here has power to give a key; but I will inquire. I am happy to hear Mrs. Hardinge is better; and, if she is at Twickenham, I shall be glad of the honour of her company too.

H. Walpole.

Letter 3040.—Not in C.; reprinted from Nichols's *Illustrations of Literary History*, vol. iii. p. 215.

3041. To George Hardinge.

Dear Sir,

I am now with Lady Di, who is ill from great distress by a misfortune relative to her family. If you could come hither for ten minutes, you would do a great act of charity, as you can perhaps give her some advice, which I cannot do. It is not a point of law, but compassion; and yet I know not how to put her into a way of doing any good. I send you my own chaise, because it is ready; and it shall carry you back directly. You will oblige Lady Di extremely, as well as yours ever,

H. Walpole.

3042. To George Hardinge.

Dear Sir, Monday morning.

I think you go this morning to Lady Di's. Be so good as to carry the enclosed, and deliver it when Mr. B. is not present, which I suppose he will not be. I will trouble you too to leave her answer here as you return.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

3043. To Viscount Nuneham.

Lord Nuneham is very cross. The first of all rules is to do as we would be done by. I wish the second was as well established, that we should do as others would do by us—and then as Mr. Walpole would disengage himself to wait on Lord N., Lord Nuneham *would ought* to disengage himself to dine at Strawberry Hill next Saturday. All

Letter 3041.—Not in C.; reprinted from Nichols's *Illustrations of Literary History*, vol. iii. p. 217.

Letter 3042.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of the editor.

Letter 3043.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Harcourt Papers*, vol. viii. p. 93.

one knows is that Lady Nuneham is goodness itself, and has a wicked husband who does not deserve her. However, I trust some day or other she will return home time enough (not on Saturday) to find him with Countess Alfieri [1], and to learn that he had passed the morning with the postilion's wife.

So prays
Your honour's
Poor beadsman,
H. W.

3044. To William Parsons.

Mr. Walpole is afraid of thanking Mr. Parsons as he ought for his kind compliments lest he should seem to accept them as due, when he is conscious of deserving more blame than praise; and though he obeys Mr. Parsons's command in sending him his tragedy, and begs his pardon for his mistake and the trouble it has occasioned, he is unwilling to part with a copy without protesting against his own want of judgement in selecting so disgusting a subject, the absurdity of which he believes makes many faults of which he is sensible in the execution overlooked.

3045. To Dr. Percy.

Mr. Walpole sends his best compliments to Dr. Percy, and gives him a thousand thanks for the valuable book [1] he has received from him, and for which Mr. W. begs Dr. Percy will be so kind as to make his acknowledgements to the Duke of Northumberland.

[1] Alfieri never married; this is probably an allusion to Lady Ligonier. See note 4 on letter to Selwyn of Sept. 9, 1771.

Letter 3044.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 10, 1863.

Letter 3045.—Not in C.; now printed from original in the British Museum.

[1] Probably the *Northumberland Household Book.*

Mr. W. takes the liberty of troubling Dr. Percy with a very inadequate return, the enclosed pieces; one of which he is begged to accept, and to have the goodness of offering the other to his Grace in Mr. Walpole's name.

3046. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Thursday night.

I have not only been so very ill that I could not see anybody, but so weak that I could not have spoken to them if I had. I am a little better to-day, and shall be happy to see you to-morrow at one or two. I don't name the evening, because I know you do not go out early enough for me; but I hope the worst is over, and that in a few days I shall have recovered a little strength. I give you a thousand thanks for all your kindness.

3047. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir,

As I have more gout to-day, and am not able to stir out of my bedchamber, which is up two pair of stairs, and where it is not proper to receive her, I must decline the honour you flattered me with, of seeing Lady Holland, till I can get downstairs again; but I hope that will not hinder you from calling on me whenever you have nothing better to do.

Yours, &c.,
H. W.

Letter 3046.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison).

Letter 3047.—Not in C.; reprinted from *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, vol. iii. p. 39.

3048. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir,

Do send me the third volume of Rousseau; take care, for a few leaves of this second are loose. I am this instant going to Strawberry Hill; I don't know how to ask you to go and dine there, but if you should like it, I will bring you back as soon as we have dined.

Yours, &c.,
H. Walpole.

3049. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Lady Caroline Howard[1], la Signorina Fagniani, and Miss in the lodging, or any other three ladies, are very welcome to see Strawberry Hill any morning this week; but Mr. Selwyn is not, as he has not made a visit there in form to the seneschal of the castle, since he resided at Richmond.

Your Honour[2],

My master is going to town this evening, and will not be back till Thursday, from your Honour's

Most obedient
To command,
Margaret Young.

Pray be secret.

Letter 3048.—Not in C.; now first printed (original in possession of Mr. J. F. Rotton).

Letter 3049.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Mr. John W. Ford.

[1] Eldest daughter of fifth Earl of Carlisle; m. (1789) John Campbell, of Stacpole Court, Pembrokeshire, afterwards first Baron Cawdor.

[2] This part of the letter is written by Walpole in a feigned hand. Margaret Young was his housekeeper.

3050. To George Augustus Selwyn.

I send you the key of the square, which you will keep as long as you please. What do I owe you for the basket of provisions?

Last night I saw a proof piece of seven-shilling pieces struck in 1776. I know they were not uttered, but could you get me one from the Mint? I had much rather be obliged to you than to my dear nephew the Master.

Yours, &c.

3051. To Countess Talbot.

Mr. Walpole came to have the honour of waiting on Lady Talbot, and to thank her Ladyship a thousand times for the sight of this curious book, which he would not detain at all. It has many valuable and rare prints in it, and four or five that he never saw.

3052. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Tuesday night.

I was excessively mortified, Madam, when I found I had kept your Ladyship so inconveniently from going to Lady Ravensworth's. Indeed, by Lord Palmerston's staying, I had concluded you were not going out, and having seen so very little of you this year, I was glad to indulge myself. I am sure you are good enough to excuse so involuntary a fault.

Letter 3050.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, vol. iv. p. 317.

Letter 3051.—Not in C.; reprinted from Granger's *Correspondence* (1805), pp. 404-5. This letter was copied by D. H. Roberts in a letter addressed by him to Granger.

Letter 3052.—This and the following letter have hitherto been printed as part of letter of Nov. 18, 1777. (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 15, 1900.)

Your purse is so pretty, that I should like it, if it had no superior merit; it has no rival in my estimation but another work of the same fingers, your Ladyship's kind note. When written to such a decrepit skeleton, I should think it mere charity, had you not always been too partial to me. Still it is pleasant, when one has outlived oneself, not to have survived the kindness of one's friends; and I will not think that age and pain are terrible evils, when they have neither shaken your friendship, Madam, nor weakened my memory of the gratitude I owe you.

3053. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

If it is possible that Madame d'Andelot[1] should know that there is such an antediluvian as I remaining, why would not your Ladyship be so good as to say that Strulbrugs are dispensed with from making visits? If I must, I must: so the first dark night, I will order my coffin and pair, and *appear* to her.

I want to ask when your Ladyship will do me the honour to dine in my burying-ground; but till I have been at the Princess's[2] to-night, I do not know when I shall be at liberty to take up my bed and walk. I wish it might be this day sennight, but I will send to your Ladyship to-morrow morning and settle it.

3054. To Joseph Cooper Walker.

Lord Orford did receive the favour of Mr. Walker's letter from Rome, and did answer it to Paris. He now sends Mr. Walker a ticket as desired, and is very sorry he

Letter 3053. — [1] Probably the Comtesse d'Andlau.
[2] The Princess Amelia.

Letter 3054. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Dr. H. J. Scott.

shall not be at home himself, as he is going to General Conway's for some days; nor could give the ticket for sooner than Tuesday, Sunday and Monday being already engaged; and Mr. Walker will see by the rules how strictly Lord O. is forced to adhere to them.

3055. To ———.

Dear Sir,

I return you Mr. Hall's verses, which I was forced to take into the country with me, as I had not time to read them over carefully in town. They entertained me extremely, as Mr. Hall's works always do. He has a vast deal of original humour and wit, and nobody admires him more than I do. I should wish he would change the words *Strawberry Hill* for the title of any convent or abbey, because it would send a great many impertinent people to inquire after the supposed MS., and I am so tired with curious fools, that I should be seriously sorry to be troubled with more. They would really believe I had some old MSS. and would want to see them—and I should be forced to deny it, which would look as if I disavowed a knowledge of the poems, and that would have an air of disliking the works of an author for whom I have so much regard and esteem. I beg you will assure Mr. Hall how much I think myself honoured by his notice and communication: if all authors had as much parts and good sense as he has, I should not be so sick of them as I am. My own follies have drawn them upon me, or what is worse, to me; and as I wish to be quiet, and no more in question, it will be a real obligation, if he will be so good as to omit Strawberry Hill, where his works will always be most welcome, and whither I am sure

Letter 3055.—Not in C.; printed from original in possession of Messrs. Maggs Bros.

he would be sorry to send me fools he justly despises. I am, dear Sir, Yours most sincerely,

H. Walpole.

P.S. I hope your leg is better, and that you take more care of it.

3056. To the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

The Earl of ——, not presuming on having any claim to ask any favour of the Lords Commissioners, nor trespassing so far, hopes their Lordships will not think he takes too great a liberty in this address: but having been requested to give an attestation to the character and merit of a very worthy clergyman, who is a suitor to their Lordships for the vacant living of ——, Lord —— cannot help bearing his testimony to the deserts of ——, whose virtues, great learning, and abilities, make him worthy of preferment, which are inducements with Lord —— to join his mite to these far more interesting recommendations, which he hopes will plead his pardon with their Lordships for troubling them by this intrusion.

3057. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir,

Dr. King has brought me this print for you. If you wish to thank him, he lives at this end of Berkeley Street close to the gateway into the stable yard.

Yours, &c.,

H. Walpole.

Letter 3056.—Not in C.; reprinted from *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. pp. 279–80.

Letter 3057.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. Alexander Denham & Co.

3058. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Rigby tells me you have promised to dine with him to-morrow; as you are a sort of man not to be depended upon, I am not much surprised, but will you come on Tuesday? Yours, &c.,

H. Walpole.

3059. To Thomas Astle.

Dear Sir, Saturday night, Jan. 16, 1768.

Mr. Hume has told me to-day that you have been so very kind as to say that Mr. Duane is possessed of my father's papers, which we have reckoned so invaluable a loss to our family, and that you thought he would not be averse to let me have them. I do not know the thing that could make me so happy as the recovery of them, nor which would be so great an obligation to me. If you could obtain them for me, it would be the highest favour; or if you think it would be proper for me to write to Mr. Duane and ask them, I would do it. Still I should be most thankful if you would feel the ground for me and learn if I might hope for them[1]. You have already been so kind to me, that I venture to ask this great favour of you, who may judge what a treasure it must be to a son who adores his father's memory.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obliged
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

Letter 3058.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

Letter 3059. — This letter has already appeared in the present edition; it is now reprinted in full from original in possession of Mr. E. P. Merritt, of Boston, U.S.A.

[1] Coxe, in his *Life of Sir Robert Walpole* (ed. 1816, vol. i. pp. xi–xii), gives a paragraph relating to papers of Sir Robert in possession of Horace Walpole. It does not appear whether these papers, to which Coxe had access, were those mentioned in the above letter, or merely the wreck which had escaped destruction or abstraction, and which remained in possession of the family.

3060. To Dr. William Hunter.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 7, 1773.

You shall certainly have all the satisfaction you can desire about Lord Orford's Original [1]. Nay, if you or any friend of yours would be troubled with him, the animal himself shall be at your service: but pray do not think I pretend to be making you a present, for besides that I can only part with him on condition of his being restored to Lord Orford, if we should be so happy as to see his Lordship recover, the poor creature is in a miserable condition, and when I saw him in August, was almost the skeleton you ask for, having had a distemper, and been neglected. As I have heard nothing of him since, he is probably recovered. Being young, and not arrived at his full growth, he had little appearance of horns. Such as he is, if you will send for him, and can have him kept in a paddock at New Park, or any other place, you may command him.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. When I have the favour of your answer, if you do not choose to have the animal, I will send your directions to Houghton.

Letter 3060.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in the Hunter-Baillie collection of MSS. in the library of the Royal College of Surgeons.

[1] An American moose-deer; the animal probably passed into Hunter's possession, as it has been identified with a specimen preserved in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. (See note on p. 9 of *William Hunter*, by R. Hingston Fox, 1901.)

3061. To Henry Fox?

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, between five and six.

As I am going out of town in less than half an hour, I cannot help telling you what I have this moment heard: the two Townshends were with Mr. Pitt this morning; he desired their opinion; George replied, things had been carried too far without his communication, for him to give any opinion: that now he had neither approbation nor disapprobation; he had only admiration. Pitt asked if he might tell the King he would take anything? he replied, he desired to be excused, he had a friend or two by whom he should send what he had to say to the King; but he desired that the King might not be told that he objected to *you*, or any particular man. Charles said he could only repeat what his brother had said. With regard to his office, he said he actually had it still; he should not kiss hands, nor would be in the Gazette with this administration, with which they said he had nothing to do; that they would not appear at court with them, but would go out of town to-morrow.

Lord Halifax has, as I suppose you know, resigned. Pitt protested to him this morning, that if he could have had his will, his Lordship should [have] been named one of the first on this new plan. Pitt, I hear, has kissed hands; and that Lord Temple is to be Privy Seal, and Lord Gower Master of the Horse; is this all so? Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole. Turn over.

Letter 3061.—Not in C.; now first printed, through the kind offices of Mr. J. W. Hilton, from original in possession of Mrs. Frank Harvey. The letter is endorsed by the recipient, 'Mr. H. Walpole, June 18, 1757.' It may have been addressed to Henry Fox, with whom Walpole had at this time intimate political relations. It should be placed between Nos. 523 and 524.

P.S. I forgot to tell you a particularity; yesterday or the day before Charles Townshend found Pitt at Newcastle House, who would have gone away, but being pressed by Charles to stay, he said with a sneer, 'Whom God and nature has joined, let no man put asunder.'

I fear it will be troublesome to you to write as you are at dinner; but if you have anything to say to me, if you will send a line to my nieces at my brother's in Pall Mall, or to my Lady Albemarle's, her daughters will bring it me to-morrow.

END OF VOL. XV